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Vol. XIV.

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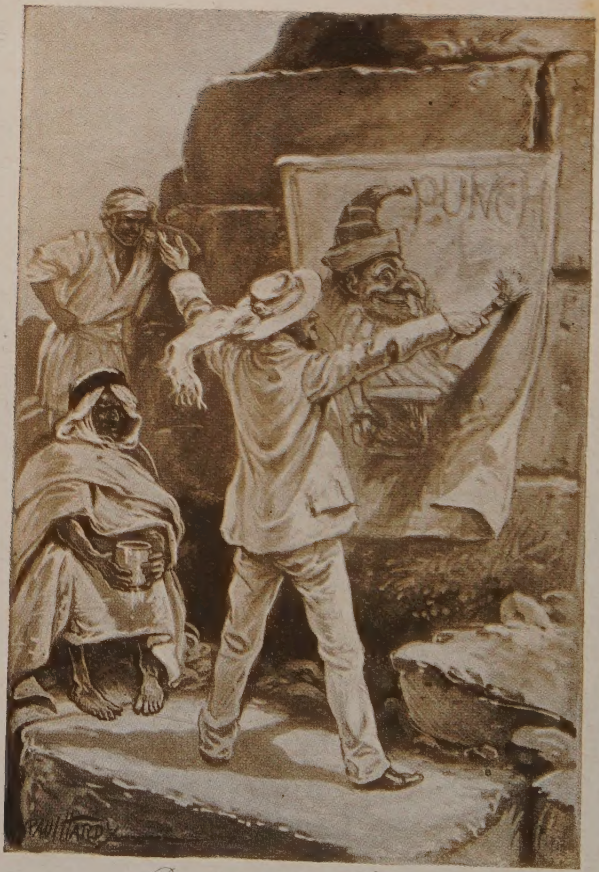

Punch at the Pyramids.

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Contributions to Punch

Etc., Etc.

By

William Makepeace Thackeray

Thomas Nelson and Sons
London, Edinburgh, and New York

1904

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MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS TO "PUNCH."

(*Arranged Chronologically.*)

MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS TO "PUNCH"

(ARRANGED CHRONOLOGICALLY).

MR. SPEC'S REMONSTRANCE.

FROM THE DOOR STEPS.

SIR,—Until my Cartoons are exhibited, I am in an exceedingly uncomfortable state. I shall then have about urteen hundred pounds (the amount of the seven first izes), and but a poor reward for the pains and care which have bestowed on my pieces.

Meanwhile how am I to exist?—how, I say, is an historical inter to live? I despise humour and buffoonery, as unorthy the aim of a great artist. But I am hungry, Sir,—UNGRY! Since Thursday, the 13th instant, butcher's meat s not passed these lips, and then 'twas but the flap of a oulder of mutton, which I ate cold—cold, and without ckles—*icy* cold, for 'twas grudged by the niggard boor at nose table I condescended to sit down.

That man was my own cousin—Samuel Spec, the eminent blisher of Ivy Lane; and by him and by all the world I ve been treated with unheard-of contumely. List but to a ngle instance of his ingratitude.

I need not ask if you know my work, "Illustrations of dgate Pump." All the world knows it. It is published in ephant folio, price seventy guineas, by Samuel Spec before

mentioned; and many thousands of copies were subscribed for by the British and Foreign nobility.

Nobility!—why do I say Nobility?—KINGS, Sir, have set their august signatures to the subscription list. Bavaria's Sovereign has placed it in the Pinakothek. The Grecian Otho (though I am bound to say he did not pay up) has hung it in the Parthenon—in the *Parthenon!* It may be seen on the walls of the Vatican, in the worthy company of Buonarroti and Urbino, and figures in the gilded saloons of the Tuileries, the delight of Delaroche and Delacroix.

From all these Potentates, save the last, little has been received in return for their presentation copies but unsubstantial praise. It is true the King of Bavaria wrote a sonnet in acknowledgment of the "Illustrations;" but I do not understand German, Sir, and am given to understand by those who do, that the composition is but a poor one. His Holiness the Pope gave his blessing, and admitted the publisher to the honour of kissing his great toe. But I had rather have a beef-steak to my lips any day of the week; and "Fine words," as the poet says, "butter no parsnips." Parsnips!—I have not even parsnips to butter.

His Majesty Louis-Philippe, however, formed a noble exception to this rule of kingly indifference. Lord Cowley, our Ambassador, presented my cousin Spec to him with a copy of my work. The Royal Frenchman received Samuel Spec with open arms in the midst of his Court, and next day, through our Ambassador, offered the author of the "Illustrations" the choice of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour or a snuff-box set with diamonds. I need not say the latter was preferred.

Nor did the monarch's gracious bounty end here. Going to his writing-table, he handed over to the officier d'ordonnance who was to take the snuff-box a purely artistic memento of his royal good will. "Go, Count," said he, "to Mr. Spec, in my name, offer him the snuff-box—'tis of trifling value; and at the same time beg him to accept, as a testimony of the respect of *one artist for another*, my own identical piece of INDIARUBBER."

When Sam came back, I hastened to his house in Ivy Lane. I found him, Sir, as I have said—I found him eating

old mutton; and so I requested him (for my necessities ere pressing) to hand me over the diamond box, and eturning to my humble home greedily opened the packet e had given me.

Sir, he kept the box and *gave me the indiarubber!* 'Tis o falsehood. I have left it at your office, where all the orld may see it. I have left it at your office, and with it is letter. I hear the sound of revelry from within—the ink of wine-cups, the merry song and chorus. I am wait- g outside, and a guinea would be the saving of me.

What shall I do? My genius is tragic-classic-historic— ttle suited to the pages of what I must call a frivolous and diculous publication; but my proud spirit must bend. id not the MAJESTY OF FRANCE give lessons on Richmond ill?

I send you a couple of designs; they are not humorous, ut simple representations of common life—a lovely child, young and modest girl, and your unhappy servant, are here epicted. They were done in happier times, and in St. mes's Park. The other is the boy.

I paid for the beer which she is drinking in a tavern (or clachan," as I called it in compliment to the Highland garb the little smiling cherub, who burnt his fingers with a eroot which I was smoking) near Pimlico. 'Twas a balmy mmer eve, and I had beer, and money. But the money is ne, and the summer is gone, and the beer is gone—when, hen will they return?

Heaven bless you! Send me out something, and succour e unhappy

ALONZO SPEC,
HISTORICAL PAINTER.

(*February*, 1843.)

INGULAR LETTER FROM THE REGENT OF SPAIN.

E have received, by our usual express, the following in- gnant protest, signed by his Highness the Regent of Spain.

His Highness's Bando refers to the following paragraph, which appears in the *Times* of December 7th :—

"The Agents of the Tract Societies have lately had recourse to a new method of introducing their tracts into Cadiz. The tracts were put into glass bottles, *securely corked;* and, taking advantage of the tide flowing into the harbour, they were committed to the waves, on whose surface they floated towards the town, where the inhabitants eagerly took them up on their arriving on the shore. The bottles were then uncorked, and the tracts they contain are *supposed to have been* read with much interest."

BANDO, BY THE REGENT OF SPAIN.

The undersigned, Regent of Spain, Duke of Victory, and of the Regent's Park, presents his compliments to your Excellency, and requests your excellent attention to the above extraordinary paragraph.

Though an exile from Spain, the undersigned still feels an interest in everything Spanish, and asks *Punch*, Lord Aberdeen, and the British nation, whether friends and allies are to be insulted by such cruel stratagems. If the arts of the Jesuit have justly subjected him to the mistrust and abhorrence of Europe, ought not the manœuvres of the Dissenting-Tract Smuggler (*Tractistero dissentero contrabandistero*) to be likewise held up to public odium?

Let *Punch*, let Lord Aberdeen, let Great Britain at large, put itself in the position of the poor mariner of Cadiz, and then answer. Tired with the day's labour, thirsty as the seaman naturally is, he lies perchance, and watches at eve the tide of ocean swelling into the bay. What does he see cresting the wave that rolls towards him? A bottle. Regardless of the wet, he rushes eagerly towards the advancing flask. "Sherry, perhaps," is his first thought (for 'tis the wine of his country). "Rum, I hope," he adds, while, with beating heart and wringing pantaloons, he puts his bottle-screw into the cork. But ah! Englishmen! fancy his agonizing feelings on withdrawing from the flask a Spanish translation of "The Cowboy of Kennington Common," or "The Little Blind Dustman of Pentonville."

Moral and excellent those works may be, but not at *such* a moment. No. His Highness the Duke of Victory protests, in the face of Europe, against this audacious violation of the

ght of nations. He declares himself dissentient from the issenters; he holds up these black-bottle Tractarians to the ontumely of insulted mankind.

And against the employment of bottles in this unnatural shion he enters a solemn and hearty protest; lest British aptains might be induced to presume still farther; lest, aving tampered with the bottle department, they might take milar liberties with the wood, and send off missionaries in asks (securely bunged) for the same destination.

The hand of the faithful General Nogueras has executed e designs which accompany this Bando, so as to render its ontents more intelligible to the British public; and, in conusion, his Highness the Regent presents to your Excellency nd the Lady Judy) the assurances of his most distinguished onsideration. May you both live nine hundred and ninetyne years.

(Signed) BALDOMERO ESPARTERO.

REGENT'S PARK, *December 7th.*

(*December, 1843.*)

THE GEORGES.

s the statues of these beloved Monarchs are to be put up the Parliament palace, we have been favoured by a young dy (connected with the Court) with copies of the inscripons which are to be engraven under the images of those ars of Brunswick.

GEORGE THE FIRST—STAR OF BRUNSWICK.

He preferred Hanover to England,
He preferred two hideous Mistresses
To a beautiful and innocent Wife.
He hated Arts and despised Literature;
But he liked train-oil in his salads,
And gave an enlightened patronage to bad oysters.
And he had Walpole as a minister—
Consistent in his Preference for every kind of Corruption.

George II.

In most things I did as my father had done;
I was false to my wife and I hated my son:

My spending was small and my avarice much,
My kingdom was English, my heart was High Dutch:

At Dettingen fight I was known not to blench,
I butchered the Scotch, and I bearded the French:

I neither had morals, nor manners, nor wit;
I wasn't much missed when I died in a fit.

Here set up my statue, and make it complete,
With Pitt on his knees at my dirty old feet.

George III.

Give me a royal niche—it is my due,
The virtuousest King the realm e'er knew.

I, through a decent reputable life,
Was constant to plain food and a plain wife.

Ireland I risked, and lost America;
But dined on legs of mutton every day.

My brain, perhaps, might be a feeble part;
But yet I think I had an English heart.

When all the Kings were prostrate, I alone
Stood face to face against Napoleon;

Nor ever could the ruthless Frenchman forge
A fetter for Old England and Old George:

I let loose flaming Nelson on his fleets;
I met his troops with Wellesley's bayonets.

Triumphant waved my flag on land and sea:
Where was the King in Europe like to me?

Monarchs exiled found shelter on my shores;
My bounty rescued Kings and Emperors.

But what boots victory by land or sea?
What boots that Kings found refuge at my knee?

I was a conqueror, but yet not proud;
And careless, even though Napoleon bowed.

The rescued Kings came kiss my garments' hem;
The rescued Kings I never heeded them.

My guns roared triumph, but I never heard:
All England thrilled with joy; I never stirred.

What care had I of pomp, or fame, or power,—
A crazy old blind man in Windsor Tower?

GEORGIUS ULTIMUS.

He left an example for age and for youth
To avoid.
He never acted well by Man or Woman,
And was as false to his Mistress as to his Wife.
He deserted his Friends and his Principles.
He was so Ignorant that he could scarcely Spell;
But he had some Skill in Cutting out Coats,
And an undeniable Taste for Cookery.
He built the Palaces of Brighton and of Buckingham,
And for these Qualities and Proofs of Genius
An admiring Aristocracy
Christened him the "First Gentleman in Europe."
Friends, respect the King whose Statue is here,
And the generous Aristocracy who admired him.

(*October, 1845.*)

TITMARSH *v.* TAIT.

My dear Mr. Punch,—You are acknowledged to be the censor of the age, and the father and protector of the press; in which character allow one of your warmest admirers to appeal to you for redress and protection. One of those good-natured friends, of whom every literary man can boast, has been criticising a late work of mine in *Tait's Magazine*. What his opinion may be is neither here nor there. Every man has a right to his own; and whether the critic complains of want of purpose, or says (with great acuteness and ingenuity) that the book might have been much better, is not at all to the point. Against crititism of this nature no writer can cavil. It is cheerfully accepted by your subscriber.

But there is a passage in the *Tait* criticism which, although it may be actuated by the profoundest benevolence, a gentleman may be pardoned for protesting against politely. It is as follows:—

"In the circumstance of a steamer being launched on a first voyage to Margate, or were it but to Greenwich, there is always an invited party, a band of music, a couple of *Times* and *Chronicle* reporters, also champagne and bottled porter, with cakes and jellies for the ladies. *Even* on the Frith of Forth, or Clyde" (this "even" is very *naïf* and fine), "or the rivers Severn or Shannon, the same auspicious event is celebrated by the presence of a piper or blind fiddler, carried cost free, and permitted, on coming home, to send round his hat. On something like the same principle, the Peninsular and Oriental Company were so fortunate as to crimp Mr. Titmarsh.....We hope they have voted him a yachting service of plate, of at least five hundred ounces."

This latter suggestion I complain of, as being *too* friendly. Why should the critic insist on a collection? Who asked the gentleman for plack or bawbee? However, this again is a private matter.

It is that comparison of the blind fiddler who "*sends round his hat*," that ought to be devoted to the indignation of the press of these kingdoms. Your constant reader has never played on the English—or on the Scotch fiddle.

He leaves the sending round of hats to professors of the Caledonian Cremona. He was not "crimped" by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, nor called upon to fiddle for

their amusement, nor rewarded with silver spoons by that excellent Company. A gentleman who takes a vacant seat in a friend's carriage is not supposed to receive a degrading obligation, or called upon to pay for his ride by extra joking, facetiousness, etc.; nor surely is the person who so gives you the use of his carriage required to present you also with a guinea, or to pay your tavern-bill. The critic, in fact, has shown uncommon keenness in observing the manners of his national violinists, but must know more of them than of the customs of English gentlemen.

If the critic himself is a man of letters, and fiddles professionally, why should he abuse his Stradivarius? If he is some disguised nobleman of lofty birth, superb breeding, and vast wealth, who only fiddles for pleasure, he should spare those gentlefolks in whose company he condescends to perform. But I don't believe he's a noble amateur; I think he must be a professional man of letters. It is only literary men, nowadays, who commit this suicidal sort of impertinence; who sneak through the world ashamed of their calling, and show their independence by befouling the trade by which they live.

That you will rebuke, amend, or (if need be) utterly smash all such, is, my dear Mr. PUNCH, the humble prayer of

Your constant reader and fellow-labourer,

MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

BLUE POSTS, *March* 10, 1846.

(*March*, 1846.)

ROYAL ACADEMY.

NEWMAN STREET, *Tuesday*.

DEAR PUNCH,—Me and another chap who was at the Academy yesterday agreed that there was *nothink in the whole Exhibition* that was worthy of the least notice, as our pictures wasn't admitted.

So we followed about some of the gents, and thought we'd *Exhibit the Exhibitors;* among whom we remarked as follows:—We remarked Mr. Sneaker, R.A., particularly kind to

Mr. Smith, a prize-holder of the Art Union. *N.B.*—Sneaker always puts on a white Choaker on Opening day, and has his boots *French pollisht.*

Presently we examined Mr. Hokey, a-watching the effect of his picture upon a party who *looks* like a prize-holder of the Art Union. Remark the agitation in Hokey's eye, and the tremulous nervousness of his highlows. The old gent looks like a flat, but not such a flat as to buy Hokey's picture at no price. Oh no!

Our eyes then turned upon that *seedy gent*, Orlando Figgs, who drew in our Academy for ten years. Fancy Figgs's delight at finding his picture on the line! Shall I tell you how it got there? *His aunt washes for an Academician.*

The next chap we came to was Sebastian Winkles, whose *profound disgust* at finding his portrait on the floor you may *imadgin.* I don't think that queer fellow Peombo Rodgers was much happier, for his picture was hung on the ceiling.

But the most *riled* of all was Hannibal Fitch, who found his picture wasn't received at all. Show 'em all up, dear Mr. PUNCH, and oblige your constant reader,

MODEST MERIT.

(*May*, 1846.)

A PLEA FOR PLUSH.

BELGRAVIA, *July* 1, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—Having observed on several occasions in your paper a tone of kindly feeling expressed towards the Jeameses of the metropolis, I desire to call the attention of the public, through your means, to an instance of excessive cruelty which is daily practised by a heartless Duchess, who resides in this parish, towards several of the finest specimens of humanity which it has ever been my good fortune to behold.

You must recollect, Mr. PUNCH, the state of the thermometer during the past month—generally between eighty and ninety degrees in the shade. Well, Sir, during the whole of that fiery season, the merciless woman whom I am anxious to expose kept four of her fellow-creatures daily encased in

close-fitting garments of *scarlet* plush! They wear them still.

It makes my heart bleed to witness the protracted sufferings of these large plethoric men; one of them a hall porter, of mature age and startling obesity. There they stand, on the steps before the street door, making passers-by wink and nursery-maids blush at the splendour of their attire—white, scarlet, and gold—perspiring exceedingly, and irritated to madness by the blue-bottle flies and impudent little boys of the vicinity, who unceasingly exclaim, with exasperating monotony, "I say, Blazes, vy don't you buy a Wenham 'frigerator?"

I have ascertained, with grief, Mr. PUNCH, that these unfortunate men have little or no hard work to do, that all their messages are performed by deputy; they get their five meals a day—with beer—regular, besides snacks, and I feel convinced that if the hot weather lasts, unless they are indulged with some light, genteel occupation, and the nankeen shorts (which have latterly been introduced with great success by several benevolent ladies of rank in the neighbourhood), the wretched creatures will inevitably be struck down by apoplexy on the hall steps on which they are so barbarously exposed every day from two till seven.

I have the honour to remain, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
Φιλοφλννκης.

[We readily give admission to our correspondent's benevolent remonstrance in behalf of the injured Plush family. But if he had seen, as we did, at the Duchess of Douche's *déjeûner* (where the rain came down in torrents, and the breakfast was served under a mackintosh marquee), the dripping condition of several of the nobility's footmen who sported the new summer nankeen lower uniform, Φιλοφλωκης would acknowledge that in our variable climate PLUSH is, after all, a better stuff than nankeen for the breeches of a British footman.—ED.]

(*July*, 1846.)

PROFESSOR BYLES'S OPINION OF THE WEST-MINSTER HALL EXHIBITION.

SIR,—My three pictures, from "Gil Blas," from the "Vicar of Wakefield," and from English history (King John signing that palladium of our liberties, Magna Charta), not having been sent to Westminster, in consequence of the dastardly refusal of Bladders, my colour merchant, to supply me with more paint, I have lost £1,500 as a painter, but gained a right to speak as a *critic* of the Exhibition. A more indifferent collection of works it has seldom been my lot to see.

I do not quarrel much with the decision of the Committee: indifferent judges called upon to decide as to the merits of indifferent pictures, they have performed their office fairly. I congratulate the three prize-holders on their *success*. I congratulate them that three pictures, *which shall be nameless*, were kept, by *conspiracy*, from the Exhibition.

Mr. Pickersgill is marked first; and I have nothing to say. His picture is very respectable, very nicely painted, and so forth. It represents the burial of King Harold: there are monks, men-at-arms, a livid body, a lady kissing it, and that sort of thing. Nothing can be more obvious; nor is the picture without merit. And I congratulate the public that King Harold *is buried at last*, and hope that British artists will leave off *finding his body any more*, which they have been doing, in every Exhibition, for these fifty years.

By the way, as the Saxon king is here represented in the blue stage of decomposition, I think Mr. P. might as well step up to my studio, and look at a certain Icenian chief in my great piece of "Boadicea," who is tattooed all over an elegant light blue, and won't lose by comparison with the "Norman Victim."

Mr. Watts, too, appears to have a hankering for the Anglo-Saxons. I must say I was very much surprised to find that one figure was supposed to represent King Alfred standing on a plank, and inciting his subjects to go to sea and meet the Danes, whose fleet you will perceive in the distant ocean —or *ultra marine*, as I call it. This is another of your five-hundred-pounders: and I must say that this King of the

Angles has had a narrow escape that the "Queen of the Iceni" was not present.

They talk about air in pictures; there is, I must say, more *wind* in this than in any work of art I ever beheld. It is blowing everywhere and from every quarter. It is blowing the sail one way, the royal petticoat another, the cloak another, and it is almost blowing the royal hair off his Majesty's head. No wonder the poor English wanted a deal of encouraging before they could be brought to face such a tempest as that.

By the way, there is an anecdote, which I met with in a scarce work, regarding this monarch, and which might afford an advantageous theme for a painter's skill. It is this:—Flying from his enemies, those very Danes, the King sought refuge in the house of a neatherd, whose wife set the royal fugitive a-toasting muffins. But, being occupied with his *misfortunes*, he permitted the *muffins* to burn; whereupon, it is said, his hostess actually boxed the royal ears. I have commenced a picture on this subject, and beg artists to *leave it to the discoverer*. The reader may fancy the muffins boldly grouped, and in flames, the *incensed harridan*, the rude hut, and the disguised monarch. With these materials I hope to effect a great, lofty, national, and original work, when my "Boadicea" is off the easel.

With respect to the third prize—a "Battle of Meeanee"—in this extraordinary piece they are stabbing, kicking, cutting, slashing, and poking each other about all over the picture. A horrid sight! I like to see the British Lion mild and good-humoured, as Signor Gambardella has depicted him (my initial is copied from that artist); not fierce, as Mr. Armitage has shown him.

How, I ask, is any delicate female to look without a shudder upon such a piece? A large British soldier with a horrid bayonet poking into a howling Scindian. Is the monster putting the horrid weapon into the poor benighted heathen's chest, or is the ruffian pulling the weapon out, or wriggling it round and round to hurt his victim so much the more? Horrid, horrid! "*He's giving him his gruel*," I heard some fiend remark, little knowing by whom he stood. To give £500 for a work so immoral, and so odious a picture, is

encouraging murder, and the worst of murders—that of a black man. If the Government grants premiums for massacre, of course I can have no objection; but if Mr. Armitage will walk to my studio, and look at my "Battle of Bosworth Field," he will see how the subject *may* be treated, *without* hurting the feelings, *with* a combination of the beautiful and the ideal—not like Mr. Cooper's "Waterloo," where the French cuirassiers are riding about, run through the body, or with their heads cut off, and smiling as if they liked it, but with the severe *moral grandeur* that befits the "Historic Muse."

So much for the three first prizes. I congratulate the winners of the secondary prizes (and very secondary their talents are indeed) that some of my smaller pictures were not sent in, owing to my mind being absorbed with greater efforts. What does Mr. Cope mean by his picture of "Prince Henry trying his Father's Crown"? The subject is mine, discovered by me in my studies in recondite works; and any man who borrows it is therefore guilty of a plagiarism. "Bertrand de Gourdon pardoned by Richard" is a work of some merit; but why kings, Mr. Cross? Why kings, Messieurs artists? Have men no hearts, save under the purple? Does Sorrow only sit upon thrones? For instance, we have Queen Emma walking over hot ploughshares in her night-clothes, her pocket-handkerchief round her eyes. Have no other women burnt their limbs or their fingers with shares? My aunt, Mrs. Growley, I know, did two years ago. But she was a mere English lady; it is only kings and queens that our courtiers of painters *condescend to feel for*.

Their slavishness is quite sickening. There is the "Birth of the first Prince of Wales" (my subject again); there is the "*White Ship* going down with King Henry's Son aboard;" there is "King Henry being informed of the Death of his Son by a Little Boy;" "King Charles (that odious profligate) up in the Oak" (again my subject). Somebody will be painting "Queen Boadicea" next, and saying I did not invent *that*.

Then there are Allegories—oh! allegories, of course! Every painter must do his "Genius of Britannia" forsooth, after mine; and subjects in all costumes, from the ancient Britons in trews (whom Mr. Moore has represented as talk-

ing to Sir Robert Peel's friend, and the founder of the Trent Valley Railroad, Mr. Julius Agricola) down to the Duke of Marlborough in jack-boots, and his present Grace in those of his own invention. So there are some pictures in which, I regret to say, there is very little costume indeed.

There are "Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise," with the birds of Paradise flying out too. There are "Peace, Commerce, and Agriculture," none of them with any clothes to their backs. There is "Shakespeare being educated by Water Nymphs" (which I never knew kept a school), with a dolphin coming up to give him a lesson—out of the "Delphin Classics," I suppose. Did the painter ever see my sketch of "Shakespeare"? Is the gentleman who has stripped "Commerce" and "Agriculture" of their gowns aware that I have treated a similar allegory in, I flatter myself, a different style? I invite them all to my studio to see: North Paradise Row, Upper Anna Maria Street, Somers Town East. And wishing, Mr. PUNCH, that you would exchange your ribaldry for the seriousness befitting men of honesty,

I remain your obedient Servant,

GROWLEY BYLES.

(*July*, 1847.)

"PUNCH" AND THE INFLUENZA.

AT the beginning of the week, when the Influenza panic seemed at the highest—when the Prime Minister and his household—when the public offices and all the chiefs and subordinates—when the public schools and all the masters and little boys—when the very doctors and apothecaries of the town were themselves in bed—it was not a little gratifying to Mr. PUNCH to find that his contributors, though sick, were at their duty; and though prostrate, were prostrate still round their post. At the first moment when Mr. PUNCH himself could stir after his own attack, he rushed to the couches of his young men; and he found them in the following positions and circumstances of life.

That favourite writer and amusing man, Mr. J-nes (author of some of the most popular pages in this or any other

miscellany), appeared tortured by pain, and worn down by water-gruel, covered over by his pea-jacket, his dressing-gown, his best and inferior clothes, and all the blankets with which his lodging-house supplies him, with six phials of medicine and an ink-bottle by his side. J-nes was still at work, on the bed of sickness—still making jokes under calamity. The three most admirable articles in the present number are written, let it suffice to say, by J-nes.

J-nes's manuscript secured, it became Mr. PUNCH'S duty to hurry to Sm-th for his designs. Sm-th, too, was at his duty. Though Mrs. Sm-th, the artist's wife, told Mr. PUNCH that her husband's death was certain, if he should be called upon to exert himself at such a moment, Mr. PUNCH, regardless of the fond wife's fears, rushed into the young artist's bed-chamber. And what did he see there?

Sm-th at work, drawing the very cleverest caricature which his admirable pencil had as yet produced; drawing cheerfully, though torn by cough, sore throat, headache, and pains in the limbs, and though the printer's boy (who never leaves him) was asleep by the bedside in a chair.

Taking out a bank-note of immense value, Mr. PUNCH laid it down on Mr. Sm-th's pillow, and pushed on to another of his esteemed correspondents—the celebrated Br-wn, in a word—who was found as follows:—

Yes, he was in a warm bath, composing those fine sentiments which the reader will recognize in his noble and heart-stirring articles of this week, and as resigned and hearty as if he had been Seneca.

He was very ill, and seemingly on the point of dissolution; but his gaiety never deserted him.

"You see I am trying to get the steam up still!" he exclaimed, with a sickly smile, and a look of resignation so touching that Mr. PUNCH, unable to bear the sight, had only leisure to lay an order for a very large amount of £ s. d. upon the good-natured martyr's clothes-horse, and to quit the room.

The last of his contributors whom Mr. PUNCH visited on that day was the Fat One. "Nothing will ever ail *him*," Mr. P. mentally remarked. "He has (according to his own showing) had the Yellow Fever in Jamaica and New Orleans;

the Plague twice, and in the most propitious spots for that disease; the Jungle Fever, the Pontine Ague, etc., etc.—every disease, in fact, in every quarter of this miserable globe. A little Influenza won't make any difference to such a tough old traveller as that; and we shall find him more jocose and brilliant than ever."

Mr. PUNCH called at the F. C.'s chambers in Jermyn Street, and saw—what?

An immense huddle of cloaks and blankets piled over an immovable mass. All Mr. P. could see of the contributor was a part of his red Turkish cap (or tarboosh) peeping from under the coverlids. A wheezy groan was the tarboosh's reply to Mr. PUNCH's interrogatories.

"Come, F. C., my boy," said Mr. P. encouragingly, "everybody else is doing his duty. You must be up and stirring. We want your notes upon Archdeacon Laffan this week, and your Latin version of Mr. Chisholm Anstey's speech."

There was no reply, and Mr. PUNCH reiterated his remark.

"Archdeacl Alstey—ald PULCH—ald everyol bay go to blazes," moaned out the man under the counterpanes, and would say no more. He was the only man who failed *Punch* in the sad days of the Influenza.

(*December*, 1847.)

THE PERSECUTION OF BRITISH FOOTMEN.

BY MR. JEAMES.

I.

LIVIN remoke from the whirld, hockupied with the umble dooties of my perfeshun, which moacely consists of droring hale & beer for the gence who freguent my otel, politticle efairs hinterest but suldum, and I confess that when Loy Philip habdigaded (the other day, as I read in my noble & favorite *Dispatch* newspaper, where Publicoaler is the boy for me), I cared no mor than I did when the chap hover the way went hoff without paying his rent. No maw does my

little Mary Hann. I prommis you she has enough to do in minding the bar and the babbies, to eed the convulsions of hempires or the hagonies of prostrick kings.

I ham what one of those littery chaps who uses our back parlor calls a *pokercuranty* on plitticle subjix. I don't permit 'em to whex, worrit, or distubb me. My objick is to leaf a good beer bisnis to little Jeames, to sckewer somethink comftable for my two gals, Mary Hann and Hangelina (wherehof the latter, who has jest my blew his and yaller air, is a perfick little Sherrybing to behold); and in case Grimb Deth, which may appen to the best on us, shoud come & scru me down, to leaf beHind a somethink for the best wife any gentleman hever ad—tied down of coarse if hever she should marry agin.

I shoodnt have wrote at all, then, at this present juncter, but for sugmstances which affect a noble and galliant body of menn, of which I once was a hornmint; I mean of the noble purfesshn of Henglish footmen & livry suvvants, which has been crooly pussicuted by the firoashus Paris mob. I love my hold companions in harms, and none is more welcome, when they ave money, than they at the "Wheel of Fortune Otel." I have a clubb of twenty for gentlemen outalivery, which has a *riunion* in my front parlor; and Mr. Buck, my lord Dukes hown man, is to stand Godfather to the next little Plush as ever was.

I call the atenshn of Europ, in the most solomon and unpressive manner, to the hinjaries infligted upon my brutherin. Many of them have been obleeged to boalt without receiving their wagis; many of them is egsiles on our shaws; an infewriate Parishn mob has tawn off their shoaldernots, laft at their wenerable liveries and buttons, as they laff at heverythink sacred; and I look upon those pore men as nayther mor nor less than marters, and pitty and admire em with hallmy art.

I hoffer to those sacrid rephuGs (to such in coarse as can pay their shott) an esylum under the awspitible roof of Jeames Plush of the "Wheel of Fortune." Some has already come here; two of em occupize our front garrits; in the back Hattix there is room for 6 mor. Come, brave and dontless Hemmigrants! Come childring of Kilammaty for eight-and-

six a week; an old member of the Cor hoffers you bed and bord!

The narratiff of the ixcapes and dangers which they have gon through, has kep me and Mrs. P. hup in the bar to many a midnike our, a listening to them stories. My pore wife cries her hi's out at their nerations.

One of our borders, and a near relatif, by the Grandmother's side, of my wife's famly (though I despise buth, and don't bragg like some foax of my ginteal kinexions) is a man wenerated in the whole profeshn, and lookt up as one of the fust Vips in Europe. In this country (and from his likeness when in his Vig to our rewered prelicks of the bentch of bishops) he was called Cantyberry—his reel name being Thomas. You never sor a finer sight than Cantyberry on a levy day, a seated on his goold-fringed Ammer-cloth, a nozegy in his busm; his little crisp vig curling quite noble over his jolly red phase; his At laced hallover like a Hadmiral; the white ribbings in his ands, the pransing bay osses befor him; and behind, his state carridge, with Marquiz and Marchyness of Jonquil inside, and the galliant footmen in yalla livery clinging on at the back! "Hooray!" the boys used to cry hout, only to see Cantyberry arrive. Every person of the extableshment called him "Sir," his Master and Missis inklewdid. He never went into the stayble, ixep to smoke a segar; and when the state-carridge was hordered (me and the Jonquils live close together, the W of F being sitiwated in a ginteal Court leading hout of the street), he sat in my front parlor, in full phig, reading the newspaper like a Lord, until such time as his body-suvn't called him, and said Lord and Lady Jonquil was ready to sit behind him. Then he went. Not a minnit sooner, not a minnit latter; and being elped hup to the box by 3 men, he took the ribbings, and drove his employers, to the ressadencies of the nobillaty, or the pallis of the Sovring.

Times is now, R how much changed with Cantyberry! Last yer, being bribed by Sir Thomas and Lady Kicklebury, but chiefly, I fear, because this old gent, being intimat with Butlers, had equired a tayste for Bergamy, and Clarick, and other French winds, he quitted Lord and Lady Jonquil's box for that of the Kicklebury famly, residing *Rue Rivuly*, at

Parris. He was rispected there—that Cantyberry is wherehever he goes; the King, the Hex-Kings coachmen, were mear moughs compared to him; and when he eard the Kings osses were sold the other day at 50 frongs apease, he says they was deer at the money.

Well, on the 24th of Febbywerrry, being so ableegin as to drive Sir T. and Lady Kicklebury to dinner with the Markee d'Epinard, in the *Fobug Sang Jermang*, Cantyberry, who had been sittn all day reading *Gallynanny*, and playing at cribbidge at a *Marshong de Vang*, and kawnsquinly was quite hignorant of the ewents in progrice, found hisself all of a sudding serowndid by a set of rewd fellers with pikes and guns, hollerun and bellerin "*Veevly liberty*," "*Amore* Lewy-Philip," &c.—"Git out of the way there," says Cantyberry, from his box, a vipping his osses.

The puple, as the French people call theirselves, came round the carridge, rawring out "*Ah Bah l'Aristograt!*"

Lady Kicklebury looked hout. Her Par was in the Cheese Mongering (olesale) way, and she never was called an aristograt afor. "Your mistaken, my good people," says she; "*Je swee Onglase. Wee, boco*, Lady Kicklebury, *je vay diner avec* Munseer d'Eppynar;" and so she went a jabbring on; but I'm blest if the Puple would let her pass that way. They said there was a barrygade in the street, and turning round the Eds of Cantyberry's osses, told him to drive down the next street. He didn't understand, but was reddy to drop hoff his perch at the Hindignaty hoffered the British Vip.

Now they had scarce drove down the next street at a tarin gallop (for when aggrywated, Cantyberry drives like madd, to be sure), when lowinbyold, they come on some more puple, more pikes, more guns, the pavement hup, and a Buss spilt on the ground, so that it was impawsable to pass.

"Git out of the carridge," rors the puple, and a feller in a cock at (of the Pollypicnic School, Cantyberry says, though what that is he doant No) comes up to the door, while hothers old the osses, and says, "*Miladi, il faut des cendres;*" which means, you must git out.

"*Mway ne vu pas, Moi* Lady Kicklebury," cries out my Lady, waggling her phethers and diminds, and screamin like a Macaw.

"*Il le fo pourtong*," says the Pollypicnic scholard, very polite, though he was reddy to bust with laffin hisself. "We must make a barrygade of the carridge. The cavilry is at one hend of the street, the hartillary at the other; there'll be a fight presently, and out you must git."

Lady Kicklebury set up a screaming louder than hever, and I warrant she hopped out pretty quick this time; and the hoffiser, giving her his harm, led her into a kimmis shop, and giv her a glas of sallyvalattaly.

Meanwild Cantyberry sat puffin like a grampus on his box, his face as red as Cielingwhacks. His osses had been led out before his hi's, his footmen—French minials, unwuthy of a livry—had fratynized with the Mobb, and Thomas Cantyberry sat aloan.

"*Descends, mong gros!*" cries the mob (which intupprited is "Come down, old fat un"); "come off your box; we're goin to upset the carridge."

"Never," says Thomas, for which he knew the French; and dubbling his phist, he igsclaimed, "*Jammy, Dammy!*" He cut the fust man who sprang hon the box hover the fase and i's; he delivered on the nex fellers nob. But what was Thomas Cantyberry against a people in harms? They pulled that brave old man off his perch. They upset his carridge—*his* carridge beside a buss. When he comes to this pint of his narratif, Thomas always busts into tears and calls for a fresh glas.

He is to be herd of at my bar: and being disingaged hoffers hisself to the Nobillaty for the enshuing seasn. His tums is ninety lbs. per hannum, the purchesing of the hannimals and the corn, an elper for each two osses, ony to drive the lord and lady of the famly, no drivin at night excep to Ofishl parties, and two vigs drest a day during the seasn. He objex to the country, and won't go abrod no more. In a country (sezee) where I was ableeged to whonder abowt disguised out of livery, amongst a puple who pulled my vig off before my face, Thomas will never mount box agin.

And I eplaud him. And as long as he has enough to pay his skaw, my house is a home for this galliant Hegsile.

II.

Sins last weak the Deaming of Revalution has been waiving his flamming sord over France, and has drove many more of our unfortnit feller suvnts to hemigrat to the land of their Buth.

The aggrywation of the Boddy of Gentlemen at Livvry agenst the Forriner I am sorry to say is intence. Meatings of my bruthring have took place at many of their Houses of Call in this town. Some gence who use our back parlor had an Eccembly there the other night called the Haggrygit British Plush Protection Society, which, in my capasty of Lanlord and Xmember of the Boddy, I was called upon to attend. Everythink was conducted on ordly redymoney prinsaples, and the liquor paid for as soon as called for, and drunk as soon as paid.

But the feelings of irratation against Foring Sevvants as igsibbited by our Domestic projuice was, I grieve to say, very bitter. Sevral of our Marters came amongst us, pore Egsiles wrankling under the smarts of their ill treatment. The stories of their Rongs caused a furmentation amongst the bruthring. It was all I could do to check the harder of some Howtragus Sperrits, and awhirt peraps a Massykry of French curriers and lackys employed by our nobillaty and gentry. I am thankful to think that peraps I prewented a dellidge of foring blood.

The tails told by our Marters igsited no small and unnatral simpithy. When Chawls Garters, late Etendant in the famly of the Duke of Calymanco in the Fobug St. Honory, came amongst and igsplained how—if he had been aloud to remane a few weeks longer in Parris—Madamasell de Calymanco, the Duke's only daughter and hairis, would probbly have owned the soft pashn which she felt for our por Chawls, and have procured the consent of her Par to her marridge with the galliant and andsum Henglishman, the meeting thrild with Amotion, and tears of pitty for our comrid bedimd each hi. His hart's afections have been crusht. Madymasell was sent to a Convent, and Chawls dismist with a poltry 3

months wages in adwance, and returns to Halbion's shores & to servitude once more.

Frederic Legs also moved us deaply. We call him leggs, from the bewty of those limbs of his, which from being his pride and hornymint had nearly projuised his *rewing*. When the town was in kemotion, and the furious French Peuple pursewing every Henglish livary, Fredrick (in suvvice with a noble famly who shall be nameliss) put on a palto and trowseys, of which his master made him a presnt, and indeavoured to fly.

He mounted a large tricolore cockade in his At, from which he tor the lace, and tried as much as possable to look like a siwillian. But it wouldn't do. The clo's given him by his X-master, who was a little mann, were too small for Frederick—the bewty of his legs epeared through his trowsies. The Rebublikins jeered and laft at him in the streats, and it is a mussy that he ever reached Balone alive.

I tried to cumsole Chawls by pinting out that the Art which has truly loved never forgits, but as trewly loves on to the clothes; and that if Madamasell reely did love him as he said, he had a better chans of winning her And now than under a monarchickle and arastacrattic Guvment; and as for Frederic, I pinted out to him that a man of his appearants was safe of implymint and promoashn in *any* country.

I did everythink, in a word, to sooth my frends. In a noble speach I showed, that if others do wrong, that is no reason why we shouldn't do right. "On the contry, now is the time," I said, "for Hengland to show she is reely the Home of the World; and that all men, from a Black to a Frenchman, ought to be safe under the Banner of Brittannier.

"The pholly of these consperracies and jellowsies, I think, may be pinted out to my feller-suvants, and igsemplafied in the instants of the famlies of the Prince of Bovo, at Parris, and of Lord Y Count Guttlebury, in this country.

"At Parris, As is well ascertained, the nobill Prins, who kep a large studd of osses, with English groombs to take care of em (as by natur Britns are formed to do that, and everythink better than everybody)—the noble Prins, I say, was called upon by the Puple to dishmiss his Hinglish osskeepers.

'*Serviture*,' says the Prince, '*Veeve la liberty*; let the Hosskeepers be turned out, as the Sovring Puple is inimichael to their stoppin in France.' The Puple left the Sitzen Prins with a chear for fratunnity, & the por groombs packed up, and have come back to their native hilind.

"But what inshood? The nex day, the Prins sent away the hosses after the hosskeepers; sold up the studd; locked up the carridges, broombs, cabs, bogeys (as those hignorant French call buggiz), landores & all, and goes about now with an umbereller. And how, I should lick to know, is the puple any better for meddling?

"Lord Ycount Guttlebury's is a case, dear friends, which still mor comes hoam to our busms and our bisniss, and has made no small sensatiun in the Plush and in the fashionable wuld. The splender of his Lodships entytainments is well known. That good and uprike nobleman only lived for wittles. And be ard on him? why should we?—Nayter has implanted in our busum tastis of a thousand deferent kinds. Some men have a pashn for fox-untin, some like listening to dybatts in Parlymink and settn on railrode committies; some like Politticle Aconomy. I've waited behind a chair and heard foax talk about Jollagy, Straty, and red sanstone, until I've nearly dropt asleap myself while standing a Santynel on jewty. What then? Give every mann his taste, I say; and my Lord Guttlebury's was his dinner.

"He had a French Hartist at the head of his Quizeen of coarse—that sellabrated mann Munseer Suprême. Munseer Sooflay persided hover the cumfeckshnary; and under Supraym were three young aidy-congs—a Frenchman, a Bulgian, and a young feller from the City, who manidged the tertle and wenson department.

"He was a clever young mann. He has hofn been to take a glas at the W of F; and whenever he came with a cassyrowl of clear turtle, or an ash wenison dish for my Mary Hann, he was, I'm sure, always welcome. But John Baster was henvious and hambishes. He jined the owtcry which has been rose against foring suvnts by some of our bruthring, and he thought to git ridd of Supraym and the other contynentials, and espired to be Chief Guvnor of my lords kitching.

"Forgitting every sentament but haytred of the forryner, this envius raskle ingaged the kitching-boys and female elpers (who, bein a hansum young mann, looked on him with a kindly i) in a fowl conspirracy against the Frenchmen. He introjuiced kyang pepper into the pattys, garlick into the Blemongys, and sent up the souffly flavored with ingyans. He pysoned my lord's chocolate with shalott, he put Tarrygin vinegar into the Hices. There never was such a conwulsion, or so horrid an igspreshn of hagny in a man's, has (I'm told by my exlent friend, the Majordomy) my lord's face ashumed, when he tasted black pepper in the clear soup.

"The axdence occurred day after day. It was one day when a R——l P—ss—n—dge was dining with his Loddship; another when 6 egsiled sovrings took their mutton (when he didn't so much mind); a 3d when he wished to dine more igspecially better than on any other, because the doctor had told him to be careful, and he was dining by himself. This last day drove him madd. He sent for Suprame, addresst that gentilman in languidge which he couldn't brook (for he was a Major of the Nashnal Guard of his Betallian, and Commander of the Legend of Honour), and Suprame rasined on the spott, which the French and the Bulgian did it too.

"Soufflay and the cumfectioners hemigrated the nex day. And the house steward, who has a heasy master, for Lord G. is old, fibble, and 70 years of hage, and whose lady has an uncommon good apinnion of Master Baster, recommended him to the place, or at least to have the Purvisional Guvment of my lord's Quizeen.

"It wasn't badd. Baster has tallints of no mien horder. You couldn't egsactly find folt with his souperintendiance. But a mere good dinner is fur from enough to your true amature. A dellixy, a something, a *jennysquaw*, constatutes the diffrants between talint and Genus; and my lord soughered under it. He grew melumcolly and silent; he dined, its trew, taysting all the ontrays as usual, but he never made any remarx about 'em, for good or for bad. Young Baster, at the Igth of his Hambishn, tor his Air with rage as his dinners came down 1 by 1, and nothing was said about 'em —nothing.

"Lord Guttlebury was *breaking his Art.* He didn' know how fond he was of Supraym, till he lost him—how nessasurry that mann was to his igsistence. He sett his confidenshle Valick to find out where Supraym had retreated; and finding he was gone to Gascony, of which he is a naytif, last weak, without saying a word to his frends, with only Sangsew his valet, and the flying ketching fourgong, without which he never travels, my lord went to France and put himself again under Supraym. The sean between 'em, I'm told, was very affecting. My lord has taken a Shatto near Supraym's house, who comes to dress the dinner, of which the noble Ycount partakes aloan.

"The town-house is shet up, and everybody has ad orders to quit—all the footmen, all the quizeen, in coarse including Baster; and this is all he has gained by his insidgus haytrid of forraners, and by his foolish hambishn.

"No, my friends," I concluded; "if gentlemen choose to have foreign suvnts, it's not for *us* to intafear, and there must be a free trayd in flunkies as in every other kimodaty of the world."

I trust that my little remarks pazyfied some of the discontented sperrits presnt, and can at least wouch for the fact that every man shook Ands; every man paid his Skoar.

(*April*, 1848.)

IRISH GEMS.

FROM THE "BENIGHTED IRISHMAN."

Our troops having smashed through that castle, and pulled down that flag which now floats over the butcher Clarendon and his minions, a flood of prosperity will rush into the country such as only the Annals of the Four Masters gives count of. Since the days of Brian Boroimhe such days of peace, plenty, and civilization shall not have been known as those that are in store for our liberated Erin.

There will be a Capital.

The Ambassadors of the foreign Powers will bring their suites and their splendours to the Court of the Republic.

The nobility will flock back in crowds to our deserted squares. Irish poplin will rise in price to ten shillings a yard, so vast will be the demand for that web by the ladies of our city. Irish diamonds will reach the price of the inferior Golconda article. Irish linen and shirtings will rise immensely. Indeed, all Irish produce, not being depreciated by the ruinous competition for gold, will augment in value.

Debt at home, and absenteeism, have been the curses of our country. Henceforth there shall be no absenteeism and no debt.

He who refuses to live amongst us is not of us—the soil is for the inhabitants of the soil.

I have already, my dear friends, instructed you in the manner in which every one of you may get a cheap and handsome property for himself—namely, by holding possession of that which you at present occupy. For as every man has an indefeasible right to subsistence, and as Nature produces for the good of all, it is manifestly right that the many should have the possession, and not the few.

If a landlord should object to this arrangement (who is but a mere accident on the face of the earth), for the love of God, boys, get rifles and blow his brains out. It is much better that a few landlords should perish, and their families (who have been living on the fat of the land hitherto, and may therefore take a turn of ill fortune) should starve, than that multitudes should die of want.

And thus the curse of quarter-day will be removed at once from this island—and after a very little necessary slaughter. For depend upon it, that when two or three landlords have been served in the way recommended by me, the rest will not care to be pressing for rents. The butchers who govern us instituted the system of hanging for this very reason—arguing that one example before Kilmainham deterred numbers of waverers; and we may be sure that the rifle, rightly employed, will act upon an aristocrat just as well as upon a housebreaker; for are not men *men*, whether clad in Saxon ermine, or in the rude frieze-coats of our miserable fatherland? Out with your rifles, boys, in the name of humanity.

They say that the property of Ireland is mortgaged in a

great degree, and for the most part to the brutal Saxon shopkeepers and pedlars. You will have the advantage of getting your land entirely free; there will be no manacle of debt to weigh down the free arms which are henceforth to till the beloved soil of our country.

And the land being unencumbered, you will have the further advantage of being able to invite capitalists to aid you with money to conduct the operations of agriculture. Glorious America, which sympathizes with you sincerely, will be much more ready to lend its capital upon unencumbered than on encumbered property. And we shall negotiate loans in her magnificent commercial cities, where I have no doubt there will be a noble emulation to come to the aid of a free Irish nation.

The idea of sending cattle and pigs to England, to feed Saxon ruffians, is then to be scouted henceforth by all honest Irishmen. We will consume our own beef and pork by our own firesides. There is enough live stock in this island to give every regenerate Irishman good meals of meat for the next year ensuing; and our lands, notoriously the greenest and most fertile in the world, will have fed up a similar quantity by the year 1850. Thus we shall never want henceforth; and while we fatten and flourish, we shall see the Saxon enemy decay.

And as the beef-fed scoundrels cannot live upon cotton and hardware, we shall have the satisfaction of reducing the prices of those commodities, and getting them at a much more reasonable rate than that at which the accursed money-mongers now vend them.

FROM THE "UNITED IRISHWOMAN."

The Duties of our Women.

In the coming time the weapon nearest at hand is always the cheapest. Only *dilettanti* go about picking and choosing. Shillyshallyers are cowards. Brave men are always armed.

Brave men and brave women, a few suggestions to housekeepers we have already given; we could supply thousands more.

There is no better weapon, for instance, than one which is

to be found in every house in the refined quarter of the metropolis. A grand piano sent down upon a troop of hussars will play such a sonata over their heads as the scoundrels never marched off to. A chimney-glass is a rare thing for smashing. I should not like to be the Saxon assassin upon whom some white-armed girl of Erin flung it.

Pokers and tongs everybody will know the use of. A cut-steel fender is an awkward thing for a dragoon to ride over. A guardsman won't look well with a copper coal-scuttle for a helmet.

Ladies' linen will make the best of lint. A laced handkerchief tied round a wounded warrior's brow will be well bestowed. I have seen a servant in college knocked down by a glossy boot, ever so slight, of varnished leather: if a footman, why not a private soldier? Have at him, ladies, from the bedroom windows. Your husbands will be away yonder at the barricades.

A hot saddle of mutton, flung by cook into the face of a bawling Saxon Colonel, will silence him; send the dish-cover with it; or at tea-time try him with the silver tea-urn. Our wife has one. She longs for an opportunity to fling it, heater and all, into a Saxon face.

Besides the bottle-rack, the use of which and its contents are evident, your husband will leave the keys of the cellar with you, and you know what to do. Old port makes excellent grape-shot; and I don't know any better use which you can make of a magnum of Latouche than to floor an Englishman with it. Have at them with all the glasses in your house, the china, the decanters, the lamps, and the cut-glass chandelier.

A good large cheese would be found rather indigestible by a Saxon, if dropped on his nose from a second story. And the children's washing-tub artfully administered may do execution. Recollect, it is a tub to catch a whale.

There is a lady in Leeson Street who vows to fling her Angola cat and her pet spaniel at the military while engaged there. The cat may escape (and it is not the first time the Saxon ruffians have tasted its claws). The Blenheim cost her twenty-five guineas. She will give that or anything else for her country.

The water-pipes will be excellent things to tear up and launch at the enemy. They may make a slop in the house at first, but the mains and the gas will be let off. The ruffians shall fight us, if they dare, in darkness and drought.

You will, of course, empty the china-closets on the rascals, and all the bedroom foot-baths and washing-basins. Have them ready, and the chests of drawers balancing on the window-sills. Send those after them too.

And if any coward Saxon bullet pierces the fair bosom of a maid or a wife of Erin, may the curses of Heaven light on the butcherly dastard! May the pikes of Erin quiver in his writhing heart, the bullets of Erin whirl through his screaming eyeballs! May his orphans perish howling, and his true love laugh over his grave! May his sister's fair fame be blighted, and his grandmother held up to scorn! May remorse fang him like a ban-dog, and cowardice whip him like a slave! May life weary him! death dishonour, and futurity punish him! Liar Saxon! ruffian Saxon! coward Saxon! bloody Saxon! The gentle and the pure defy ye and spit on ye!

(*April*, 1848.)

MR. SNOB'S REMONSTRANCE WITH MR. SMITH.

My dear Smith,—When we last met at the Polyanthus Club, you showed me so remarkably cold a shoulder, that I was hurt by your change of behaviour, and inquired the cause of the alteration. You are a kind and excellent friend, and used to tip me when I was a boy at school; and I was glad to find that you had public and not private causes for your diminished cordiality. Jones imparted to me your opinion that a previous letter of mine in this periodical was of so dangerous and disloyal a character that honest men should avoid the author. He takes leave to exculpate himself through the same medium.

All our difference, my dear Sir, is as to the method of displaying loyalty. Without fulsome professions for the virtuous and excellent young matron and lady who fills the Throne nowadays, one may feel that those private virtues and excel-

lences are amongst her noblest titles of honour, and, without in the least implicating the royal personage seated in it, quarrel with the taste of some of the ornaments of the Throne. I do believe that some of these are barbarous, that they often put the occupant of that august seat in a false and ridiculous position, and that it would be greatly to the advantage of her dignity if they were away.

You recollect our talk at the Polyanthus, relative to the private letters which passed between Louis-Philippe and the Sovereign of this country, which the present French Government has thought fit to republish. "Why," said you, "did they condescend to make public these private letters? What could it matter to Europe to know whether, in the voyage from Dover to Calais, 'my poor Montpensier' was dreadfully sick, and the King did not suffer at all?" Royal families must have their talk and gossip, like any other domestic circles. Why placard the town with this harmless private gossip, and drag innocent people into publicity? And indeed, with the exception of that pretty letter to the Princess Royal (in which her "old cousin," Louis-Philippe, announces to her his present of a doll with six-and-twenty suits of clothes, and exhibits himself very amiably and artlessly for once as a kind-hearted old grandfather and gentleman), it is a pity that the whole correspondence were not consigned to the bottom of that ocean which made "my poor Montpensier" so unwell.

But if the privacy of Royalty is not to be intruded upon, why is it perpetually thrust in our faces? Why is that Court Newsman not stifled? I say that individual is one of the barbarous adjuncts of the Crown, whom we ought to abolish, and whom it is an honest man's duty to hoot off the stage. I say it is monstrous, immodest, unseemly, that in our time such details should occupy great columns of the newspapers as that of a Royal Christening, for instance, which appeared the other day, in which you read as follows:—

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was dressed in sky-blue velvet, embroidered with gold. The dress of Prince Alfred was of white and silver, and the three Princesses were all dressed alike in frocks of British lace, in imitation of Mechlin lace, with flounces of the same over white satin.

"His Royal Highness Prince Albert and the Duke of Wellington were habited in the uniform of Field-Marshals; the Prince wore the collars of the Garter and the Bath, and the ensigns of the Golden Fleece.

"The Royal infant was dressed in a robe of Honiton lace over white satin, and was attended by the Dowager Lady Lyttelton. Her Royal Highness was carried by the head nurse."

Gracious Goodness! is it bringing ridicule on the Throne to say that such details as these are ridiculous? Does it add to the dignity of the greatest persons in this country that other citizens should be told that Prince Alfred wore white and silver, and the little Princesses were all dressed alike in frocks of British lace, in imitation of Mechlin, with flounces of the same, over white satin? Suppose their Royal Highnesses wore their frocks inside out, what the deuce does it matter to us? These details may interest Mr. Mantalini, but not men in England. They should not be put before us. Why do we still laugh at people for kissing the Pope's toe, or applaud Macartney's British spirit, in the last age, for refusing kotoo to the Emperor of China? This is just as bad as kotoo. Those people degrade the Throne who do not remove from it these degrading Middle-Age ceremonials—as barbarous, as absurd, as unreasonable as Queen Quashy-maboo's cocked hat and epaulets, or King Mumbo-Jumbo's glass beads and tinsel.

"When the procession of the sponsors and Her Majesty's procession had passed, and the Queen and the other Royal personages were conducted to their seats, the following *chorale* was performed—such a *chorale* as was seldom presented to an infant before:—

"In life's gay morn, ere *sprightly* youth
By sin and folly is enslaved,
Oh, may the Maker's glorious name
Be on thy infant mind engraved!
So shall no shade of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy early days,
But happiness, in endless round,
Shall still encompass all thy ways."

Now, Mr. Smith, on your honour and conscience, does the publication of stuff like this add to or diminish the splendour of the Throne? Is it true that if in "the morning of youth"

the Princess is brought up piously, she is sure of endless happiness to "encompass all her ways"? Who says so? Who believes it? Does it add to your respect for the Head of the State, to represent Her Majesty to your imagination surrounded by Bishops, Marshals, and Knights in their collars, Gold Sticks, Sponsor-proxies, and what not, seated in the place of Divine Worship listening to such inane verses? No; the disrespect is not on our side who protest. No; the disloyalty is with those who acquiesce in ceremonies so monstrous and so vain. O Archbishop, is this the way people should renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world? It is these ceremonies which set more people against you and your like than all your sermons can convince or your good example keep faithful.

And I say that we are, Mr. PUNCH and all, a loyal and affectionate people, and that we exult when we see the great personages of the Crown worthily occupied. Take the meeting of last Thursday, for instance, for the Improvement of the Labouring Classes, at which His Royal Highness the Prince attended and spoke.

"Depend upon it that the interests of often contrasted classes are identical, and it is only ignorance which prevents their uniting to the advantage of each other. (*Cheers.*) To dispel that ignorance, and to show how man can help man, notwithstanding the complicated state of civilized society, ought to be the aim of every philanthropic person. (*Loud cheers.*) This is more peculiarly the duty of those who, under the blessing of Divine Providence, enjoy station, wealth, and education." (*Cheers.*)

Every man who heard that, I say, cheered with all his heart. "These are imperial words, and worthy kings." There is no Gold Stick in this empire, no Vice-Chamberlain, Groom of the Stole, Hereditary Grand Dancing Master, or Quarterly Waiter in Waiting, that will yield to Mr. PUNCH and your humble servant in loyalty, when words such as these are spoken, and in such a spirit: and it is in tasks like these that princes must busy themselves if in our times they ask for loyalty from others or security for themselves. The hold of the great upon us now is by beneficence, not by claptraps and ceremonies. The people is, and knows itself to be, the stronger. Wisdom, simplicity, affection, must be

the guardians of the English Throne; and may God keep those Gentlemen-ushers about the Court of Queen Victoria!

(*May*, 1848.)

YESTERDAY: A TALE OF THE POLISH BALL.

BY A LADY OF FASHION.

"The absence of the Life Guards, being on duty against the mob, occasioned some disappointment to many of the fair fashionables at Willis's on Monday night."—*Morning Paper.*

Lionel de Boots was the son of Lord and Lady de Bootersstown, and one of the most elegant young men of this or any age or country. His figure was tall and slim; his features beauteous: although not more than eighteen years of age, he could spell with surprising correctness, and had a sweet yellow tuft growing on his chin, *already!*

A pattern of every excellence, and brought up under a fond mother's eye, Lionel had all the budding virtues and none of the odious vices contracted by youth. He was not accustomed to take more than three glasses of wine; and though a perfect Nimrod in the chase, as I have heard his dear mamma remark, he never smoked those horrid cigars while going to hunt.

He received his Commission in the Royal Horse Guards Pink (Colonel Gizzard), and was presented, on his appointment, on the birthday of his Sovereign. His fond mamma clasped her *mailed warrior* to her bosom, and wept tears of maternal love upon his brilliant cuirass, which reflected her own lovely image.

But besides that of her ladyship, there was another female heart which beat with affection's purest throb for the youthful Lionel. The lovely Frederica de Toffy (whose appearance at Court this year created so thrilling a sensation) had long been designed by her eminent parents, the Earl and Countess of Hardybake, to wed one day with the brilliant heir of the house of De Boots.

Frederica nearly fainted with pleasure when her Lionel presented himself at Alycampayne House in his charming

new uniform. "My military duties now call me," said the gallant youth, with a manly sigh. "But 'twill not be long ere next we meet. Remember thou art my partner in Lady Smigsmag's Quadrille at the Polish Ball. *Au revoir*—adieu!" Emotion choked further utterance, and staggering from the presence of *Love*, Lionel hastened to join his regiment at *Kn-ghtsbr-dge*.

That night, as the Cavaliers of the Horse Guards Pink sate in their tents carousing to the health of their ladye-loves, news came from the Commander-in-Chief that England had need of her warriors. The Chartists had risen! They were in arms in Clerkenwell and Pentonville. "Up, Cavaliers!" said the noble De Gizzard, quaffing a bumper of Ypocras. "Gentlemen of the Horse Guards Pink, to arms!" Calling his battle-cry, Lionel laced on his morion; his trusty *valet-de-chambre* placed it on the golden curls of his young master. To draw his sword, to recommend himself to Heaven and sweet Saint Willibald, and to mount his plunging charger, was the work of a moment. The next —and the plumes of the Horse Guards Pink might be seen waving in the midnight down the avenues of the Park, while the clarions and violins of the band pealed forth the national anthem of Britons.

Lionel's mother had taken heed that the chamber which he was to occupy at the barracks was comfortably arranged for *her young soldier*. Every elegant simplicity of the toilet had been provided. "Take care that there be bran in his foot-bath," she said to his old servitor (pointing at the same time to a richly-chased silver-gilt *bain de pieds*, emblazoned with the crest of the De Bootses). And she had netted with her own hand a crimson silk night-cap with a gold tassel, which she entreated—nay, commanded him to wear. She imaged him asleep in his war-chamber. "May my soldier sleep well," she exclaimed mentally, "till the ringing trump of morn wake up my gallant boy!"

Frederica, too, as far as modest maiden may, thought of her Lionel. "*Ah*, Crinolinette," she said to her maid, in the French language, of which she was a mistress—"*ah, que ma galant Garde-de-vie puisse bien dormir ce nuit!*"

Lionel slept not on that night; not one wink had the

young soldier. In the moon, under the stars, in the cold, cold midnight, in the icy dawn, he and his gallant comrades patrolled the lanes of Clerkenwell. Now charging a pulk of Chartists—now coming to the aid of a squadron of beleaguered Policemen—now interposing between the infuriate mob and the astonished Specials—everywhere Lionel's sword gleamed. In the thick of the *mêlée* his voice was heard encouraging the troops and filling the Chartists with terror. "Oh," thought he, "that I could measure steel with Fussell, or could stand for five minutes point to point with Cuffey!" But no actual collision took place, and the Life Guards Pink returned to their barracks at dawn, when Colonel Gizzard sent off a most favourable report to the Commander-in-Chief of the gallantry of young De Boots.

The warriors cared not for rest that day. A night in the saddle is no hardship to the soldier; though Lionel, feeling the approaches of a cold and sore throat, only took a little water-gruel and lay down for half an hour to recruit himself. But he could not sleep; he thought of Frederica! "To-night I shall see her," he said. 'Twas the night of the Polish Ball, and he bade his valet procure from Hammersmith the loveliest bouquet for Frederica, consisting of the rosy Magnolia, the delicate Polyanthus, and the drooping and modest Sunflower.

The banquet of the Horse Guards Pink was served at eight o'clock, and Lionel, to be ready for the ball, dressed himself in pumps and pantaloons, with an embroidered gauze chemise, and a mere riband of lace round his neck. He looked a young Apollo as he sat down to dine!

But scarce had he put the first spoonful of *potage à la reine* to his ruby lips when the clarion again sounded to arms. "Confusion," said the gallant Gizzard, "the Chartists are again in arms, and we must forth." The banquet was left untasted, and the warriors mounted their steeds.

So great was the hurry that Lionel only put on his helmet and cuirass, and rode forth in his evening dress. 'Twas a pitiless night: the rain descended; the winds blew icy cold; the young soldier was wet to the skin ere the Guards debouched on Clerkenwell Green.

And at that hour Frederica was looking out of the left window at Almack's, waiting for Lionel.

Hours and hours he sat on his war-steed through that long night: the rain descended, the wind was more chilly; the dastard Chartists would not face the steel of the Loyal Cavaliers of the Horse Guards Pink, but fled at the sight of our warriors. Ah, 'twas a piteous night!

Frederica was carried at daybreak to Alycampayne House from the ball. She had not danced all that night: she refused the most eligible partners, for she could only think of *her* Cavalier—her Lionel, who never came! Her mamma marked her child's frenzied eye and hectic cheek, and shuddered as she put her daughter to bed, and wrote a hurried note to Dr. L—c—ck.

At that hour, too, the Horse Guards Pink returned to their barracks. The veterans were unmoved; but ah me for the recruits! Lionel was in a high fever: two nights' exposure had struck down the gallant boy; he was delirious two hours after he was placed in bed! "Mamma! Frederica!" he shouted—

* * * * *

Last Saturday two hearses—the one bearing the helm and arms of a young warrior, and the escutcheon of the De Bootses; the other the lozenge of the Alycampaynes—wound their way slowly to Highgate Cemetery. Lionel and Frederica were laid in the same grave! But how much of this agony might have been spared if the odious Chartists would but have stayed at home, or if that young couple had taken from twelve to fourteen of Morison's Universal Pills, instead of the vile medicine with which "the Faculty" killed them?

(*June*, 1848.)

SCIENCE AT CAMBRIDGE.

Among the new sciences which are to be taught at Cambridge University, and for the teaching of which eminent Professors are to be appointed, we are informed that H.R.H. the Chancellor, and the Heads, have determined to create two new Chairs, upon the applications of the two eminent men whose letters we subjoin.

"*To* His Roil Highness the Chanslor, *and the Nobs of the University of Cambridge.*

"Tom Spring's.

"Sein perposials for astabblishing new Purfessurships in the Univussaty of Cambridge (where there is litell enuff now lurnt, as Evins knows), I beg leaf to hoffer myself to your Royl Ighness as Purfessur of Sulf-defens, which signts I old to be both nessary and useful to every young mann.

"I ave sean, on his entry into life without knowing the use of his ands, a young chap flord by a fellar of ½ his sighs; and all for the want of those fust principills which a few terms under me would give him.

"I ave sean, on the contry, many an honest young Mann pervented from doing right and knockin down a raskle who insults a lady in distress, or chaughs you, or anythink, simply from not knowing how to imploy them fistis which natur has endowd him with, and which it is manifest were not made for nothink.

"I old that the fust use of a man's ands is to fight with: and that the fust and most nessary duty of a feller is to know how to defend his nob.

"I should like to know in some instanses whether all your Algibry and Mathamadix, your Greik and Latn and that, would serve a young gent half so well as a good nollidge of sparring and fibbing, which I shall be appy to teach him, has also to serve any Ead of any Ouse in the Unaversaty.

"Peraps I could not stand up before Dr. Biggwhigg and Doctor Squartoes in the Latn Mathamadics; but could they stand up to me with the gloves? Why, I would wop them with one and, and ingage to make the young gentlemen of the Univussaty to do lickwise.

"Therefor I propose to your Royal Ighness and the Eads of Ouses, to allow the manly and trew English Scients of Boxint to be took up for honours by the young gentlemen of Cambridge. Igsamanations might be eld in the Sennit House, both vith and vithout the mufflers; it would be a pretty site—plesnt to parints (for what sight can be nobler than for a fond mother to see a galliant young feller

pitchin into his man in good style, or taking his punishment like a trump?), and would etract quanties of foringers and ladies to the Uniwursaty, like the Hancient games of the Roman athleeks.

"The Cribb Purfessurship in the branch of Mathamatacal Science, which I'm blest if it isn't, I purpose to your Roil Consideration, and ham,

"With the deepest respect,
"Your Royal Highness's obeadient to command,
"BENJAMIN BENDIGO."

From PROFESSOR SOYER.

"PALL MALL.

"MIGHTY PRINCE, AND REVEREND AND ILLUSTRIOUS GENTLEMEN!—It has been universally allowed by most nations that Science would be vain if it did not tend to produce happiness, and that that science is the greatest by which the greatest amount of happiness is produced.

"I agree with the poet Solon in this remark—and if, as I have no doubt, it is one which has also struck the august intelligence of your Royal Highness—I beg to ask with retiring modesty, what Science confers greater pleasure than that which I have the honour to profess, and which has made my name famous throughout the world?

"Eating is the first business of a man. If his food is unpleasant to him, his health suffers, his labour is not so productive, his genius deteriorates, and his progeny dwindles and sickens. A healthy digestion, on the other hand, produces a healthy mind, a clear intellect, a vigorous family, and a series of inestimable benefits to generations yet unborn: and how can you have a good digestion, I ask, without a good dinner? and how have a good dinner without knowing how to cook it?

"May it please your Royal Highness Consort of the Imperial Crown of England, and you ye learned and reverend doctors, proctors, provosts, gyps, and common sizars of the Royal University of Cambridge, now that you are wisely resolved to enlarge the former narrow sphere of knowledge in which your pupils move—I ask you at once, and with

unanimity, to ordain that MY Science be among the new ones to be taught to the ingenuous youth of England

"Mine is both a physical and moral science—physical, it acts on the health; moral, on the tempers and tastes of mankind. Under one or other of these heads, then, it deserves to be taught in the famous Halls of Cambridge. I demand and humbly request that the SOYER PROFESSORSHIP of Culinarious Science be established without loss of time. And I ask of your Imperial Highness and the learned Heads of the University, what knowledge more useful than that which I possess and profess could be conferred upon a rising and ardent youth?

"Who are the young men of Cambridge? They are brought up for the most part to the study of the Law or the Church.

"Those who have partaken of food in the miserable chambers of the law student, and seen their cadaverous appearance and unearthly voracity, will at once agree with me that *they* are in a lamentable state as regards eating. But it is of the other profession which I speak.

"I can conceive now no person so likely to become eminently useful and beloved as an interesting young ecclesiastic going down to take possession of his curacy in a distant and barbarous province, where the inhabitants eat their meat raw, their vegetables crude, and know no difference between a white and a brown sauce.—I say, most noble, mighty, and learned Sirs, I can conceive of no character more delightful than a young curate coming into such a district after having graduated honourably in MY science. He is like Saint Augustin, but he bears a saucepan in his train, and he endears the natives to him and to his doctrines by a hundred innocent artifices. In his own humble home—see my Regenerator art, my kitchen at home—he gives a model of neatness, propriety, and elegant moderation. He goes from cottage to cottage, improving the diet of the poor. He flavours the labourer's soup with simple herbs, and roasts the stalled ox of the squire or farmer to a turn. He makes tables comfortable which before were sickening; families are united who once avoided each other, or quarrelled when they met; health returns which bad diet had banished from the

cottager's home; children flourish and multiply, and as they crowd round the simple but invigorating repast, bless the instructor who has taught them to prepare their meal. Ah, honoured Prince and exalted gentlemen, what a picture do I draw of clerical influence and parochial harmony! Talk of schools, indeed! I very much doubt whether a school inspector could make a soufflé, or S. G. O. of the *Times* could toss a pancake!

"And ah, gentlemen, what a scene would the examination which I picture to myself present! The Professor enters the Hall, preceded by his *casserole* bearers; a hundred furnaces are lighted; a hundred elegant neophytes in white caps are present behind them, exercising upon the roasts, the stews, the vegetables, the sweets. A Board of Examiners is assembled at a table spread with damask, and the exercises of the young men are carried up to them hot and hot. Who would not be proud to sit on such a Board, and superintend the endeavours of youth engaged in such labour? Blushing, the Senior Medallist receives the Vice-Chancellor's compliment, and is crowned with a fillet by the Yeoman Bedell; this—this I would fain behold in the great, the enlightened, the generous, the liberal country of my adoption!

"And if ever British gratitude should erect a statue to a national benefactor, I can suppose an image of myself, the First Professor of Cookery in Cambridge, to be elevated in some conspicuous situation in after ages, holding out the nectar which he discovered, and the sauce with which he endowed the beloved country into which he came.

"Waiting your answer with respectful confidence, I am, of your Royal Highness and Gentlemen,

"The profound Servant,

"CORYDON SOYER."

(*November*, 1848.)

THE GREAT SQUATTLEBOROUGH SOIRÉE.

GOOD MR. PUNCH,—I am an author by trade, and in confidence send you my card, which will satisfy you of my name and my place of business. If the designer of the series of

cuts called "Authors' Miseries" will take my case in hand, I will not ask to plead it myself; otherwise, as it is one which concerns most literary persons, and as the annoyance of which I complain may be a source of serious loss and evil to them, I take leave to cry out on behalf of our craft.

The system of oppression against which I desire to protest is one which has of late been exercised by various bodies, in various parts of the kingdom—by the harmless, nay, most laudable Literary Societies there established. These, under the name of Athenæums, Institutes, Parthenons, and what not, meet together for the purposes of literary exercitation; have reading-rooms, supplied with magazines, books, newspapers, and your own invaluable miscellany; and lecture-rooms, where orators, and philosophers, and men of science appear to instruct or to amuse. The Sea Serpent, the character of Hamlet, the royal orrery, and dissolving views, the female characters in Mrs. Jones's novels, etc.—whatever may be the subject of the lecturer—I am sure no friend to his kind would wish either to prevent that honest man from getting his bread, or his audience from listening to his harangues. Lecturers are not always consummately wise, but that is no reason why audiences should not listen to them. Myself, Sir, as I walked down Holborn the other day, I saw placarded (amongst other names far more illustrious) my own name, in pretty much the following terms:—

"L. A. HUGGLESTONE.

"ARE THE WRITINGS OF HUGGLESTONE MORAL OR IMMORAL?

"Professor Groutage will deliver an Essay on this subject, on the 25th Instant, at the Philosophical Arena and Psychogymnasium, Cow Lane, Smithfield. After the Lecture, the Arena will be opened for free discussion. Admission 2d., Children 1d."

I, of course, did not attend, but female curiosity induced Mrs. Hugglestone to pay her money. She returned home, Sir, dissatisfied. I am informed the Professor did not do me justice. My writings are not appreciated by Mr. Groutage (nor indeed by many other critics), and my poor Louisa, who had taken our little James, who is at home for the Christmas holidays, by way of treat, came home with mortification in her heart that our Jemmy should have heard his

father so slightingly spoken of by Groutage, and said, with tears in her own eyes, that she should like to scratch out those of the philosopher in question.

Because the Professor has but a mean opinion of me, is that any reason why free discussion should not be permitted? Far otherwise. As Indians make fire with bits of wood, blockheads may strike out sparks of truth in the trituration of debate, and I have little doubt that had my poor dear girl but waited for the discussion in the arena, my works would have had their due, and Groutage got his answer. The people may be lectured to by very stupid quacks (perhaps, Sir, it may have been your fortune to have heard one or two of them); but, as sure as they are quacks, so sure they will be discovered one day or other; and I, for my part, do not care a fig for the opinion of the Professor of Cow Lane. I am putting merely my own case in illustration of the proposition, which is, that public debates and fair play of thought among men are good, and to be encouraged. Those who like to read better out of a book than to listen to a long-haired lecturer, with his collars turned down (so that his jaws may wag more freely); those who prefer a pipe at the neighbouring tavern to a debate, however stirring, at the Cow Lane Gymnasium, are welcome and right, but so are the others on the other side.

I will mention a case which seems to me in point. In my early days, my friend Huffy, the dentist, with myself and several others, belonged to the Plato Club, meeting of Saturday nights in Covent Garden, to discuss the writings of that philosopher, and to have a plain supper and a smoke. I and some others used to attend pretty regularly, but only at the smoking and supping part, which caused Huffy to say, with a look of considerable scorn, "that there were some minds not capable of sustaining or relishing a philosophical investigation." The fact was, we were not anxious to hear Huffy's opinions about Plato at all, and preferred scolloped oysters to that controversy.

I submit that, in this case, both parties were right—Huffy in indulging himself in Platonic theories, and we for refraining from them. We doubted our lecturer: of our scolloped oysters we were sure. We were only sceptics in this instance,

not in all; and so in the multifarious Institutes throughout the country, where speechifying is performed, I own I sometimes have doubts as to the wholesomeness of the practice. But it is certain that if there may be stupid lectures, there may be clever lectures; there may be quacks or men of genius; there may be knowledge good and sound acquired; there may be but a superficial smattering and parrot-like imitation of a teacher who himself is but a pretender; and also it is clear that people should talk, should think, should read, should have tea in a social manner, and, calling the fiddlers and their wives and daughters, have a dance together at the Parthenon, Athenæum, or Institute, until they are tired, and go home happy. And if in a manufacturing town, of course it is good that the master of the mill should join in the sport in which his hands are engaged; or in the country districts, that the great man or Squire should aid. For example, I read last year in the *Squattleborough Sentinel*, how the heir of the noble house of Yawny, the Honourable Mr. Drawleigh, came over ten miles to Squattleborough in the most slushy weather, and delivered four lectures there on his travels in Nineveh, and his measurements of the tombs of Baalbec. Some people fell asleep at these lectures, no doubt, but many liked them, and Mr. Drawleigh was right to give them.

He represents the borough. His family are time out of mind lords of the neighbourhood. Nothing is more certain than that the heir of Dozeley Castle should do his utmost to give pleasure to his faithful constituents and the children of the quondam retainers of his race. It was he who set up the Squattleborough Parthenon, his father, Lord Yawny, laying the first brick of the edifice; the neighbouring clergy and gentry attending and delivering appropriate orations, and the library beginning with two copies of Drawleigh's own Travels, in morocco gilt. This is all right. But the Squattleborough Parthenon is not, for this, "the Beacon of Truth, the Centre of Civilization, the Pharos in the storm, which the troubled voyager sees from the dark waters, radiating serenely with the Truthful and the Beautiful," as Professor Jowls said at the Inauguration Meeting—the Squattleborough Institution, I say, is not in the least like this, but an excellent good place

enough, where every man can read the paper, if it is not in hand; or get a book from the library, if nobody else has engaged it. Let things be called by their names, Mr. PUNCH; this place at Squattleborough is a good literary club, and that is a good thing, and it promotes the good fellowship, and aids the reading and education of numbers of people there; and Heaven send every such scheme prosperity!

But now the Squattleborough folks are bent on following the fashion, and having a grand tea-party at their Institute. Amongst others, I have been favoured with a card to this party. The secretary writes in the kindest manner; he says the directors of the Institute are going to give a grand *soirée*, which many noblemen and gentlemen of the neighbourhood have promised to attend, and where they are most anxious "to secure the leading literary talent."

Noblemen and Gentlemen of the neighbourhood, *à la bonne heure*—and it is very complimentary, doubtless, to be mentioned amongst the leading literary talent; a noble lord, a couple of most reverend prelates, a great poet, and so forth, we are informed, are asked. But why the deuce does Squattleborough want "to secure literary talent"? Gentlemen, do you think men of letters have nothing to do? Do you go three hundred miles to a tea-party, spend five or six pounds on railroads and inns, give up two days' work and a night's sleep at the request of people hundreds of miles away, of whom you have no earthly knowledge? There are one or two men of letters who, upon a great occasion, and by a great city, are rightly called to help and to speak; these men are great orators, whom it is a privilege for any community to hear; but for those whose gift does not lie that way, why drag them out from their homes, or their own friends, or their desks, where their right places are?

I, for instance, who write this, have had a dozen invitations within the last few months. I should have had to travel many thousands of miles—to spend ever so many scores of pounds—to lose weeks upon weeks of time—and for what? In order to stand on a platform, at this town or that, to be pointed out as the author of so and so, and to hear Lord This, or the Archbishop of That, say that Knowledge was

Power, that Education was a benefit, that the free and enlightened people of What-d'ye-call-'em were daily advancing in Civilization, and that the learning of the ingenious arts, as the Latin bard had observed, refined our manners, and mitigated their ferocity.

Advance, civilize, cease to be ferocious, read, meet, be friendly, be happy, ye men of Squattleborough, and other places. I say amen to all this; but if you can read for yourselves it is the best. If you can be wise without bragging and talking so much about it, you will lose none of your wisdom; and as you and your wives and daughters will do the dancing at your own ball, if you must have a talk likewise, why not get your native lions to roar?

Yours, dear Mr. PUNCH, most respectfully,

LEONTIUS ANDROCLES HUGGLESTONE.

(*December*, 1848.)

PARIS REVISITED.

BY AN OLD PARIS MAN.

REVERED PUNCH,—When your multitudinous readers are put in possession of this confidential note, Paris will be a week older; and who knows what may happen in that time? Louis Napoleon may be Emperor, or Louis Blanc may be King, or the Revolution that was to have broken out last Monday may be performed on the next. Meanwhile, permit me, Sir, to lay at your feet the few brief observations which I have made during a twenty-four hours' residence in this ancient and once jovial place.

It was on the stroke of eleven at night, Sir, on Wednesday, the 31st of January, that a traveller might have been perceived plunging rapidly through the shingles of Dover, towards a boat which lay in waiting there, to bear him and other exiles to a steamer which lay in the offing, her slim black hull scarcely visible in the mists of night, through which her lights, of a green and ruby colour, burned brilliantly. The moon was looking out on the fair and tranquil scene, the stars were twinkling in a friendly manner, the ancient

cliffs of Albion loomed out of the distant grey. But few lights twinkled in the deserted houses of the terraces along the beach. The bathing machines were gone to roost. There was scarce a ripple on the sluggish wave as the boat with The Traveller on board went grinding over the shingle, and we pulled to the ship. In fact, the waters of Putney were not more calm than those of the Channel, and the night was as mild as a novel by the last lady of fashion.

Having paid a shilling for the accommodation of the boat, the traveller stepped on board the deck of the famous steamer *Vivid*, commanded by the intrepid and polite Captain Smithett; and the Mails presently coming off in their boat with the light at its bows, away went the *Vivid* at the rate of seventeen miles an hour, and we were off Calais almost before the second cigar was smoked, or we had had near time enough to think of those beloved beings whom we left behind.

Sir, there was not water enough in the Calais harbour—so a bawling pilot swore, who came up to us in his lugger; and as she came plunging and bumping against the side of the *Vivid*, Captain Smithett caused the mail-bags first, and afterwards the passengers, to be pitched into her, and we all rolled about amongst the ropes and spars on deck, in the midst of the most infernal bawling and yelling from the crew of Frenchmen, whose howls and contortions, as they got their sail up, and otherwise manœuvred the vessel, could be equalled by men of no other nation. Some of us were indignant at being called upon to pay three francs for a ride of a mile in this vessel, and declared we would write to the *Times;* but there was One Traveller who had not heard that noise of Frenchmen for four years, and their noise was to his soul as the music of bygone years. That Man, Sir, is perpetually finding something ludicrous in what is melancholy, and when he is most miserable is always most especially jocular.

Sir, it was the first night of the new Postal arrangement, by which the Mails are made to go from Calais and not from Boulogne as heretofore. Our goods were whisked through the Custom-House with a rapidity and a courtesy highly creditable to Frenchmen, and an enthusiastic omnibus-driver,

lashing his horses furiously, and urging them forward with shrieks and howls, brought us to the St. Pierre Station of the railway, where we took our places in the train. 'Twas two in the bleak winter's morn. The engine whistled—the train set forth—we plunged into the country, away, away, away!

At eleven o'clock, Sir, we dashed into the *enceinte* of the forts that guard the metropolis from foreign invasion, and a few minutes afterwards we were in that dear old Paris that One amongst us had not seen for four years.

How is the old place? How does it look? I should be glad to know is the nightingale singing there yet? Do the roses still bloom by the calm Bendemeer? Have we not all a right to be sentimental when we revisit the haunts of our youth, and to come forward, like the Count in the opera, as soon as the whips have ceased cracking, and sing "Cari luoghi"? Living constantly with your children and the beloved and respectable Mrs. PUNCH, you don't see how tall Jacky and Tommy grow, and how old (for the truth must out, and she is by no means improved in looks)—how old and plain your dear lady has become. So thought I, as I once more caught sight of my beloved Lutetia, and trembled to see whether years had affected her.

Sir, the first thing I saw on entering the station was that it was crammed with soldiers—little soldiers, with red breeches and grey capotes, with little caps, bristling with uncommonly fierce beards, large hairy tufts (those of the carrotty hue most warlike and remarkable) that looked as if worn in bravado, as by the American warriors, and growing there convenient to cut their heads off if you could. These bearded ones occupied the whole place; arms were piled in the great halls of the Débarcadère; some fatigued braves were asleep in the straw; pots were cooking, drums were drubbing, officers and non-commissioned officers bustling about. Some of us had qualms, and faintly asked, was the Revolution begun? "No," the omnibus conductors said, laughing, "everything was as quiet as might be;" and we got into their vehicles and drove away. Everything *was* quiet. Only, Sir, when you go to a friend's house for a quiet dinner, and before he lets you into his door he puts his head and a blunder-

buss out of window and asks, "Who is there?" of course, some nervous persons may be excused for feeling a little dashed.

Sir, the omnibus drove rapidly to the hotel whence this is written with a very scanty cargo of passengers. We hardly had any in the railway; we did not seem to take up any on the line. Nothing seemed to be moving on the road; in the streets there was not much more life. What has become of the people who used to walk here—of the stalls, and the carts, and the crowds about the wine-shops, and the loungers, and the cries of the busy throng? Something has stricken the place—nobody is about; or perhaps there is a review, or a grand *fête* somewhere, which calls the people away as we are passing through a deserted quarter.

As soon as I was dressed, I walked into the town through the ancient and familiar arcades of the Rue Castiglione and so forth. The shops along the Rue de Rivoli are dreary and shabby beyond belief. There was nobody walking in the Tuileries. The palace that used to look so splendid in former days stretches out its great gaunt wings and looks dismally battered and bankrupt. In the Carrousel there were more troops, with drumming, and trumpeting, and artillery. Troops are perpetually passing. Just now I saw part of a regiment of Mobiles marching out with a regiment of the line. Squads of the young Mobiles are everywhere in the streets; pale, debauched, daring-looking little lads, one looks at them with curiosity and interest, as one thinks that those beardless young fellows have dashed over barricades, and do not care for death or devil.

I worked my way to the Palais Royal, where I have been any time since 1814; and oh, Mr. PUNCH, what a change was there! I can't tell you how dreary it looks, that once cheerfullest garden in the world. The roses do not bloom *there* any more, or the nightingales sing. All the song is gone and the flowers have withered. Sir, you recollect those shops where the beautiful dressing-gowns used to hang out, more splendid and gorgeous than any tulips, I am sure. You remember that wonderful bonnet-shop at the corner of the Galerie Vitrée, where there were all sorts of miraculous caps and hats; bonnets with the loveliest wreaths of spring twined

round them; bonnets with the most ravishing plumes of marabous, ostriches, and birds of paradise.

> "Once in their *bows*
> Birds of rare plume
> Sate in their bloom,"

as an elegant poet of your own sings. They are all gone, Sir: the birds are flown, the very cages are shut up and many of them to let; the Palais Royal is no more than a shabby bazaar. Shutters are up in many of the shops; you see nobody buying in the others; soldiers and a few passengers go about staring at the faded ornaments in the windows and the great blank daguerreotype pictures, which line the walls as dismal as death. There is nobody there: there are not even English people walking about, and staring with their hands in their pockets. Has ruin begun, then, and is Paris going after Rome, Carthage, Palmyra, Russell Square, Kilkenny, and other famous capitals? In the glass galleries there were not a dozen loungers, and the shops facing the Palais Royal proper are closed down the whole line.

As for the square of the palace itself, which always used to look so cheerful—where there used to be, you remember, piles of comfortable wood, giving ideas of warmth and hospitality in the splendid rooms within—that too is, to the last degree, shabby and forlorn. I saw soldiers looking out of the windows, and more—a couple of thousands of them, I should say—were in the court. Many of them with their coats off, and showing very dingy under-vestments, were cooking about the court; there they formed in squads about the square, without their arms, in their slouching grey coats; and, drums and bugles beginning to make a noise, a small crowd of blackguards and children issued somehow from some of the dark recesses and black passages about the place, and formed a sort of audience for the unromantic military spectacle. A tree of Liberty is planted in the square—the first I have seen, and the most dismal and beggarly emblem I ever set eyes on—a lean poplar, with scarce any branches, a wretched furcated pole with some miserable rags of faded cotton, and, it may be, other fetishes dangling from it here

and there. O Liberty! What the deuce has this poplar or those rags to do with you?

My sheet is full—the post hour nigh; but I have one word of rather a cheerful and consolatory nature to say after all this despondency. Sir, I happened in my walk, and from a sense of duty, just to look in at the windows of Chevet, Véfour, and the Trois Frères. The show at all is *very satisfactory indeed.* The game looked very handsome at Chevet's, and the turbots and *pâtés* uncommonly fine. I never saw finer *looking* truffles than those in the baskets in Véfour's window; and the display of fruit at the Frères would make an anchorite's mouth water. More of this, however, anon. There are some subjects that are not to be treated in a trifling manner by your obedient servant and contributor,

FOLKSTONE CANTERBURY.

(*February, 1849.*)

TWO OR THREE THEATRES AT PARIS.

IF one may read the history of a people's morals in its jokes, what a queer set of reflections the philosophers of the twentieth century may make regarding the characters of our two countries in perusing the waggeries published on one side and the other! When the future inquirer shall take up your volumes, or a bundle of French plays, and contrast the performance of your booth with that of the Parisian theatre, he won't fail to remark how different they are, and what different objects we admire or satirize. As for your morality, Sir, it does not become me to compliment you on it before your venerable face; but permit me to say, that there never were before published in this world so many volumes that contained so much cause for laughing, and so little for blushing—so many jokes, and so little harm. Why, Sir, say even that your modesty, which astonishes me more and more every time I regard you, is calculated, and not a virtue naturally inherent in you, that very fact would argue for the high sense of the public morality among us. We will laugh in the company of our wives and children; we will tolerate

no indecorum; we like that our matrons and girls should be pure.

Excuse my blushes, Sir; but permit me to say that I have been making a round of the little French theatres, and have come away amazed at the cynicism of the people. Sir, there are certain laws of morality (as believed by us at least) for which these people no more care than so many Otaheitans. They have been joking against marriage ever since writing began. A pretty man you would be, *Mr. Punch*, if you were a Frenchman; and a pretty moral character would be the present spotless wife of your affections, the chaste and immaculate *Judy!*

After going to these theatres, seeing the houses all full, and hearing the laughter ringing through every one of them, one is puzzled to know what the people respect at all, or what principle they do believe in. They laugh at religion, they laugh at chastity, they laugh at royalty, they laugh at the Republic most pitilessly of all; when France, in the piece called the "Foire aux Idées," says she is dying under nine hundred doctors, to each of whom she is paying a daily fee of five-and-twenty francs, there was a cheer of derision through the house. The Communists and their schemes were hooted with a still more hearty indignation; there is a general smash and bankruptcy of faith; and, what struck me perhaps most as an instance of the amazing progress of the national atheism, is to find that the theatre audiences have even got to laugh at military glory. They have a song in one of the little plays which announces that France and Co. have closed that branch of their business; that they wish to stay at home and be quiet, and so forth; and, strange to say, even the cry against perfidious England has died out; and the only word of abuse I read against our nation was in a volume of a novel by poor old Paul de Kock, who saluted the Lion with a little kick of his harmless old heels.

Is the end of time coming, Mr. PUNCH, or the end of Frenchmen? and don't they believe, or love, or hate anything any more? Sir, these funny pieces at the plays frightened me more than the most bloodthirsty melodrama ever did, and inspired your humble servant with a melancholy which is not to be elicited from the most profound tragedies. There

was something awful, infernal almost, I was going to say, in the gaiety with which the personages of these satiric dramas were dancing and shrieking about among the tumbled ruins of ever so many ages and traditions. I hope we shall never have the air of "God save the King" set to ribald words amongst us—the mysteries of our religion, or any man's religion, made the subject of laughter, or of a worse sort of excitement. In the famous piece of "La Propriété c'est le Vol," we had the honour to see Adam and Eve dance a polka, and sing a song quite appropriate to the costume in which they figured. Everybody laughed and enjoyed it—neither Eve nor the audience ever thought about being ashamed of themselves; and, for my part, I looked with a vague anxiety up at the theatre roof, to see that it was not falling in, and shall not be surprised to hear that Paris goes the way of certain other cities some day. They will go on, this pretty little painted population of Lorettes and Bayadères, singing and dancing, laughing and feasting, fiddling and flirting, to the end, depend upon it. But enough of this theme: it is growing too serious; let us drop the curtain. Sir, at the end of the lively and ingenious piece called the "Foire aux Idées," there descends a curtain, on which what is supposed to be a huge newspaper is painted, and which is a marvel of cynicism.

I have been to see a piece of a piece called the "Mystères de Londres," and most awful mysteries they are indeed. We little know what is going on around and below us, and that London may be enveloped in a vast murderous conspiracy, and that there may be a volcano under our very kitchens, which may blow us all to perdition any day. You perhaps are not aware, Sir, that there lived in London, some three or four years ago, a young Grandee of Spain and Count of the Empire, the Marquis of Rio Santo by name, who was received in the greatest society our country can boast of, and walked the streets of the metropolis with orders on his coat and white light pantaloons and a cocked hat. This Marquis was an Irishman by birth, and not a mere idle votary of pleasure, as you would suppose from his elegant personal appearance. Under the mask of fashion and levity he hid a mighty design, which was to free his country from the in-

tolerable tyranny of England. And as England's distress is Ireland's opportunity, the Marquis had imagined a vast conspiracy, which should plunge the former into the most exquisite confusion and misery, in the midst of which his beloved Erin might get her own. For this end his lordship had organized a prodigious band of all the rogues, thieves, and discontented persons in the metropolis, who were sworn into a mysterious affiliation, the members of which were called the "Gentlemen of the Night." Nor were these gentlefolks of the lower sort merely—your swell mob, your St. Giles's men, and vulgar cracksmen. Many of the principal merchants, jewellers, lawyers, physicians, were sworn of the Society. The merchants forged bank notes, and uttered the same, thus poisoning the stream of commerce in our great commercial city; the jewellers sold sham diamonds to the aristocracy, and led them on to ruin; the physicians, called in to visit their patients, poisoned such as were enemies of the good cause, by their artful prescriptions; the lawyers prevented the former from being hanged; and the whole realm being plunged into anarchy and dismay by these manœuvres, it was evident that Ireland would greatly profit. This astonishing Marquis, who was supreme chief of the Society, thus had his spies and retainers everywhere. The police was corrupted, the magistrature tampered with — Themis was bribed on her very bench; and even the Beefeaters of the Queen (one shudders as one thinks of this) were contaminated, and in the service of the Association.

Numbers of lovely women, of course, were in love with the Marquis, or otherwise subjugated by him; and the most beautiful and innocent of all was disguised as a Countess, and sent to Court on a Drawing-room day, with a mission to steal the diamonds off the neck of Lady Brompton, the special favourite of His Grace Prince Dimitri Tolstoy, the Russian Ambassador.

Sir, His Grace the Russian Ambassador had only lent these diamonds to Lady B., that her ladyship might sport them at the Drawing-room. The jewels were really the property of the Prince's Imperial Master. What, then, must have been His Excellency's rage when the brilliants were stolen? The theft was committed in the most artful manner. Lady

Brompton came to Court, her train held up by her *jockei*. Suzanna (the Marquis's emissary) came to Court with her train similarly borne by her page. The latter was an experienced pickpocket; the pages were changed; the jewels were taken off Lady Brompton's neck in the antechamber of the palace, and His Grace Prince Tolstoy was in such a rage that he menaced war on the part of his Government unless the stones were returned.

Beyond this point I confess, Sir, I did not go, for exhausted nature would bear no more of the Mysteries of London, and I came away to my hotel. But I wish you could have seen the Court of St. James, the Beefeaters, the Life Guards, the Heralds-of-Arms in their tabards of the sixteenth century, and have heard the ushers on the stairs shouting the names of the nobility as they walked into the presence of the Sovereign! I caught those of the Countess of Derby, the Lady Campbell, the Lord Somebody, and the Honourable Miss Trevor, after whom the Archbishop of Canterbury came. Oh, such an Archbishop! He had a velvet trencher cap profusely ornamented with black fringe, and a dress something like our real and venerated prelates, with the exception of the wig, which was far more curly and elegant; and he walked by, making the sign of the Cross with his two forefingers, and blessing the people.

I hear that the author of this great work, M. Paul Féval, known for some time to the literature of his country as Sir Francis Trollope, passed a whole week in London to make himself thoroughly acquainted with our manners; and here, no doubt, he saw Countesses whose trains were carried by jockeys; lords going to Court in full-bottomed wigs; and police magistrates in policemen's coats and oilskin hats, with white kerseymere breeches and silk stockings to distinguish them from the rank and file. How well the gentlemen of Bow Street would look in it! I recommend it to the notice of Mr. PUNCH.

These, Sir, are all the plays which I have as yet been able to see in this town, and I have the honour of reporting upon them accordingly. Whatever they may do with other pieces, I don't think that our dramatists will be disposed to steal *these*.

(*February*, 1849.)

ON SOME DINNERS AT PARIS

Some few words about dinners, my dear friend, I know your benevolent mind will expect. A man who comes to Paris without directing his mind to dinners is like a fellow who travels to Athens without caring to inspect ruins, or an individual who goes to the Opera and misses Jenny Lind's singing. No, I should be ungrateful to that appetite with which Nature has bountifully endowed me—to those recollections which render a consideration of the past so exquisite an enjoyment to me—were I to think of coming to Paris without enjoying a few quiet evenings at the Trois Frères, alone, with a few dishes, a faithful waiter who knows me of old, and my own thoughts; undisturbed by conversation, or having to help the soup, or carve the turkey for the lady of the house; by the exertion of telling jokes for the entertainment of the company; by the *ennui* of a stupid neighbour at your side, to whom you are forced to impart them; by the disgust of hearing an opposition wag talk better than yourself, take the stories with which you have come primed and loaded out of your very mouth, and fire them off himself, or audaciously bring forward old Joe Millers, and get a laugh from all the company, when your own novelties and neatest *impromptus* and *mots* pass round the table utterly disregarded.

I rejoiced, sir, in my mind, to think that I should be able to dine alone—without rivals to talk me out, hosts or ladies to coax and wheedle, or neighbours who, before my eyes (as they often have done), will take the best cutlet or favourite snipe out of the dish, as it is handed round, or to whom you have to give all the breast of the pheasant or capon when you carve it.

All the way in the railroad, and through the tedious hours of night, I whiled away such time as I did not employ in sleeping, or in thinking about Miss Br—wn (who felt, I think, by the way, some little pang in parting with me, else why was she so silent all night, and why did she apply her pocket-handkerchief so constantly to her lovely amethyst eyes?)—all the way in the railroad, I say, when not occupied

by other thoughts, I amused the tedium of the journey by inventing little bills of fare for one—solitary Barmecide banquets—which I enjoyed in spirit, and proposed to discuss bodily on my arrival in the Capital of the Kitchen.

"Monsieur will dine at the *table d'hôte?*" the *laquais de place* said at the hotel, whilst I was arranging my elegant toilette before stepping forth to renew an acquaintance with our beloved old city. An expression of scornful incredulity shot across the fine features of the person addressed by the *laquais de place.* My fine fellow, thought I, do you think I am come to Paris in order to dine at a *table d'hôte*—to meet twenty-four doubtful English and Americans at an ordinary? "Lucullus dines with Lucullus to-day, Sir:" which, as the *laquais de place* did not understand, I added, "I never dine at *table d'hôte*, except at an extremity."

I had arranged in my mind a little quiet week of dinners. Twice or thrice, thinks I, I will dine at the Frères, once at Véry's, once at the Café de Paris. If my old friend Voisin opposite the Assomption has some of the same sort of Bordeaux which we recollect in 1844, I will dine there at least twice. Philippe's, in the Rue Montorgueil, must be tried, which, they say, is as good as the Rocher de Cancale used to be in our time: and the seven days were chalked out already, and I saw there was nothing for it but to breakfast *à la fourchette* at some of the other places which I had in my mind, if I wished to revisit all my old haunts.

To a man living much in the world, or surrounded by his family, there is nothing so good as this solitude from time to time; there is nothing like communing with your own heart, and giving a calm and deliberate judgment upon the great question—the truly vital question, I may say—before you. What is the use of having your children, who live on roast mutton in the nursery, and think treacle-pudding the summit of cookery, to sit down and take the best three-fourths of a *perdreau truffé* with you? What is the use of helping your wife, who doesn't know the difference between Sherry and Madeira, to a glass of priceless Romanée or sweetly odoriferous Château Lafitte of '42? Poor dear soul! she would be as happy with a slice of the children's joint, and a cup of

tea in the evening. She takes them when you are away. To give fine wine to that dear creature is like giving pearls to—to animals who don't know their value.

What I like is to sit at a restaurant alone, after having taken a glass of absinthe in water about half an hour previous, to muse well over the *carte*, and pick out some little dinner for myself; to converse with the *sommelier* confidentially about the wine—a pint of Champagne, say, and a bottle of Bordeaux, or a bottle of Burgundy, not more, for your private drinking. He goes out to satisfy your wishes, and returns with the favourite flask in a cradle, very likely. Whilst he is gone, comes old Antoine, who is charmed to see *Monsieur de retour*, and vows that you *rajeunissez tous les ans*, with a plate of oysters—dear little juicy green oysters in their upper shells, swimming in their sweet native brine; not like your great white flaccid natives in England, that look as if they had been fed on pork. And ah, how kindly and pretty that attention is of the two little plates of radishes and butter, which they bring you in, and with which you can dally between the arrival of the various dishes of your dinner! they are like the delicate symphonies which are played at the theatre between the acts of a charming comedy. A little bread and butter, a little radish—you crunch and relish; a little radish, a little piece of bread and butter—you relish and crunch: when lo! up goes the curtain, and Antoine comes in with the *entrée* or the roast.

I pictured all this in my mind, and went out. I will not tell any of my friends that I am here, thought I. Sir, in five minutes, and before I had crossed the Place Vendôme, I had met five old acquaintances and friends, and in an hour afterwards the arrival of your humble servant was known to all our old set.

My first visit was for Tom Dash, with whom I had business. That friend of my youth received me with the utmost cordiality; and our business transacted and our acquaintances talked over (four of them I had seen, so that it was absolutely necessary I should call on them and on the rest), it was agreed that I should go forth and pay visits, and that on my return Tom and I should dine somewhere together. I called upon Brown, upon Jones, upon Smith, upon Robin-

son, upon our old Paris set, in a word, and in due time returned to Tom Dash.

"Where are we to dine, Tom?" says I. "What is the crack restaurant now? I am entirely in your hands; and let us be off early, and go to the play afterwards."

"Oh, hang restaurants!" says Tom—"I'm tired of 'em; we are sick of them here. Thompson came in just after you were gone, and I told him you were coming, and he will be here directly to have a chop with me."

There was nothing for it. I had to sit down and dine with Thompson and Tom Dash, at the latter's charges, and am bound to say that the dinner was not a bad one. As I have said somewhere before, and am proud of being able to say, I scarcely recollect ever to have had a bad dinner.

But of what do you think the present repast was composed? Sir, I give you my honour, we had a slice of salmon and a leg of mutton, and boiled potatoes, just as they do in my favourite Baker Street.

"Dev'lish good dinner," says Thompson, covering the salmon with lots of Harvey sauce—and Cayenne pepper, from Fortnum and Mason's.

"Donnez du sherry à Monsieur Canterbury," says Tom Dash to François his man.—"There's porter or pale ale if any man likes it."

They poured me out sherry—I might have had porter or pale ale if I liked; I had leg of mutton and potatoes, and finished dinner with Stilton cheese: and it was for this that I have revisited my dear Paris.

"Thank you," says I to Dash, cutting into the mutton with the most bitter irony. "This is a dish that I don't remember ever having seen in England; but I tasted pale ale there, and won't take any this evening, thank you. Are we going to have port wine after dinner? or could you oblige me with a little London gin-and-water?"

Tom Dash laughed his mighty laugh; and I will say we had not port wine, but claret, fit for the repast of a pontiff, after dinner, and sat over it so late that the theatre was impossible, and the first day was gone, and might as well have been passed in Pump Court or Pall Mall for all the good I had out of it.

But, Sir, do you know what had happened in the morning of that day during which I was paying the visits before mentioned?

Robinson, my very old friend, pressed me so to come and dine with him, and fix my day, that I could not refuse, and fixed Friday.

Brown, who is very rich, and with whom I had had a difference, insisted so upon our meeting as in old times that I could not refuse; and so being called on to appoint my own day, I selected Sunday.

Smith is miserably poor, and it would offend him and Mrs. Smith mortally that I should dine with a rich man and turn up my nose at his kind and humble table. I was free to name any day I liked, and so I chose Monday.

Meanwhile our old friend Jones had heard that I had agreed to dine with Brown, with whom he, too, was at variance, and he offered downright to quarrel with me unless I gave him a day; so I fixed Thursday.

"I have but Saturday," says I, with almost tears in my eyes.

"Oh, I have asked a party of the old fellows to meet you," cries out Tom Dash; "and made a dinner expressly for the occasion."

And this, Sir, was the fact. This was the way, Sir, that I got my dinners at Paris. Sir, at one house I had boiled leg of mutton and turnips, at another beef-steak; and I give you my word of honour, at two I had mock-turtle soup! In this manner I saw Paris. This was what my friends called welcoming me—we drank sherry; we talked about Mr. Cobden and the new financial reform; I was not allowed to see a single Frenchman, save one, a huge athletic monster, whom I saw at a club in London last year, who speaks English as well as you, and who drank two bottles of port wine on that very night for his own share. I offended mortally several old friends with whom I didn't dine, and I might as well have been sitting under your mahogany tree in Fleet Street, for all of Paris that I saw.

I have the honour to report my return to this country, and to my lodgings in Piccadilly, and to remain

Your very obedient servant and contributor,

FOLKSTONE CANTERBURY.

P.S.—I stop the post to give the following notice from the *Constitutionnel*:—"Lady Jane Grey (femme du Chancelier de l'Echiquier) vient de donner le jour à deux jumeaux. Sa santé est aussi satisfaisante que possible."

(*March*, 1849.)

HOBSON'S CHOICE;

OR, THE TRIBULATIONS OF A GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF A MAN-SERVANT.

I.

BEFORE my wife's dear mother, Mrs. Captain Budge, came to live with us—which she did on occasion of the birth of our darling third child, Albert, named in compliment to a Gracious Prince, and now seven and a half years of age—our establishment was in rather what you call a small way, and we only had female servants in our kitchen.

I liked them, I own. I like to be waited on by a neat-handed Phillis of a parlour-maid, in a nice-fitting gown, and a pink ribbon to her cap; and I do not care to deny that I liked to have my parlour-maids good-looking. Not for any reason such as *jealousy might suggest*—such reasons I scorn; but as, for a continuance and for a harmless recreation and enjoyment, I would much rather look out on a pretty view of green fields and a shining river, from my drawing-room window, than upon a blank wall or an old-clothesman's shop,—so I am free to confess I would choose for preference a brisk, rosy, good-natured, smiling lass, to put my dinner and tea before me on the table, rather than a crooked, black-muzzled *frump*, with a dirty cap and black hands. I say I like to have nice-looking people about me; and when I used to chuck my Anna Maria under the chin, and say that was one of the reasons for which I married her, I warrant you Mrs. H. was not offended; and so she let me have my harmless way about the parlour-maids. Sir, the only way in which we lost our girls in our early days was by marriage. One married the baker, and gives my boy, Albert, gingerbread whenever he passes her shop; one became the wife of Policeman X, who

distinguished himself by having his nose broken in the Chartist riots; and a third is almost a lady, keeping her one-horse carriage, and being wife to a carpenter and builder.

Well, Mrs. Captain Budge, Mrs. H.'s mother, or "Mamma," as she insists that I should call her—and I do so, for it pleases her warm and affectionate nature—came to stop for a few weeks, on the occasion of our darling Albert's birth, *anno Domini* 1842; and the child and its mother being delicate, Mrs. Captain B. stayed to nurse them both, and so has remained with us, occupying the room which used to be my study and dressing-room ever since. When she came to us, we may be said to have moved *in a humble sphere*—namely, in Bernard Street, Foundling Hospital, which we left four years ago, for our present residence, Stucco Gardens, Pocklington Square. And up to the period of Mrs. Captain B.'s arrival, we were, as I say, waited upon in the parlour by maids; the rough below-stairs work of knife and shoe cleaning being done by Grundsell, our greengrocer's third son.

But though Heaven forbid that I should say a word against my mother-in-law, who has a handsome sum to leave, and who is besides a woman all self-denial, with *her every thought* for our good, yet I think that, without Mamma, my wife would not have had those tantrums, may I call them, of jealousy, which she never exhibited previously, and which she certainly began to show very soon after our dear little scapegrace of an Albert was born. We had at that time, I remember, a parlour servant, called Emma Buck, who came to us from the country, from a Doctor of Divinity's family, and who pleased my wife very well at first, as indeed she did all in her power to please her. But on the very day Anna Maria came downstairs to the drawing-room, being brought down in these very arms, which I swear belong to as faithful a husband as any in the City of London, and Emma bringing up her little bit of dinner on a tray, I observed Anna Maria's eyes look uncommon savage at the poor girl, Mrs. Captain B. looking away the whole time; on to whose neck my wife plunged herself as soon as the girl had left the room, bursting out into tears, and calling somebody a viper.

"Hullo," says I, "my beloved, what is the matter?

Where's the viper? I didn't know there were any in Bernard Street" (for I thought she might be nervous still, and wished to turn off the thing, whatever it might be, with a pleasantry). "Who is the serpent?"

"That—that—woman," gurgles out Mrs. H., sobbing on Mamma's shoulder, and Mrs. Captain B. scowling sadly at me over her daughter.

"What, Emma?" I asked, in astonishment; for the girl had been uncommonly attentive to her mistress, making her gruels and things, and sitting up with her, besides tending my eldest daughter, Emily, through the scarlet fever.

"Emma! don't say Emma in that cruel, audacious way, Marmaduke—Mr. Ho—o—obson," says my wife (for such are my two names as given me by my godfathers and my fathers). "You call the creature by her Christian name before my very face!"

"O Hobson, Hobson!" says Mrs. Captain B., wagging her head.

"Confound it"—("Don't swear," says Mamma)—"confound it, my love," says I, stamping my foot, "you wouldn't have me call the girl Buck, Buck, as if she was a rabbit? She's the best girl that ever was: she nursed Emily through the fever; she has been attentive to you; she is always up when you want her——"

"Yes, and when *you-oo-oo come home from the club*, Marmaduke," my wife shrieks out, and falls again on Mamma's shoulder, who looks me in the face, and nods her head fit to drive me mad. I come home from the club, indeed! Wasn't I forbidden to see Anna Maria? Wasn't I turned away a hundred times from my wife's door by Mamma herself? and could I sit alone in the dining-room (for my eldest two, a boy and girl, were at school)—alone in the dining-room, where *that very* Emma would have had to wait upon me?

Not one morsel of chicken would Anna Maria eat. (She said she dared to say that woman would poison the egg-sauce.) She had hysterical laughter and tears, and was in a highly nervous state—a state as dangerous for the mother as for the darling baby, Mrs. Captain B. remarked justly; and I was, of course, a good deal alarmed, and sent, or rather went

off, for Boker, our medical man. Boker saw his interesting patient, said that her nerves were highly excited, that she must at all sacrifices be kept quiet, and corroborated Mrs. Captain B.'s opinion in every particular. As we walked downstairs I gave him a hint of what was the matter, at the same time requesting him to step into the back-parlour, and there see me take an affidavit that I was as innocent as the blessed baby just born, and named but three days before after His Royal Highness the Prince.

"I know, I know, my good fellow," says Boker, poking me in the side (for he has a good deal of fun), "that you are innocent. Of course you are innocent. Everybody is, you sly dog. But what of that? The two women have taken it into their heads to be jealous of your maid; and an uncommonly pretty girl she is, too, Hobson, you sly rogue, you. And were she a Vestal Virgin, the girl must go if you want to have any peace in the house; if you want your wife and the little one to thrive; if you want to have a quiet house and family. And if you do," says Boker, looking me in the face hard, "though it is against my own interest, will you let me give you a bit of advice, old boy?"

We had been bred up at Merchant Taylors together, and had licked each other often and often, so of course I let him speak.

"Well, then," says he, "Hob, my boy, get rid of the old dragon—the old Mother-in-law. She meddles with my prescriptions for your wife; she doctors the infant in private: you'll never have a quiet house or a quiet wife as long as that old Catamaran is here."

"Boker," says I, "Mrs. Captain Budge is a lady who must not, at least in *my* house, be called a Catamaran. She has seven thousand pounds in the funds, and always says Anna Maria is her favourite daughter." And so we parted, not on the best of terms, for I did not like Mamma to be spoken of disrespectfully by any man.

What was the upshot of this? When Mamma heard from Anna Maria (who weakly told her what I had let slip laughing, and in confidence to my wife) that Boker had called her a Catamaran, of course she went up to pack her trunks, and of course we apologized, and took another

medical man. And as for Emma Buck, there was nothing for it but that she, poor girl, should go to the right about; my little Emily, then a child of ten years of age, crying bitterly at parting with her. The child very nearly got me into a second scrape: for I gave her a sovereign to give to Emma, and she told her grandmamma; who would have related all to Anna Maria, but that I went down on my knees, and begged her not. But she had me in her power after that, and made me wince when she would say, "Marmaduke, have you any sovereigns to give away?" etc.

After Emma Buck came Mary Blackmore, whose name I remember because Mrs. Captain B. called her Mary Blackymore; and a dark, swarthy girl she was, not at all good-looking in *my* eyes. This poor Mary Blackmore was sent about her business because she looked sweet on the two-penny postman, Mamma said. And she knew, no doubt, for (my wife being downstairs again long since) Mrs. B. saw everything that was passing at the door, as she regularly sat in the parlour window.

After Blackmore came another girl of Mrs. B.'s own choosing—own rearing, I may say; for she was named Barbara, after Mamma, being a soldier's daughter, and coming from Portsea, where the late Captain Budge was quartered, in command of his company of Marines. Of this girl Mrs. B. would ask questions out of the "Catechism" at breakfast, and my scapegrace of a Tom would burst out laughing at her blundering answers. But from a demure country lass, as she was when she came to us, Miss Barbara very quickly became a dressy, impudent-looking thing; coquetting with the grocer's and butcher's boys, and wearing silk gowns, and flowers in her bonnet, when she went to church on Sunday evenings, and actually appearing one day with her hair in bands, and the next day in ringlets. Of course she was setting her cap at me, Mamma said, as I was the only gentleman in the house, though for my part I declare I never saw the set of her cap at all, or knew if her hair was straight or curly. So, in a word, Barbara was sent back to her mother, and Mrs. Budge didn't fail to ask me whether I had not a sovereign to give her.

After this girl we had two or three more maids, whose

appearance or history it is not necessary to particularize: the latter was uninteresting, let it suffice to say; the former grew worse and worse. I never saw such a woman as Grizzel Scrimgeour, from Berwick-upon-Tweed, who was the last that waited on us, and who was enough, I declare, to curdle the very milk in the jug as she put it down to breakfast.

At last the real aim of my two conspirators of women came out. "Marmaduke," Mrs. Captain B. said to me one morning, after this Grizzel had brought me an oniony knife to cut the bread, "women-servants are very well in their way, but there is always something disagreeable with them, and in families of a certain rank a man-servant commonly waits at table. It is proper; it is decent that it should be so in the respectable classes, and *we* are of those classes. In Captain Budge's lifetime we were never without our groom and our tea-boy. My dear father had his butler and coachman, as our family has had ever since the Conquest; and though you are certainly in business, as your father was before you, yet your relations are respectable: your grandfather was a dignified clergyman in the West of England; you have connections both in the army and navy, who are members of Clubs, and known in the fashionable world; and (though I never shall speak to that man again) remember that your wife's sister is married to a barrister who lives in Oxford Square, and goes the Western Circuit. *He* keeps a man-servant. *They* keep men-servants, and I do not like to see my poor Anna Maria occupying an inferior position in society to her sister Frederica, named after the Duke of York though she was, when His Royal Highness reviewed the Marines at Chatham; and seeing some empty bottles carried from the table, said——"

"In mercy's name," says I, bursting out—for when she came to this story Mamma used to drive me frantic—"have a man, if you like, ma'am, and give me a little peace."

"You needn't swear, Mr. Hobson," she replied, with a toss of her head; and when I went to business that day, it was decided by the women that our livery should be set up.

II.

PETER GRUNDSELL, the knife-boy, the youth previously mentioned as son of my greengrocer and occasional butler, a demure little fair-haired lad, who had received his education in a green baize coat and yellow leather breeches at Saint Blaize's Charity School, was our first footboy or page. Mamma thought that a full-sized footman might occasion inconvenience in the house, and would not be able to sleep in our back attic (which indeed was scarcely six feet long); and she had somehow conceived a great fondness for this youth with his pale cheeks, blue eyes, and yellow hair, who sang the sweetest of all the children in the organ-loft of Saint Blaize's. At five o'clock every morning, winter and summer, that boy, before he took a permanent engagement in my establishment, slid down our area steps, of which and of the kitchen entrance he was entrusted with the key. He crept up the stairs as silent as a cat, and carried off the boots and shoes from the doors of our respective apartments without disturbing one of us—the knives and shoes of my domestic circle were cleaned as brilliant as possible before six o'clock; he did odd jobs for the cook; he went upon our messages and errands; he carried out his father's potatoes and cauliflowers; he attended school at St. Blaize's; he turned his mother's mangle—there was no end to the work that boy could do in the course of a day, and he was the most active, quiet, humble little rogue you ever knew. Mrs. Captain Budge then took a just liking to the lad, and resolved to promote him to the situation of page. His name was changed from Peter to Philip, as being more genteel; and a hat with a gold cord and a knob on the top like a gilt Brussels sprout, and a dark-green suit, with a white galloon stripe down the trouser-seams and a bushel of buttons on the jacket, were purchased at an establishment in Holborn, off the dummy at the door. Mamma is a great big strong woman, with a high spirit, who, I should think, could *protect herself* very well; but when Philip had his livery, she made him walk behind her regularly, and never could go to church without Philip after her to carry the books, or out to tea of an evening without that boy on the box of the cab.

Mrs. Captain B. is fond of good living herself; and, to do her justice, always kept our servants well. I don't meddle with the kitchen affairs myself, having my own business to attend to; but I believe my servants had as much meat as they could eat, and a great deal more than was good for them. They went to bed pretty soon, for ours was an early house, and when I came in from the City after business, I was glad enough to get to bed; and they got up rather late, for we were all good sleepers (especially Mrs. B., who takes a heavy supper, which *I* never could indulge in), so that they were never called upon to leave their beds much before seven o'clock, and had their eight or nine good hours of rest every night.

And here I cannot help remarking that if these folks knew their luck (*sua si bona nôrint*, as we used to say at Merchant Taylors)—if they remembered that they are fed as well as lords; that they have warm beds and plenty of sleep in them; that if they are ill they have frequently their master's doctor; that they get good wages, and beer and sugar and tea in sufficiency—they need not be robbing their employers or taking fees from tradesmen, or grumbling at their lot. My friend and head-clerk Raddles has a hundred and twenty a year and eight children; the Reverend Mr. Bittles, our esteemed curate at Saint Blaize's, has the same stipend and family of three; and I am sure that both of those gentlemen work harder and fare worse than any of the servants in my kitchen or my neighbour's. And I, who have seen that dear, good, elegant *angel** of a Mrs. Bittles ironing her husband's bands and neckcloths; and that uncommonly shy supper of dry bread and milk-and-water which the Raddles family take when I have dropped in to visit them at their place (Glenalvon Cottage, Magnolia Road South, Camden Town), on my walks from Hampstead on a Sunday evening—I say, I, who have seen these people, and thought about my servants at home, on the same July evening, eating buttered toast

* I say this because I think so, and will *not* be put down. My wife says she thinks there is nothing in Mrs. Bittles, and Mamma says she gives herself airs, and has a cast in her eye; but a more elegant woman *I* have never seen—no, not at a Mansion House ball or the Opera.—M. H.

round the kitchen fire, have marvelled how resigned and contented some people were, and how readily other people grumbled.

Well, then, this young Philip being introduced into my family, and being at that period as lean as a whipping-post, and as contented with the scraps and broken victuals which the cook gave him as an alderman with his turtle and venison, now left his mother's mangle—on which, or on a sack in his father's potato bin, he used to sleep—and put on my buttons and stripes, waited at my own table, and took his regular place at that in the kitchen, and occupied a warm bed and three blankets in the back attic.

The effect of the three (or four or five, is it? for the deuce knows how many they take) meals a day upon the young rascal was speedily evident in his personal appearance. His lean cheeks began to fill out, till they grew as round and pale as a pair of suet dumplings. His dress (for the little dummy in Holborn, a bargain of Mrs. Captain B.'s, was always a tight fit) grew tighter and tighter; as if his meals in the kitchen were not sufficient for any two Christians, the little gormandizer levied contributions upon our parlour dishes. And one day my wife spied him with his mouth smeared all over with our jam pudding; and on another occasion he came in with tears in his eyes and hardly able to speak, from the effects of a curry on which he had laid hands in the hall, and which we make (from the Nawob of Mulligatawney's own receipt) remarkably fine, and as hot, as hot—as the dog-days.

As for the crockery, both the common blue and the stone china Mamma gave us on our marriage (and which, I must confess, I didn't mind seeing an end of, because she bragged and *bothered* so about it), the smashes that boy made were incredible. The handles of all the tea-cups went; and the knobs off the covers of the vegetable dishes; and the stems of the wine-glasses; and the china punch-bowl my Anna Maria was christened in. And the days he did not break the dishes on the table, he spilt the gravy on the cloth. Lord, Lord! how I did wish for my pretty neat little parlour-maid again! But I had best not, for peace' sake, enlarge again upon *that* point.

And as for getting up, I suppose the suppers and dinners made him sleepy as well as fat: certainly the little rascal for the first week did get up at his usual hour; then he was a little later; at the end of a month he came yawning downstairs after the maids had long been at work: there was no more polishing of boots and knives; barely time to get mine clean, and knives enough ready for me and my wife's breakfast (Mrs. Captain B. taking hers and her poached eggs and rashers of bacon in bed)—in time enough, I say, for my breakfast, before I went into the City.

Many and many a scolding did I give that boy, until, my temper being easy and the lad getting no earthly good from my abuse of him, I left off—from sheer weariness and a desire for a quiet life. But Mamma, to do her justice, was never tired of giving it to him, and rated him up hill and down dale. It was, "Philip, you are a fool!" "Philip, you dirty wretch!" "Philip, you sloven!" and so forth, all dinner time. But still, when I talked of sending him off, Mrs. Captain B. always somehow pleaded for him and insisted upon keeping him. Well, my weakness is that I can't say no to a woman, and Master Philip stayed on, breaking the plates and smashing the glass, and getting more mischievous and lazy every day.

At last there came a *crash*, which, though it wasn't *in my crockery*, did Master Philip's business. Hearing a great laughter in the kitchen one evening, Mamma (who is a good housekeeper, and does not like her servants to laugh on any account) stepped down, and what should she find but Master Philip, mimicking her to the women servants, and saying, "Look, this is the way old Mother Budge goes!" And pulling a napkin round his head (something like the Turkish turban Mrs. Captain B. wears), he began to speak as if in her way, saying, "Now, Philip, you nasty, idle, good-for-nothing, lazy, dirty boy you, why do you go for to spill the gravy so?" etc.

Mrs. B. rushed forward and boxed his ears soundly, and the next day he was sent about his business; for flesh and blood could bear him no longer.

Why he had been kept so long, as I said before, I could not comprehend, until after Philip had left us; and then

Mamma said, looking with tears in her eyes at the chap's jacket as it lay in the pantry, that her little boy Augustus was something like him, and he wore a jacket with buttons of that sort. Then I knew she was thinking of her eldest son, Augustus Frederick York Budge, a midshipman on board the *Hippopotamus* frigate, Captain Swang, C.B. (*I* knew the story well enough), who died of yellow fever on the West India Station in the year 1814.

III.

By the time I had had two or three more boys in my family, I got to hate them as if I had been a second Herod, and the rest of my household, too, was pretty soon tired of the wretches. If any young housekeepers read this, I would say to them, Profit by my experience, and never keep a boy; be happy with a parlour-maid, put up with a charwoman, let the cook bring up your dinner from the kitchen; get a good servant who knows his business, and pay his wages as cheerfully as you may; but never have a boy in your place, if you value your peace of mind.

You may save a little in the article of wages with the little rascal, but how much do you pay in discomfort! A boy eats as much as a man, a boy breaks twice as much as a man, a boy is twice as long upon an errand as a man, a boy batters your plate and sends it up to table dirty; you are never certain that a boy's fingers are not in the dish which he brings up to your dinner; a boy puts your boots on the wrong trees; and when at the end of a year or two he has broken his way through your crockery, and at last learned some of his business, the little miscreant privately advertises himself in the *Times* as a youth who has two years' character, and leaves you for higher wages and another place. Two young traitors served me so in the course of my fatal experience with boys.

Then in a family council it was agreed that a man should be engaged for our establishment, and we had a series of footmen. Our curate recommended to me our first man, whom the clergyman had found in the course of his charitable excursions. I took John Tomkins out of the garret, where

he was starving. He had pawned every article of value belonging to him; he had no decent clothes left in which he could go out to offer himself for a situation; he had not tasted meat for weeks, except such rare bits as he could get from the poor curate's spare table. He came to my house, and all of a sudden rushed into plenty again. He had a comfortable supply of clothes, meat, fire, blankets. He had not a hard master; and as for Mamma's scolding, he took it as a matter of course. He had but few pairs of shoes to clean, and lived as well as a man of five hundred a year. Well, John Tomkins left my service in six months after he had been drawn out of the jaws of death, and after he had considered himself lucky at being able to get a crust of bread, because the cook served him a dinner of cold meat two days running. "He never 'ad been used to cold meat; it was the custom in no good fam'lies to give cold meat; he wouldn't stay where it was practised." And away he went then—very likely to starve again.

Him there followed a gentleman whom I shall call Mr. Abershaw, for I am positive he did it, although we never could find him out. We had a character with this amiable youth which an angel might have been proud of—had lived for seven years with General Hector; only left because the family was going abroad, the General being made Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Tapioca Islands. The General's sister, Mrs. Colonel Ajax, living in lodgings in the Edgware Road, answered for the man, and for the authenticity of the General's testimonials. When Mamma, Mrs. Captain B., waited upon her, Mrs. Captain B. remarked that Mrs. Colonel's lodgings were rather queer, being shabby in themselves, and over a shabbier shop; and she thought there was a smell of hot spirits and water in Mrs. Colonel's room when Mrs. B. entered it at one o'clock; but perhaps she was not very rich, the Colonel being on half-pay, and it might have been ether and not rum which Mrs. B. smelt. She came home announcing that she had found a treasure of a servant, and Mr. Abershaw stepped into our pantry and put on our livery.

Nothing could be better for some time than this gentleman's behaviour; and it was edifying to remark how he

barred up the house of a night, and besought me to see that the plate was all right when he brought it upstairs in the basket. He constantly warned us, too, of thieves and rascals about; and though he had a villainous hang-dog look of his own, which I could not bear, yet Mamma said this was only a prejudice of mine; and, indeed, I had no fault to find with the man. Once I thought something was wrong with the lock of my study-table; but as I keep little or no money in the house, I did not give this circumstance much thought. And once Mrs. Captain Budge saw Mr. Abershaw in conversation with a lady who had very much the appearance of Mrs. Colonel Ajax, as she afterwards remembered; but the resemblance did not, unluckily, strike Mamma at the time.

It happened one evening that we all went to see the Christmas pantomime, and of course took the footman on the box of the fly; and I treated him to the pit, where I could not see him, but he said afterwards that he enjoyed the play very much. When the pantomime was over, he was in waiting in the lobby to hand us back to the carriage, and a pretty good load we were—our three children, ourselves, and Mrs. Captain B., who is a very roomy woman.

When we got home, the cook, with rather a guilty and terrified look, owned to her mistress that a most "singlar" misfortune had happened. She was positive she shut the door—she could take her Bible oath she did—after the boy who comes every evening with the paper; but the policeman, about eleven o'clock, had rung and knocked to say that the door was open. And open it was, sure enough, and a great-coat, and two hats, and an umbrella were gone.

"Thank 'Evins! the plate was all locked up safe in my pantry," Mr. Abershaw said, turning up his eyes. And he showed me that it was all right before going to bed that very night—he could not sleep unless I counted it, he said—and then it was that he cried out, Lord! Lord! to think that while he was so happy and unsuspicious, enjoyin' of himself at the play, some rascal should come in and rob his kind master! If he'd a know'd it, he never would have left the house—no, that he wouldn't.

He was talking on in this way, when we heard a loud shriek from Mamma's room, and her bell began to ring like

mad; and presently out she ran, roaring out, "Anna Maria! Cook! Mr. Hobson! Thieves! I'm robbed, I'm robbed!"

"Where's the scoundrel?" says Abershaw, seizing the poker, as valiant as any man I ever saw; and he rushed upstairs towards Mrs. B.'s apartment, I following behind, more leisurely: for if the rascal of a housebreaker had pistols with him, how was I to resist him, I should like to know?

But when I got up—there was no thief. The scoundrel had been there, but he was gone, and a large box of Mrs. B.'s stood in the centre of the room, burst open, with numbers of things strewn about the floor. Mamma was sobbing her eyes out, in her big chair; my wife and the female servants already assembled; and Abershaw, with the poker, banging under the bed to see if the villain was still there.

I was not aware at first of the extent of Mrs. B.'s misfortune, and it was only by degrees, as it were, that that unfortunate lady was brought to tell us what she had lost. First it was her dresses she bemoaned, two of which, her rich purple velvet and her black satin, were gone; then it was her Cashmere shawl; then a box full of ornaments, her jet, her pearls, and her garnets: nor was it until the next day that she confessed to my wife that the great loss of all was an old black velvet reticule, containing two hundred and twenty-three pounds, in gold and notes. I suppose she did not like to tell me of this; for a short time before, being somewhat pressed for money, I had asked her to lend me some, when, I am sorry to say, the old lady declared, upon her honour, that she had not a guinea, nor should have one until her dividends came in. Now, if she had lent it to me, she would have been paid back again, and this she owned with tears in her eyes.

Well, when she had cried and screamed sufficiently, as none of this grief would mend matters or bring back her money, we went to bed, Abershaw clapping to all the bolts of the house door, and putting the great bar up with a clang that might be heard all through the street. And it was not until two days after the event that I got the number of the notes which Mrs. Captain B. had lost, and which were all paid into the Bank, and exchanged for gold the morning after the robbery.

When I was aware of its extent, and when the horse was stolen, of course I shut the stable-door, and called in a policeman—not one of your letter X policemen, but a gentleman in plain clothes, who inspected the premises, examined the family, and questioned the servants one by one. This gentleman's opinion was that the robbery was got up in the house. First he suspected the cook, then he inclined towards the housemaid, and the young fellow with whom, as it appeared, that artful hussy was keeping company; and those two poor wretches expected to be carried off to jail forthwith, so great was the terror under which they lay.

All this while Mr. Abershaw gave the policeman every information; insisted upon having his boxes examined and his accounts looked into; for though he was absent, waiting upon his master and mistress, on the night when the robbery was committed, he did not wish to escape search—not he; and so we looked over his trunks just out of compliment.

The officer did not seem to be satisfied—as, indeed, he had discovered nothing as yet—and after a long and fruitless visit in the evening, returned on the next morning in company with another of the detectives, the famous Scroggins indeed.

As soon as the famous Scroggins saw Abershaw, all matters seemed to change. "Hullo, Jerry!" said he; "what, you here—at your old tricks again?—This is the man what has done it, sir," he said to me; "he is a well-known rogue and prig." Mr. Abershaw swore more than ever that he was innocent, and called upon me to swear that I had seen him in the pit of the theatre during the whole of the performance; but I could neither take my affidavit to this fact, nor was Mr. Scroggins a bit satisfied, nor would he be until he had the man up to Beak Street Police Court and examined by the magistrate.

Here my young man was known as an old practitioner on the treadmill, and seeing there was no use in denying the fact, he confessed it very candidly. He owned that he had been unfortunate in his youth; that he had not been in General Hector's service these five years; that the character he had got was a sham one, and Mrs. Ajax merely a romantic fiction. But no more would he acknowledge. His whole

desire in life, he said, was to be an honest man; and ever since he had entered my service he had acted as such. Could I point out a single instance in which he had failed to do his duty? But there was no use in a poor fellow who had met with misfortune trying to retrieve himself: he began to cry when he said this, and spoke so naturally that I was almost inclined to swear that I *had* seen him under us all night in the pit of the theatre.

There was no evidence against him; and this good man was discharged, both from the Police Office and from our service, where he couldn't abear to stay, he said, now that his Hhonour was questioned. And Mrs. Budge believed in his innocence, and persisted in turning off the cook and housemaid, who she was sure had stolen her money; nor was she quite convinced of the contrary two years after, when Mr. Abershaw and Mrs. Colonel Ajax were both transported for forgery.

(*January*, 1850.)

THOUGHTS ON A NEW COMEDY.

(BEING A LETTER FROM MR. J——S PLUSH TO A FRIEND.)

WHELL OF FORTUNE BARR,
Jenyoury twenty-fith.

MY DEAR RINCER,—Me and Mary Hann was very much pleased with the box of feznts and woodcox which you sent us, both for the attention which was dellygit, and because the burds was uncommon good and full of flaviour. Some we gev away: some we hett: and I leave you to emadgin that the Mann as sent em will holways find a glass of somethink comforable in our Barr; and I hope youll soon come back to London, Rincer, my boy. Your acount of the Servants' all festivvaties at Fitzbattleaxe Castle, and your dancing Sir Rodjydycovyly (I dont know how to spell it) with Lady Hawguster, emused Mary Hann very much. That sottathing is very well—onst a year or so; but in my time I thought the fun didnt begin until the great folks had gone away. Give my kind suvvices to Mrs. Lupin, and tell

Munseer Beshymell, with my and Mary Hann's best wishes, that our little Fanny can play several tunes on his pianner. Comps to old Coachy.

Till parlymint nothink is stirring, and theres no noose to give you or fill my sheat—igsept (and I dessay this will surprize you)—igsept I talk about the new Play.

Although Im not genly a patternizer of the Drammer, which it interfears very much with my abbits, and ixpeshly is not plesnt dareckly after dinner to set hoff to a cold theayter for a middle-Hage Mann, who likes to take things heazy; yet, my dear feller, I do from time to time step in (with a horder) to the walls of the little Aymarket or Old Dewry, sometimes to give a treat to Mrs. Jeames and the younguns, sometimes to wild away a hidle hour when shes outatown or outatemper (which sometimes will ocur in the best reglated famlies you know), or when some private mellumcolly or sorrer of my own is a hagitating hof me.

Yesdy evening it was none of these motifs which injuiced me to go to the theayter. I had heard there was a commady jest brought out, inwolving the carrickter of our profession—that profeshn which you and me, Mr. Rincer, did onst belong to. I'm not above that profeshn; I ave its hintarests and Honor at art; and of hevery man that wears the Plush, I say that Mann is my Brother (not that I need be phonder of him for that; on the contry, I recklect at our school where I lunt the fust rules of athography and grammer, the Brothers were holwis a pitchen into heach other); but in fine, I love the Plush of hold days, and hah! I regret that hold Father Time is doing somethink to my Air, which wightns it more pumminantly than the Powder which once I war!

A commady, Sir, has been brought out (which Im surprized it aint been mentioned at my Barr, though to be sure mose gents is keeping Grismass Olydays in the Country) in which I was creddably informmed one of hus—one of the old Plushes—why should I ezitate to say, *a Footman?*—forms the prinsple drammitis-pursony. How is my horder represented on the British Stage I hast myself? Are we spoke of respeckful or otherwise? Does anybody snear at our youniform or purfeshn? I was determingd to see; and in case of

hanythink inslant being said of us, I took a key with me in horder to iss propply, and bought sevral horringers jest to make uce of em if I sor any *nesessaty*.

My dear Rincer, I greave to say, that though there was nothink against our purfeshn said in the pease, and though the most delligit and sensatif footman (and Ive known no men of more dellixy of feelin and sensabillaty than a well-reglated footman is whether hin or hout of livry) could find folt with the *languidge* of the New Commady of "Leap Year," yet its prinsples is dangerous to publick maralaty, as likewise to our beloved purfeshn.

The plot of the Pease is founderd upon a hancient Lor, which the Hauther, Mr. Buckstone, discovvred in an uncommon hold book, and by which it epears that in Lip-Year (or whats called Bissixdile in Istronnamy) it is the women who have the libbaty of choosing their usbands, and not as in hornary times, the men who choose their wives (I reckmend you old feller who are a reglar hold Batchylor, to look out in the Ormnack for Lip Year, and kip *hout of the way* that year); and this pragtice must be common anough in Hengland, for a commady is a reprasentation of natur, and in this one, every one of the women asts every one of the men to marry, igsept one, and she asts two of em.

Onst upon a time there was an old genlmn by the name of Flowerdew as married a young woman, who became in consquince Mrs. Flora Flowerdew. She made this hold buck so Appy during the breaf coarse of his meddrimonial career, that he left a will, hordering her to marry agin before three years was over; failing vich, hevary shilling of his proppaty should go to his nex Hair. Aving maid these destimentry erangements, hold Flowerdew died. Peace be to his Hashes!

His widder didnt cry much (for betwigst you and me F. must have been rayther a silly old feller), but lived on in a genteal manner in a house somewhere in the drecshon of Amstid, I should think, entertaining her friends like a lady; and like a lady she kep her coachman and groom, had her own maid, a cook & housemaid of coarse, a page, and a MANN.

If *I* had been a widder I would have choas a Man of a

better Ithe, than Mrs. Flowerjew did. Nothink becomes a footman so much as Ithe. Its that which dixtinguidges us from the wulgar, and I greave to say in this pedicklar the gentleman as hacted Villiam Valker, Mrs. F's man, was sadly defishnt. He was respeckble, quiet, horderly, hactive; but his figger, I must say, was no go. You and me, Rincer, ave seen footmen, and know whats the proper sort. Seen em? Hah, what men there was in hour time! Do you recklect Bill the Maypole as was with us at Lord Ammersmiths? What a chap that was! what a leg he ad! The young men are not like us, Tom Rincer; but I am diwerging from my tail, which I reshume.

I diddnarive at the commensment of the drammer (for their was a Purty a settling his skower in my Barr which kep me a cumsederable time), but when I hentered the theaytre I fown myself in presnts of Mr. & Mrs. C. Kean in a droring-roomb—Mrs. K. at a tabble pertending to right letters, or to so ankyshuffs, or somethink; Mr. K. a clapsing his &s, a rowling his his, and a quoating poatry & Byrom and that sort of thing like anythink.

Mrs. Kean, she was the widdo, and Mr. K. he was Villiam the man. He wasnt a Buttler, dear Rincer, like U. He wasnt groom of the Chimbers like Mr. Mewt at my Lords (to whomb my best complymince), he wasnt a mear footman, he wasnt a page; but he was a mixter of all 4. He had trowzies like a page with a red strip; he had a coat like a Hunndress John; he had the helegant mistary of Mr. Mewt, and there was a graceful abanding and a daggijay hair about him which I whish it was more adopted in our purfeshn.

Haltho in hour time, dear Rincer, we didn quoat Byrom and Shikspyer in the droring-room to the ladies of the famly, praps things is haltered sins the *marge of hintalect*, and the young Jeamses do talk potry. Well, for sevral years, during which he had been in Mrs. F.'s service, Walker had been goin on in this manner, and it was heasy at once to see at the very hopening of the pease, from the manner of missis and man, that there was more than the common sewillaties of a lady and a genlman in livary goin on between em, and in one word, that they were pashintly in love with each other. This wont surprize *you*, Rincer, my boy; and in the coarse

of *my* expearance I might tell a story or two—O Lady Harabellar! but Honor forbids, and Im mumm.

Several shutors come to whoo the widow; but none, and no great wonder, have made an impreshn on her heart. One she takes *as a husband on trial;* and he went out to dinner on the very fust day of his apprentiship, and came home intogsicated. Another whomb she would not have, a Captain in the Harmy, pulls out a bill when she refuses him, and requestes her to pay for his loss of time, and the clothes he has hordered in horder to captiwate her. Finely the piece hends by the widdo proposing to William Walker, her servant, and marrying that pusson.

I don't hask whether widdos take usbands on trial. I do not pores to inquier whether Captings send in bills of costs for courtship, or igsamming other absuddaties in this Commady. I look at it purfeshnly, and I look at it gravely, Rincer. Hand, I cant help seeing that it is dangerous to our horder, and subwussive of domestic maralaty.

I say theres a Prinsple in a honist footman which should make him purtest and rewolt aginst such doctorings as these. A fatle pashn may hapn hany day to hany Mann, as a chimbly-pott may drop on his head, or a homnibus drive hover him. We cant help falling in love with a fine woman —we are men: we are fine men praps; and praps she returns our harder. But whats the use of it? There *can* be no marridges between footmen and families in which they live. There's a Lor of Natur against it, and it should be wrote in the prayer-books for the use of Johns that a man may not marry his Missus. If this kind of thing was to go on hoften, there would be an end to domestic life. John would be holways up in the droring-room courting, or Miss would be for hever down in the pantry; you'd get no whirk done. How could he clean his plate propply with Miss holding one of his ands sittin on the knife bord? It's impawsable. We may marry in other famlies, but not in our hown. We have each our spears as we have each our Bells. Theirs is the fust flor; hours is the basemint. A man who marris his Missis hingers his purfeshnal bruthering. I would cut that Man dedd who married his Missis. I would blackbawl him at the clubb. Let it onst git abroad that we do so, and

famlies will leave off iring footmen haltogether, and be weighted upon by maids, which the young ladies cant marry them; and I leave you to say whether the purfeshn isnt a good one, and whether it woodnt be a pity to spoil it.

Yours hever, my dear Rincer,

J. P.

To Mr. Rincer,
at the Duke of Fitzbattleaxes,
Fitzbattleaxe Castle, Flintshire.

(*February*, 1850.)

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

Sir,—I am a country gentleman, infirm in health, stricken in years, and only occasionally visiting the metropolis, of which the dangers, *and the noise and the crowds*, are somewhat too much for my quiet nerves. But at this season of Easter, having occasion to come to London, where my son resides, I was induced to take his carriage and his five darling children for a day's sight-seeing. And of sight-seeing I have had, Sir, enough, not for a day, but for *my whole life*.

My son's residence is in the elegant neighbourhood of P-rtm-n Square; and taking his carriage, of which both the horse and driver are perfectly steady and past the prime of life, our first visit was to the Tenebrorama, in the Regent's Park, where I was told some neat paintings were exhibited, and I could view some scenes at least of foreign countries without the danger and fatigue of personal travel. I paid my money at the entrance of the building, and entered with my unsuspicious little charges into the interior of the building. Sir, it is like the entrance to the Eleusinian mysteries, or what I have been given to understand is the initiation into Freemasonry. We plunged out of the light into such a profound darkness, that my darling Anna Maria instantly began to cry. We felt we were in a chamber, Sir, dimly creaking and moving underneath us; a horrid sensation of sea-sickness and terror overcame us, and I was almost as frightened as my poor innocent Anna Maria.

The first thing we saw was a ghastly view of a church—

the Cathedral of Saint Sepulchre's, at Jericho, I believe it was called—a dreary pile, with not a soul in it, not so much as a pew-opener or verger to whom one could look for refuge from the dismal solitude. Sir, I don't care to own I am frightened at being in a church alone. I was once locked up in one at the age of thirteen, having fallen asleep during the sermon; and though I have never seen a ghost, they are in my family: my grandmother saw one. I hate to look at a great ghastly, naked edifice, paved with gravestones, and surrounded with epitaphs and death's-heads, and I own that I thought a walk in the Park would have been more cheerful than this.

As we looked at the picture, the dreary church became more dreary; the shadows of night (by means of curtains and contrivances, which I heard in the back part of the mystery making an awful flapping and pulling) fell deeply and more terribly on the scene. It grew pitch dark; my poor little ones clung convulsively to my knees; an organ commenced playing a dead march. It was midnight. Tapers presently began to flicker in the darkness, the organ to moan more dismally; and suddenly, by a hideous optical delusion, the church was made to appear as if full of people, the altar was lighted up with a mortuary illumination, and the dreadful monks were in their stalls.

I have been in churches. I have thought the sermon long. I never thought the real service so long as that painted one which I witnessed at the Tenebrorama. My dear children whispered, "Take us out of this place, Grandpapa." I would have done so. I started to get up (the place being now dimly visible to our eyes, accustomed to the darkness, and disclosing two other wretches looking on in the twilight besides ourselves)—I started, I say, to get up, when the chamber began to move again, and I sank back on my seat, not daring to stir.

The next view we saw was the summit of Mount Ararat, I believe, or else of a mountain in Switzerland, just before dawn. I can't bear looking down from mountains or heights. When taken to St. Paul's by my dear mother, as a child, I had well-nigh fainted when brought out into the outer gallery; and this view of Mount Ararat is so dreadful, so lonely, so like

nature, that it was all I could do to prevent myself from dashing down the peak and plunging into the valley below. A storm, the thunderous rumble of which made me run cold, the fall of an avalanche destroying a village, some lightning, and an eclipse, I believe, of the sun, were introduced as ornaments to this picture, which I would as lief see again as undergo a nightmare.

More dead than alive, I took my darling children out of the place, and tenderly embraced them when I was out of the door.

The Haidorama is next by, and my dear little third grandchild insisted upon seeing it. Sir, we unsuspecting ones went into the place, and saw—what do you think?—the Earthquake of Lisbon! Ships were tossed and dashed about the river before us in a frightful manner. Convents and castles toppled down before our eyes and burst into flames. We heard the shrieks of the mariners in the storm, the groans of the miserable people being swallowed up or smashed in the rocking, reeling ruins; tremendous darkness, lurid lightning flashes, and the awful booming of thunderbolts roared in our ears, dazzled our eyes, and frightened our senses so, that I protest I was more dead than alive when I quitted the premises, and don't know how I found myself in my carriage.

We were then driven to the Zoological Gardens, a place which I often like to visit (keeping away from the larger beasts, such as the bears, who I often fancy may jump from their poles upon certain unoffending Christians; and the howling tigers and lions, who are continually biting the keepers' heads off), and where I like to look at the monkeys in the cages (the little rascals!) and the birds of various plumage.

Fancy my feelings, Sir, when I saw in these gardens—in these gardens frequented by nursery-maids, mothers, and children—an immense brute of an elephant, about a hundred feet high, rushing about with a wretched little child on his back, and a single man vainly endeavouring to keep him back! I uttered a shriek; I called my dear children round about me. And I am not ashamed to confess it, Sir, I ran. I ran for refuge into a building hard by, where I saw—ah,

Sir, I saw an immense boa constrictor swallowing a live rabbit—swallowing a live rabbit, Sir, and looking as if he would have swallowed one of my little boys afterwards. Good heavens! Sir, do we live in a Christian country, and are parents and children to be subjected to sights like these?

Our next visit—of pleasure, Sir (bear with me when I say *pleasure*)—was to the Waxwork in Baker Street, of which I have only to say that, rather than be left alone in *that* gallery at night with those statues, I would consent to be locked up with one of the horrid lions at the Zoological Gardens. There is a woman in black there lying on a sofa, and whose breast heaves; there is an old man whose head is always slowly turning round; there is Her M——y and the R-y-l Children, looking as if they all had the yellow fever—sights enough to terrify *any* Christian, I should think—sights which, nevertheless, as a man and a grandfather, I did not mind undergoing.

But my second boy, Tommy, a prying little dare-devil, full of mischief, must insist upon our going to what he called the reserved apartment, where Napoleon's carriage was, he said, and other curiosities. Sir, he caused me to pay sixpences for all the party, and introduced me to what? To the Chamber of Horrors, Sir! They're not ashamed to call it so; they're proud of the frightful title and the dreadful exhibition. And what did I there behold? Murderers, Sir—murderers; some of them in their own cold blood—Robespierre's head off in a plate—Marat stuck and bleeding in a bath—Mr. and Mrs. Manning in a frightful colloquy with Courvoisier and Fieschi about the infernal machine; and my child, my grandchild, Sir, laughed at my emotion and ridiculed his grandfather's just terror at witnessing this hideous scene!

Jacky, my fifth, is bound for India, and wished to see the Overland Journey portrayed, which, as I also am interested in the future progress of that darling child, I was anxious to behold. We came into the Exhibition, Sir, just at the moment when the Simoom was represented. Have you ever seen a simoom, Sir? Can you figure to yourself what a simoom is?—a tornado of sand in which you die before you can say Jack Robinson; in which camels, horses, men are swept into death in an instant. And this was the *agreeable*

sight which, as a parent and a man, I was called upon to witness! Shuddering, and calling my little charges around me, I quitted Waterloo Place, and having treated the dear beings to a few buns in the Haymarket, conducted them to their last place of amusement—namely, the Panorama, in Leicester Place.

Ah, Sir, of what clay are mortals supposed to be made, that they can visit that exhibition? Dreams I have had in my life, but as that view of the Arctic Regions nothing so terrible. My blood freezes as I think of that frightful *summer* even; but what to say of the winter? By heavens, Sir, I could not face the sight—the icy picture of eternal snow; the livid northern lights, the killing glitter of the stars; the wretched mariners groping about in the snow round the ship. They caused in me such a shudder of surprise and fright that I don't blush to own I popped down the curtain after one single peep, and would not allow my children to witness it.

Are others to be so alarmed, so misled, so terrified? I beseech all people who *have nerves* to pause ere they go sight-seeing at the present day; and remain

Your obedient servant,

GOLIAH MUFF.

(*April*, 1850.)

THE LION HUNTRESS OF BELGRAVIA.

BEING LADY NIMROD'S JOURNAL OF THE PAST SEASON.

I.

WHEN my husband's father, Sir John Nimrod, died, after sixteen years' ill health, which ought to have killed a dozen ordinary baronets, and which I bore, for my part, with angelic patience, we came at length into the property which ought, by rights, to have been ours so long before (otherwise, I am sure, I would never have married Nimrod, or gone through eighteen years of dullness and comparative poverty in second-rate furnished houses, at home and abroad), and at length *monté'd* my *maison* in London. I married Nimrod an artless and beautiful young woman, as I may now say without

vanity, for I have given up all claims to youth or to personal appearance, and am now at the *mezzo* of the path of *nostra vita*, as Dante says, having no pretensions to flirt at all, and leaving that frivolous amusement to the young girls. I made great sacrifices to marry Nimrod: I gave up for him Captain (now General) Flather, the handsomest man of his time, who was ardently attached to me; Mr. Pyx, then tutor to the Earl of Noodlebury, but now Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy; and many more whom I need not name, and some of whom, I dare say, have never forgiven me for jilting them, as they call it. But how could I do otherwise? Mamma's means were small. Who could suppose that a captain of dragoons at Brighton, or a nobleman's tutor and chaplain (who both of them adored me certainly), would ever rise to their present eminent positions? And I therefore sacrificed myself and my inclinations, as every well-nurtured and highly-principled girl will, and became Mrs. Nimrod—remaining Mrs. Nimrod—plain Mrs. Nimrod, as Mr. Grimstone said—for eighteen years. What I suffered, no one can tell. Nimrod has no powers of conversation, and I am all soul and genius. Nimrod cares neither for poetry, nor for company, nor for science; and without geology, without poesy, without society, life is a blank to me. Provided he could snooze at home with the children, poor N. was (and is) happy. But ah! could their innocent and often foolish conversation suffice to a woman of my powers? I was wretchedly deceived, it must be owned, in my marriage; but what mortal among us has not his or her *tracasseries* and *désillusionnements?* Had I any idea that the old Sir John Nimrod would have clung to life with such uncommon tenacity, I might now have been the occupant of the Palace of Bullocksmithy (in place of poor Mrs. Pyx, who is a vulgar creature), and not the mistress of my house in Eaton Crescent, and of Hornby Hall, Cumberland, where poor Sir Charles Nimrod generally lives, shut up with his gout and his children.

He does not come up to London, nor is he *fait pour y briller*. My eldest daughter is amiable, but she has such frightful red hair that I really could not bring her into the world; the boys are with their tutor and at Eton; and as I was born for society, I am bound to seek for it, alone. I

pass eight months in London, and the remainder at Baden, or at Brighton, or at Paris. We receive company at Hornby for a fortnight when I go. Sir C— N— does not trouble himself much with London or *mon monde*. He moves about my saloons without a word to say for himself; he asked me whether Dr. Buckland was a poet, whether Sir Sydney Smith was not an admiral; he generally overeats and drinks himself at the house-dinners of his clubs, being a member of both Snooker's and Toodle's, and returns home after six weeks to his stupid Cumberland solitudes. Thus it will be seen that my lot in life as a domestic character is not a happy one. Born to *briller* in society, I had the honour of singing on the table at Brighton before the epicure George the Fourth at six years of age.* What was the use of shining under such a bushel as poor dear Sir C— N—? There are some of us gifted but unfortunate beings whose lot is the world. We are like the Wanderer in my dear friend Eugène Sue's elegant novel, to whom Fate says, "*Marche, marche:*" for us pilgrims of society there is *no* rest. The Bellairs have been a fated race: dearest Mamma dropped down in the tea-rooms at Almack's, and was carried home paralyzed; I have heard that Papa (before our misfortunes, and when he lived at Castle Bellairs, and in Rutland Square) never dined alone for twenty-seven years and three-quarters, and rather than be without company he would sit and laugh and quaff with the horrid bailiffs who often arrested him.

I am a creature of the world, then; I cannot help my nature. The Eagle (the crest of the Bellairs) flies to the dazzling sun, while the "moping owl" prefers the stupid darkness of the thicket.

They call me the Lion Huntress. I own that I love the society of the distinguished and the great. A mere cultivator of frivolous fashion, a mere toady of the great, I despise; but genius, but poetry, but talent, but scientific reputation, but humour, but eccentricity above all, I adore. I have opened my *salons* now for several seasons. Everybody of note who has been in our metropolis I have received—the great painters, the great poets and sculptors (dear, dear sculptures, I adore

* It was *not* before George the Fourth, but before the Prince of Wales, that Lady Nimrod, then Miss Bellairs, performed at the Pavilion.

them!), the great musicians and artists, the great statesmen of all the great countries, the great envoys, the great missionaries, the great generals, the great *every*bodies, have honoured the *réunions* of Clementina Nimrod. I have had at the same dinner the wise and famous Monsieur Doctrinaire (and was in hopes he would have come to me in the footman's suit in which he escaped from Paris: but he only came with his Golden Fleece, his broad ribbon of the Legion of Honour, and eighteen orders), Signor Bombardi, the Roman tribune; General Prince Rubadubsti, the Russian General; and dear Tarboosh Pasha, who was converted to Islamism after his heroic conduct in Hungary. I have had Monsieur Sansgêne, the eminent socialist refugee; Rabbi Jehoshaphat, from Jerusalem; the Archbishop of Mealypotatoes, *in partibus infidelium*, and in purple stockings; Brother Higgs, the Mormon Prophet; and my own dear Bishop of Bullocksmithy, who has one of the prettiest ankles and the softest hands in England, seated round my *lowly* board. I have had that darling Colonel Milstone Reid, the decipherer of the Babylonish inscriptions; the eminent Professor Hödwinck, of Halle, author of those extraordinary "Horæ Antediluvianæ," and "The History of the Three Hundred First Sovereigns of the Fourth Preadamite Period;" and Professor Blenkinhorn (who reads your handwriting in that wonderful way, you know, for thirteen stamps), round one tea-table in one room in my house. I have had the hero of Acre, the hero of Long Acre, and a near relation of Greenacre at the same *soirée;* and I am not ashamed to own that when during his trial the late atrocious Mr. Rawhead, confiding in his acquittal, wrote to order a rump and dozen at the inn, I was so much deceived by the barefaced wretch's protestations of innocence, that I sent him a little note, requesting the honour of his company at an evening party at my house. He was found justly guilty of the murder of Mrs. Tripes, was hanged, and, of course, could not come to my party. But had he been innocent, what shame would there have been in my receiving a man so certainly remarkable, and whose undoubted courage (had it been exerted in a better cause) might have led him to do great things? Yes, and if I take that villa at Fulham next year, I hope to have a snug Sunday party from the

Agapemone for a game at hockey, when I hope that my dear Bishop of Bullocksmithy will come.

Indeed, what is there in life worth living for but the enjoyment of the society of men of talent and celebrity? Of the mere *monde*, you know, one person is just like another. Lady A. and Lady B. have their dresses made by the same milliner, and talk to the same pattern. Lord C.'s whiskers are exactly like Mr. D.'s, and their coats are the same, and their plaited shirt-fronts are the same, and they talk about the same things. If one dines with E., or F., or G., or H., one has the same dinner at each table; the very same soup, *entrées*, sweets, and ices, interspersed with the same conversation carried round in an undertone. If one goes to I. House or K. House, there is the same music—the same Mario and Lablache, the same Lablache and Mario. As for friends in the world, we know what *they* are—stupid frumps and family connections, who are angry if they are not invited to all one's parties, who know and tell all one's secrets, who spread all the bad stories about one that are true, or half true, or untrue. I make a point, for my part, to have no friends. I mean, nobody who shall be on such a confidential footing as that he or she shall presume to know too much of my affairs, or that I shall myself be so fond of that I should miss them were they to be estranged or to die. One is not made, or one need not be made, to be uncomfortable in life; one need have no painful sensations about anybody. And that is why I admire and am familiar with remarkable people and persons of talent only; because, if they die, or go away, or bore me, I can get other people of talent or remarkable persons in their place. For instance, this year it is the Nepaulese Princes, and Mlle. Vandermeer, and the Hippopotamus, one is interested about; next year it may be the Chinese Ambassadors, or the Pope, or the Duke of Bordeaux, or who knows who? This year it is the author of the "Memoriam" (and a most pleasing poet), or Mr. Cumming, the Lion Hunter of South Africa, or that dear Prelude; next year, of course, there will be somebody else, and some other poems or delightful works, which will come in, and of which there is always a bountiful and most providential and blessed natural supply with every succeeding season.

And as I now sit calmly, at the end of a well-spent season, surveying my empty apartments, and thinking of the many interesting personages who have passed through them, I cannot but think how wise my course has been, and I look over the list of my lions with pleasure. Poor Sir C—, in the same way, keeps a game-book, I know, and puts down the hares and pheasants which he has bagged in his stupid excursions; and if that strange and delightful bearded hunter, Mr. Cumming (who was off for Scotland just when I went to his charming and terrible Exhibition, close by us at Knightsbridge, and with an intimate Scotch mutual acquaintance, who would have introduced me, when I should have numbered in my Wednesday-list and my dinner-list one *noble lion* more)—if Mr. Cumming, I say, keeps *his* journal of springboks, and elephants, and sea-cows, and lions, and monsters, why should not Clementina Nimrod be permitted to recur to her little journals of the sporting season?

II.

CONTINUALLY have I been asked, What is a lion? A lion is a man or woman one must have at one's parties. I have no other answer but that. One has a man at one's parties because one sees him at everybody else's parties; I cannot tell you why. It is the way of the world; and when one is of the world, one must do as the world does.

Vulgar people, and persons not of the world, nevertheless, have their little parties and their little great men (the foolish, absurd creatures!); and I have no doubt that at any little lawyer's wife's tea-table in Bloomsbury, or merchant's heavy mahogany in Portland Place, our manners are ludicrously imitated, and that these people show off their lions, just as we do. I heard Mr. Grimstone the other night telling of some people with whom he had been dining—a kind who are not in society, and of whom, of course, one has never heard. He said that their manners were not unlike ours; that they lived in a very comfortably furnished house; that they had *entrées* from the confectioner's, and that kind of thing; and that they had their lions, the absurd creatures, in imitation of

us. Some of these people have a great respect for the peerage; and Grimstone says that at this house, which belongs to a relative of his, they never consider their grand dinners complete without poor Lord Muddlehead to take the lady of the house to dinner. Lord Muddlehead never speaks, but drinks unceasingly during dinner-time, and is there, Grimstone says, that the host may have the pleasure of calling out in a loud voice and the hearing of his twenty guests, "Lord Muddlehead, may I have the honour of taking wine with your lordship?"

I am told there are several members of the aristocracy who let themselves out to be dined, as it were, in this sad way, and do not dislike the part of lion which they play in these inferior houses.

Well, then? What must we acknowledge? That persons not in society imitate us, and that everybody has his family circle and its little lion for the time being. With us it is Nelson come home from winning the battle of Aboukir; with others it is Tom Smith, who has gained the silver sculls at the rowing match. With us it is a Foreign Minister, or a Prince in exile; with others it may be Master Thomas who has just come from Cambridge, or Mr. and Mrs. Jones who have just been on a tour to Paris. Poor creatures! do not let us be too hard on them! People may not be in society, and yet, I dare say, mean very well. I have found in steamboats on the Rhine, and at *tables d'hôte* on the Continent, very well-informed persons, really very agreeable and well-mannered, with whom one could converse very freely, and get from them much valuable information and assistance, and who, nevertheless, were not in society at all. These people one does not, of course, recognize on returning to this country (unless they happen to get into the world, as occasionally they do); but it is surprising how like us many of them are, and what good imitations of our manners they give.

For instance, this very Mr. Grimstone—Lady Tollington took him up, and, of course, if Lady Tollington takes up a man, he goes everywhere—four or five years ago in Germany I met him at Wiesbaden; he gave me up his bedroom, for the inn was full, and he slept on a billiard table, I think, and was very good-natured, amusing, and attentive. He was not

then *du monde*, and I lost sight of him; for, though he bowed to me one night at the Opera, I thought it was best not to encourage him, and my glass would not look his way. But when once received, difficulties of course vanished, and I was delighted to know him.

"O Mr. Grimstone," I said, "how charmed I am to see you among us! How pleasant you must be, ain't you? I see you were at Lady Tollington's and Lady Trumpington's, and of course you will go everywhere; and will you come to my Wednesdays?"

"It is a great comfort, Lady Nimrod," Grimstone said, "to be in society at last—and a great privilege. You know that my relations are low, that my father and mother are vulgar, and that until I came into the *monde*, I had no idea what decent manners were, and had never met a gentleman or a lady before."

Poor young man! Considering his disadvantages, he really pronounces his h's very decently; and I watched him all through dinner-time, and he behaved quite well. Lady Blinker says he is satirical, but he seems to me simple and quiet.

Mr. Grimstone is a lion now. His speech in Parliament made him talked about. Directly one is talked about, one is a lion. He is a Radical, and his principles are, I believe, horrid. But one must have him to one's parties, as he goes to Lady Tollington's.

There is nothing which I dislike so much as the illiberality of some narrow-minded English people, who want to judge everything by their own standard of morals, and are squeamish with distinguished foreigners whose manners do not exactly correspond with their own. Have we any right to quarrel with a Turkish gentleman because he has three or four wives? With an officer of Austrian hussars, because, in the course of his painful duties, he has had to inflict personal punishment on one or two rebellious Italian or Hungarian ladies, and whip a few little boys? Does anybody cut Dr. Hawtrey, at Eton, for correcting the boys? *My* sons, I'm sure, would be the better for a little more. When the Emperor's aide-de-camp, Count Knoutoff, was in this country, was he not perfectly well received at Court and in the very

first circles? It gives one a sort of thrill, and imparts a piquancy and flavour to a whole party, when one has a lion in it who has hanged twenty-five Polish colonels, like Count Knoutoff; or shot a couple of hundred Carlist officers before breakfast, like General Garbanzos, than whom I never met a more mild, accomplished, and elegant man. I should say he is a man of the most sensitive organization, that he would shrink from giving pain—he has the prettiest white hand I ever saw, except my dear Bishop's; and, besides, in those countries an officer must do his duty. These extreme measures, of course, are not what one would like officers of one's own country to do; but consider the difference of the education of foreigners; and also, it must be remembered, that if poor dear General Garbanzos *did* shoot the Carlists, those horrid Carlists, if they had caught him, would certainly have shot *him*.

In the same way about remarkable women who come among us: their standard of propriety, it must be remembered, is not ours, and it is not for us to judge them. When that delightful Madame Andria came amongst us (whom Grimstone calls Polyandria, though her name is Alphonsine), who ever thought of refusing to receive her? Count Andria and her first husband, the Baron de Frump, are the best friends imaginable; and I have heard that the Baron was present at his wife's second marriage, wished her new husband joy with all his heart, and danced with a Royal Princess at the wedding. It is well known that the Prince Gregory Ragamoffski, who comes out of Prussian Poland (where I hope Miss Hulker, of Lombard Street, leads a happy life, and finds a *couronne fermée* a consolation for a bad, odious husband, an uncomfortable hide-and-seek barn of a palace, as it is called, and a hideous part of the country)—I say it is well known that Ragamoffski was married before he came to England, and that he made a separation from his Princess *à l'aimable*, and came hither expressly for an heiress. Who minds these things? Ragamoffski was everywhere in London; and there were Dukes at Saint George's to sign the register, and at the breakfast, in Hyde Park Gardens, which old Hulker gave, without inviting *me*, by the way. Thence, I say, it ought to be clear to us that foreigners

are to be judged by their own ways and habits, and not ours, and that idle cry which people make against some of them for not conforming to our practices ought to be put down. Cry out against them, indeed! Mr. Grimstone says that if the Emperor Nero, having slaughtered half Christendom the week before, could come to England with plenty of money in his pocket, all London would welcome him, and he would be pressed at the very first houses to play the fiddle; and that if Queen Catherine of Medicis, though she had roasted all the Huguenots in France, had come over afterwards to Mivart's, on a visit to Queen Elizabeth, the very best nobility in the country would have come to put their names down in her visiting-book.

III.

Among the most considerable lions who have figured in my menagerie, I may mention Bobbachy Bahawder, the Prince of Delhi, who came over on a confidential mission, from His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Aurungzebe, his august sovereign and master. No *soirée* was for some time complete without the Bobbachy. Of all the Orientals who have visited our shores, it was agreed that he was the most witty, interesting, and accomplished; he travelled with a small suite of Hookabadars, Kitmutgars, and Lascars; and the sensation was prodigious which was occasioned by the intelligence that the distinguished Envoy had it in command from his imperial master to choose out from among the beauties of Britain a young lady who would not object to become Empress of Delhi in place of the late lamented wife of the sovereign, for whose loss His Majesty was inconsolable. It was only after he had been for some time in the country that this the real object of his mission transpired; for, for some time, the Bobbachy lived in the most private manner, and he was not even presented at Court, nor asked to a turtle dinner by the East India Company. In fact, some of the authorities of Leadenhall Street said that the Bobbachy was no more an Ambassador than you or I, and hinted he was an impostor; but His Excellency's friends knew better, and that there are differences of such a serious nature between the

East India Company and the Delhi Emperor, that it was to the interest of the Leadenhall Street potentates to ignore the Bobbachy, and throw all the discredit which they could upon the Envoy of the great, widowed, and injured sovereign.

Lady Lynx took this line, and would not receive him; but the manner in which Her Ladyship is *liée* with some of those odious directors, and the way in which she begs, borrows, and, as *I* believe, sells, the cadetships and writerships which she gets from them, is very well known. She did everything malice and envy could suggest to bring this eminent Asiatic into disrepute; she said he was not a Prince, or an Envoy at all, or anything but a merchant in his own country; but as she always tried to sneer at my lions, and to pooh-pooh my parties, and as I was one of the first to welcome the distinguished Bobbachy to this country, the very ill-will and envy of Lady Lynx only made me the more confident of the quality of this remarkable person; and I do not blush to own that I was among the first to welcome him to our shores. I asked people to meet the Ambassador of the Emperor of Delhi. That I own, and that he denied altogether that he was here in any such capacity; but if reasons of State prevented him from acknowledging his rank, that was no reason why we should not award it to him; and I was proud to have the chance of presenting His Excellency to society, in opposition to that stupid, uninteresting Hungarian General whom Lady Lynx brought out at the same time, and who, to the best of my belief, was an Irishman out of Connaught, for he spoke English with a decided Connemara brogue.

When the Bobbachy first came to this country, he occupied humble lodgings in Jermyn Street, and lived at no expense; but happening to be staying at the Star and Garter at Richmond, where he one day came to dinner, I introduced myself to him in the hotel gardens; said I was the Lady Nimrod, one of the chiefs of English society, of whom perhaps he had heard, and that I should be glad to do anything in my power to make the metropolis welcome for him, and introduce him into the best company. He put both his hands before him on his breast, as if he was going to swim at me, Mr. Grimstone said, and made me a most elegant bow; answering in

very good English that my humble name and the reputation of my parties had often formed the subject of conversation at the Court of Delhi and throughout the East; and that it was a white day in his life in which he had the delight to see the countenance of one who was so illustrious for beauty, as he was pleased to say I was. "Ah!" he often said afterwards, "why has Fate disposed so early of such a lovely creature? What a lucky individual is he (meaning Nimrod) who possesses such a pearl! It is fit to be worn in an Emperor's turban, and I must not speak about you to my master or show your portrait to him unless I can take you to him; for he will certainly, when I get back to Delhi, chop my head off from rage and disappointment at my returning home without you."

This speech, though Oriental, at least shows he was well-bred. As for my marrying the Emperor, that is out of the question, for Nimrod is alive in the country, and we have no means of pursuing your Oriental practices of bowstringing here. I told the Bobbachy at once that the Emperor must never think of me, must never be spoken to about me, and that I must live and die an English, not an Indian lady. But this was in after-times, and when we grew more intimate together. Meanwhile it gave me great pleasure in introducing into the world this amiable and polite exotic.

At first, as I have said, he lived in a very humble and retired manner in Jermyn Street when I called upon him in my carriage with my footmen. The door was opened by a maid of all work, who told us with wonder that "the Injan gent," as she called him, lived on the second floor. I toiled up to his apartment (how different to the splendid halls and alabaster pillars and sparkling fountains of the palaces of his native East!), and there found His Excellency on a horse-hair sofa, smoking his hookah. I insisted upon taking him a drive into the park. It happened to be a fine day, and there was a throng of carriages, and most eyes were directed towards the noble stranger as he sate by my side in the carriage in a simple Oriental costume with a turban of red and gold. I would have taken the back seat and have let him sit cross-legged, but I had Miss Higgs, my companion, and Fido on the back seat. I mentioned everywhere who he was, took

him to the Opera that night, and had him at my Wednesday, with a *petit dîner choisi* to meet him.

He had not been at Court as yet, nor with the East India Company, for the reasons I have stated; until the presents for Her Majesty, with which the *Burrumpooter* East Indiaman was loaded, had reached London—presents consisting of the most valuable diamonds, shawls, elephants, and other choice specimens of Oriental splendour—had arrived in the East India Docks, it was not etiquette for him to present himself before the sovereign of this country. Hence his quiet retreat in his Jermyn Street lodgings; and he laughed at the audacity of the landlord of the odious house. "Landlord," he said, "he think me rogue. Landlord he send me bill. Landlord he think Bobbachy Bahawder not pay. Stop till *Burrumpooter* come, then see whether landlord not go down on his knee before the Emperor's Ambassador." Indeed His Excellency had arrived with only two attendants, by the steamer and the overland route, leaving the bulk of his suite and the invaluable baggage to follow in the *Burrumpooter*.

He was a fine judge of diamonds and shawls, of course, and very curious about the jewellers and shawl merchants of London. I took him in my carriage to one or two of our principal tradesmen; but there was very little which he admired, having seen much finer brilliants and shawls in his own romantic land.

When he saw my house he was delighted and surprised. He said he thought all houses in London like that lodging in Jermyn Street—all sofas black, all sky black; why his dam secretary take him to that black hole? Landlord—dam secretary's uncle—charge him hundred pound month for that lodging. I represented how atrociously His Excellency had been imposed upon, and that if he intended to receive company, he should certainly transport himself to better apartments. It is wonderful how these simple foreigners are imposed upon by our grasping countrymen!

The Bobbachy took my advice, and removed to handsome rooms at Green's Hotel, where he engaged a larger suite, and began to give entertainments more befitting his rank. He brought a native cook, who prepared the most delicious

curries, pillaws, and Indian dishes, which really made one cry—they were so hot with pepper. He gradually got about him a number of the most distinguished people, and, thanks to my introduction and his own elegant and captivating manners, was received at many of our best houses; and when the real object of his mission came out (which he revealed to me in confidence), that he was anxious to select a lady for the vacant throne of Delhi, it was wonderful how popular he became, and how anxious people were about him. The portrait of his imperial master, the Emperor, seated on a gold throne, was hung up in his principal drawing-room; and though a vile daub, as most people said—especially that envious Grimstone, who said he must have bought it of some Strand limner for a guinea—yet what can one expect from an Indian artist? And the picture represented a handsome young man, with a sweet black beard, a thin waist, and a necklace of diamonds worth millions and billions of rupees.

If the young ladies and mammas of London flocked to see this picture, you may imagine how eager the mammas and young ladies were to show their own beauties! Everybody read up about Delhi, and was so anxious to know about it from His Excellency! Mrs. Cramley, hearing that the Orientals like stout ladies, sent to Scotland for that enormous Miss Cramley who is obliged to live in seclusion on account of her size, and who really would do for a show; old Lady Glum said if she allowed her daughter to make such a marriage, it would be with the fervent hope of converting the Emperor and all India with him; little Miss Cockshaw was anxious to know if the widows were burned still at Delhi. I don't know how many women didn't ask His Excellency when this news was made public, and my lion was nearly torn to pieces. It was "Bobbachy Bahawder and suite," "His Excellency Bobbachy Bahawder," "His Excellency Prince Bobbachy Bahawder," everywhere now, his name in all the newspapers, and who should be most eager to receive him.

The number of pictures of young ladies of rank which my friend received from all parts of the country would have formed a series of books of beauty. There came portraits from Belgravia, portraits from Tyburnia, portraits from the country, portraits even from Bloomsbury and the City, when

the news was made public of the nature of His Excellency's mission. Such wicked deceptive portraits they sent up too! Old Miss Cruickshanks had herself painted like a sylph or an opera dancer; Mrs. Bibb, who is five-and-forty if she's a day old, went to a great expense, and had a fashionable painter to draw her in a crop and a pinafore, like a school-girl. Fathers brought their children to walk up and down before His Excellency's hotel, and some bribed His Excellency's secretary to be allowed to wait in the anteroom until he should pass out from breakfast. That Lady Lynx said that the only ready money which the mission got was from these bribes; and the pictures, I must confess, were sold upon the Minister's withdrawal from this country.

A sudden revolution at the Court of Delhi occurred, as is very well known, in May last, and the news of his recall was brought to my excellent friend. The demand for his return was so peremptory that he was obliged to quit England at a moment's notice, and departed with his secretary only, and before he had even had time to take leave of me, his most attached friend.

A lamentable accident must have happened to the *Burrumpooter* Indiaman, with the diamonds and elephants on board, for the unfortunate ship has never reached England, and I dare say has sunk with all on board.

But that is no reason for the slander of ill-natured people, who want to make the world believe that there never was such a ship as the *Burrumpooter* at all; and that the Bobbachy and his secretary were a couple of rogues in league together, who never had a penny, and never would have made their way in society but for my introduction. How am I to know the pedigrees of Indian Princes, and the manners of one blackamoor from another? If I introduced the Bobbachy, I'm sure other people have introduced other dark-complexioned people; and as for the impudence of those tradesmen who want me to pay his bills, and of Mr Green of the hotel, who says he never had a shilling of His Excellency's money, I've no words to speak of it.

Besides, I don't believe he has defrauded anybody; and when the differences at the Court of Delhi are adjusted, I've little doubt but that he will send the paltry few thousand

pounds he owes here, and perhaps come back to renew the negotiations for the marriage of his imperial master.

(*August and September*, 1850.)

WHY CAN'T THEY LEAVE US ALONE IN THE HOLIDAYS?

FROM HOME, AS YET. 10*th January*.

RESPECTED MR. PUNCH,—I am a young gentleman of good family and exceedingly gentle disposition, and at present home for the Christmas holidays with my dear Papa and Mamma. I believe I am not considered clever at school, being always last in my class; and the Doctor, the Usher, the French Master, and all the boys except Tibbs Minimus (who is only six, and in the last form with me) beat me and ill-use me a great deal. And it's a great shame that I for my part am not allowed to whop Tibbs Minimus, which I could, being 14 myself last birthday; but that *nasty brute* Tibbs Minor says he'll *thrash me* if I do. And it's very *unkind of him;* for when he was a child in petticoats, and I was ten, and he was in the last class with me, I never beat him, as I easily could have done, and now the *unkind boy* is always attacking and wooriting me.

I cannot do *lessons and that*, Mr. PUNCH; for when the Dr. calls me up my tongue cleaves to the roof of *my mouf*, I'm so fritned; and same way *in French*, and same in Aryth-metic; and I can't fight like some boys, because I'm a nervous boy: but the big boys keep me awake telling stories to 'em *all night;* and I know *ever so many*, and am always making *stories in my head;* and somehow I feel that I'm better than *many of the chaps*—only *I can't do anything*. And they chaff me and laugh at me, because I'm afraid *of being in the dark and seeing ghosts and that, which I can't help it.* My mamma had a fright *before I was born*, and *that's what it is*, I suppose.

Sir, I am very miserable at school with everybody licking me; *and hate the place*, and the going back to it—and *the idear* of it altogether. Why was schools ever invented?

When I'm at my dear home, with dear ma and sisters, and in bed as long as I choose, and wish twice to meat, or three times, if I like; and I walk in the Park, and go to see *a lovely Pantamime;* and so I lose the horrid thought of school; and it's only in my dreams, sometimes, I see that *abommanable* old Doctor.

What I want you to do, in the interest of all School Boys, is to stop the *Times* in holy time from publishing those *advertisements about schools.* On this day, Wednesday, jest against the leading article, there's no less than 2 columns of schools; and Papa, who's always jokin' and chaffin' me, reads 'em out, and says, "Tom, how'd you like this?—Education of a superior kind, Birchwood Briars. No extras, no holidays." Or, "Tom, here's a chance for you—To Laundresses. A schoolmaster wishes to receive into his establishment the Son of a respectable Laundress, on reciprocal terms. Address," etc. "My dear," pa says to dear ma, "what a pity you wasn't a washerwoman, and we could get this stupid boy educated for nothing." I'm sure I've been *mangled* enough by that bully Bob Cuff, if I haven't been ironed and hung up to dry! Or, "To Booksellers, Grocers, Butchers, and Bakers.—In a well-appreciated seminary, within five miles of London, the children of the above tradesmen will be received. The whole of the school account will be taken in goods." And pa wonders if he were to send back our calf with me in our cart, and one of our sheep, whether the Doctor would take them in payment of the quarter's account? And then he says that one calf ought to pay for another, and laughs and makes me miserable for the whole day.

And next week my pleasures, I know, will be dampt by reading the Christmas Vacation of the Chipping-Rodbury Grammar School will conclude on the 24th inst., when the boys are expected to reassemble; the young gentlemen of Dr. Bloxam's Academy will meet on the 25th; or Mr. Broomback's young friends will reassemble after the Christmas recess; or so and so. Why are these horrid thoughts always to be brought before us? I'm sure at Christmas time managers of newspapers might *be kind*, and keep these horrid advertisements out of sight. And if our uncles, and

people who come to our house when we're at home for the holidays, would but be *so obliging* as never to mention school, or make jokes about flogging, or going back, or what we have *for dinner*, or *that*, I'm sure we should be very much the happier, and you won't have heard in vain from your wretched reader, UNDER PETTY.

(*January*, 1851.)

A STRANGE MAN JUST DISCOVERED IN GERMANY.

IT has been mentioned in the German journals that a foreigner, from some unknown country, and speaking a jargon scarcely intelligible by the most profound German philologists, has lately made his appearance at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where of course he was handed over to the care of the police.

"This individual was brought before us, Johann Humpffenstrumpffen, Burgomaster of Frankfort, on Tuesday, the 8th of April, and examined in our presence and that of our Clerk and Town Council.

"The raiment and appearance of this individual, landed, no one knows how, in a remote and extremely quiet German city, are described by all persons as most singular. In height he is about five feet six inches, his hair is white, his face sallow, his beard red—that on his upper lip not so much grown as that on his cheeks; his hands are large and dirty, his teeth useful, his appetite great, and his thirst constant.

"His dress is most extraordinary and barbarous. On his head he wears a covering of a snuff-brown colour, in shape something like a wash-basin—which it would be very advisable that he should use for his face and hands. Round his neck, which is exceedingly ugly and bare, he wears a strip of a shining stuff, spun out of worms, he says, in his own country, and called an Alberti: it is puffed in two bows round his cheeks, and gives him a highly absurd appearance.

"His outer garment was a loose, shaggy vest, made out of the skins of bears, most likely, and tainted strongly with a

stale and exceedingly rancorous odour of what he calls 'backy-backy.' This outer dress—when asked its name, by Burgermeister von Humpffenstrumpffen—the nondescript called a 'Minorimosy;' and holding up his outstretched hand three times, cried out the syllable 'Bob,' and wagged his head; from which the Burgomaster concluded that 'bob' is the name of a coin of the country.

"His next garment, one without sleeves, was decorated with buttons of glass; and in the pockets were found bits of paper, which the nondescript tried to explain—by the words 'Ungle,' 'tickor,' 'spowt,' etc.—and showed by his gestures that the papers were to him of considerable value. They are greasy, and to all appearances worthless, coarsely printed, and marked with rude manuscript numerals. It is conjectured that they may form part of the paper money of his country.

"Beyond these tokens, no coin of any kind was found on the nondescript's person.

"Under the glass-buttoned garment, from which he struggled violently not to be divested, the stranger had on two other very singular articles of costume. One was very ragged, and evidently old, and covered with printed figures in pink, representing bayaderes dancing. Over this was a small piece of stuff worked with the needle, and once white, the name of which, after repeated and severe interrogatories, he said was 'Dicki.' It has been carried to the Museum, and placed between the breastplate of a Turkish vizier and the corselet of a knight of the Middle Ages.

"His lower dress was of a broad check pattern, something resembling the stuff which is worn by the Scottish Highlanders, who, however, it is known, do not use *braccæ*, whence it is evident that the stranger cannot be one of these. When the Burgomaster pointed to these, the nondescript wagged his head, pleased seemingly, and said the word 'Stunnin,' which the clerk took down.

"On his feet were a sort of short boot with large iron heels, in which he began to execute a queer dance before the Court, clinking the heels together, and turning the toes fantastically in and out. Pointing to this boot with the cane which he carries in his mouth, he winked to the clerk, and

said 'Hylo!' but then presently looking round the room, and seeing a portrait of the late Feldmarschall Prince of Wallstadt, he ran up to it and said, 'Blooker! Blooker!' and danced once more.

"What relation can there be between the nondescript's boot and the late gallant and venerated Marshal Forwards, who destroyed Bonaparte, after the latter had defeated and taken the Herzog v. Wellington prisoner at the battle of Mount Saint John?

"At this stage of the examination, and having been allowed to resume all his clothes, the stranger pointed to his mouth, and laid his hand on his stomach, crying out the monosyllable 'Grub,' which Dr. Blinkhorn thinks must mean food in his language. Accordingly, a sausage, some bread, and a can of beer were brought, of the first of which he partook greedily, devouring the whole bread and sausage. It was observed that he ate with his fork, not with his knife, as we Germans do.

"Having tasted the drink, he, however, laid it down, making very wry faces, and calling out the word 'Swipey, Swipey,' twice, which was taken down. And then, by more faces and contortions, he made us to understand as if the beer had disagreed with him; upon which the excellent Burgermeister, having a bottle of Rhum in the cupboard, gave the savage a glass, who smacked it off at once, crying out the word 'Jollybyjingo!'

"'Jollybijingo, was ist denn Jollybijingo?' asked his worship, conjecturing, with his usual acuteness, that this was the savage's phrase for Rhum of Jamaica. 'Wilt thou have yet a glass Jollibijingo?' And his Honour poured out a second glass, which the nondescript seized and tossed off, this time exclaiming,—

"'Aybaleaveyermibawawawy!'

"Which expression being accurately taken down, his worship the Burgermeister considered the examination sufficient, and sent off the Foreigner under the guard of Gendarmes Blitz and Wetter to Berlin.

"*A true copy.*

"(*Signed*) HUMPFFENSTRUMPFFEN, *Burgomaster.*
BLINKHORN, *Clerk of the Court.*"

From the Berlin "Tagblatt."

"The named Snooks, Bartholomæus Student, out of Smithfield, London, was brought hither in custody, from Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where, being tipsy, he had lost himself, allowing the train to go away without him. Snooks was handed over to the British Minister here, and will return to London as soon as any one will lend or give him funds for that purpose."

(*April*, 1851.)

WHAT I REMARKED AT THE EXHIBITION.

I REMARKED that the scene I witnessed was the grandest and most cheerful, the brightest and most splendid show that eyes had ever looked on since the creation of the world; but as everybody remarked the same thing, this remark is not of much value.

I remarked, and with a feeling of shame, that I had long hesitated about paying three guineas—pooh-poohed—said I had seen the Queen and Prince before, and so forth, and felt now that to behold this spectacle, three guineas, or five guineas, or any sum of money (for I am a man of enormous wealth) would have been cheap; and I remarked how few of us know really what is good for us—have the courage of our situations, and what a number of chances in life we throw away. I would not part with the mere recollection of this scene for a small annuity; and calculate that, after paying my three guineas, I have the Exhibition before me, besides being largely and actually in pocket.

I remarked that a heavy packet of sandwiches which Jones begged me to carry, and which I pocketed in rather a supercilious and grumbling manner, became most pleasant friends and useful companions after we had been in our places two or three hours; and I thought to myself, that were I a lyric poet with a moral turn, I would remark how often in the hour of our need our humble friends are welcome and useful to us, like those dear sandwiches, which we pooh-poohed when we did not need them.

I remarked that, when the Queen bowed and curtsied, all the women about began to cry.

I remarked how eagerly the young Prince talked with his sister; how charmed everybody was to see those pretty young persons walking hand in hand with their father and mother; and how, in the midst of any magnificence you will, what touches us most is nature and human kindness, and what we love to witness most is love.

I remarked three Roman Catholic clergymen in the midst of the crowd, amusing themselves with an opera-glass.

I remarked to myself that it was remarkable that a priest should have an opera-glass.

I remarked that when the Archbishop of Canterbury was saying his prayer, the Roman Catholic clergymen seemed no more to care than I should if Mr. Longears was speaking in the House of Commons: and that they looked, stared, peered over people's shoulders, and used the opera-glass during the prayer.

I remarked that it would have been more decorous if during *that* part of the day's proceedings the reverend gentlemen had not used the opera-glass.

I remarked that I couldn't be paying much attention myself, else how should I have seen the reverend gentlemen?

I remarked my Lord Ivorystick and my Lord Ebonystick backing all the way round the immense building before the Queen; and I wondered to myself how long is *that* sort of business going to last? how long will free-born men forsake the natural manner of walking with which God endowed them, and continue to execute this strange and barbarous *pas?* I remarked that a royal Chamberlain was no more made to walk backwards than a royal coachman to sit on the box and drive backwards. And having just been laughing at the kotoos of honest Lord Chopstick (the Chinese ambassador with the pantomime face), most of us in our gallery remarked that the performance of Lord Ivorystick and Lord Ebonystick was not more reasonable than that of his Excellency Chopstick, and wished that part of the ceremony had been left out.

I remarked in the gold cage, to which the ladies would go the first thing, and in which the Koh-i-noor reposes, a shin-

ing thing like a lambent oyster, which I admired greatly, and took to be the famous jewel. But on a second visit I was told that that was not the jewel; that was only the case, and the real stone was that above, which I had taken to be an imitation in crystal.

I remarked on this, that there are many sham diamonds in this life which pass for real, and, *vice versâ*, many real diamonds which go unvalued. This accounts for the non-success of those real mountains of light, my "Sonnets on Various Occasions."

I remarked that, if I were Queen of England, I would have a piece of this crystal set into my crown, and wear it as the most splendid jewel of the whole diadem—that I would.

And in fact I remarked altogether—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

(*May*, 1851.)

M. GOBEMOUCHE'S AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE GRAND EXHIBITION.

IN the good town of London, in the Squars, in the Coffees, in the Parks, in the society at the billiards, there is but one conversation—it is of the Palace of Industry; it is of the Queen and Prince Albert; it is of the union of all nations. "Have you been there, my friend?" every one says to every one.

Yes, I have been there. Yes, I am one of the myriads who visited the Palace of Industry on the first of May, and witnessed the triumph of France.

Early in the day, following in the track of the myriads who were rushing towards the romantic village of Kinsington, and through the Bridge of Chevaliers, I engaged a cabriolet of place, and bidding the driver conduct me to the Palace of all Nations at Kinsington, sate in profound reverie smoking my cigar, and thinking of France, until my driver paused, and the agglomeration of the multitude, and the appearance of the inevitable Poliseman of London, sufficiently informed us that we were at the entrance of the Industrial Palace.

Polisemen flank the left pillar of the gate surmounted by a vase, emblem of plenty; polisemen flank the right pillar

decorated by a lion (this eternal Britannic lion, how his roars fatigue me; his tail does not frighten me; his eternal fanfaronnades regarding his courage make me puff of to laugh!); and as nothing is to be seen in England without undoing purse, a man at a wicket stops the influx of the curious, and the tide cannot pass the barrier except through the filter of a schilling.

O cursed schilling! He haunts me, that schilling; he pursues me everywhere. If a Frenchman has to produce his passport, there is no moment of the day when an Englishman must not produce his schilling. I paid that sum, and was with others admitted into the barrier, and to pass the outer wall of the Great Exhibition.

When one enters, the sight that at first presents itself has nothing of remarkable—a court, two pavilions on either side, a château, to the door of which you approach by steps of no particular height or grandeur: these were the simple arrangements which it appears that the Britannic genius has invented for the reception of all people of the globe.

I knock in the English fashion: the simple baronnet gives but one knock; the postman, officer of the government, many and rapid strokes; the Lord Mayor knocks and rings. I am but the simple baronnet, and Sir Gobemouche wishes to be thought no more singular than Sir Brown or Sir Smith.

Two pages—blond children of Albion: their little coats, it being spring-time, covered with a multiplicity of buds—fling open the two beatings of the door, and I enter the little antehall.

I look up: above me is an azure dome like the vault ethereal; silver stars twinkle in its abysses; a left-hand lancing thunderbolt is above us. I read above, in characters resembling the lightning, "*Fille de l'orage*" in our own language, and "Symbolium of all Nations" in English.

Is the daughter of the tempest then the symbol of all nations? Is the day's quiet the lull after yesterday's storm? Profound moralist, yes, it is so: we enter into repose through the initiation of the hurricane; we pass over the breakers, and are in the haven!

This pretty moral conveyed in the French language, the world's language, as a prelude to the entertainment, this

solemn antechamber to the palace of the world, struck me as appropriate as sublime. With a beating heart I ascend further steps: I am in the world's vestibule.

What do I see around me? Another magnificent allegory. The cities of the world are giving each other the hand: the Tower of Pisa nods friendly to the Wall of China; the Pont Neuf and the Bridge of Sighs meet and mingle arches; Saint Paul of London is of accord with his brother Saint Peter of Rome; and the Parthenon is united with the Luqsor Obelisk, joining its civilization to the Egyptian mysteries, as the Greek philosophers travelled to Egypt of old. A great idea this, greatly worked out—in an art purposely naïve, in a design expressly confused.

From this vestibule I see a staircase ascending, emblazoned with the magic hieroglyphics and strange allegoric images. In everything that the Briton does lurks a deep meaning. The vices of his nobility, the quarrels of his priests, the peculiarities of his authors, are here dramatized: a Pope, a Cardinal appear among fantastic devils; the romancers of the day figure with their attributes; the statesmen of the three kingdoms, with their various systems—fiends, dragons, monsters, curl and writhe through the multitudinous hieroglyphic, and typify the fate that perhaps menaces the venomous enemies that empoison the country.

The chambers of this marvellous palace are decorated in various styles, each dedicated to a nation. One room flames in crimson and yellow, surmounted by a vast golden sun, which you see, in regarding it, must be the chamber of the East. Another, decorated with stalactites and piled with looking-glass and eternal snow, at once suggests Kamchatka or the North Pole. In a third apartment, the Chinese dragons and lanterns display their fantastic blazons; while in a fourth, under a canopy of midnight stars, surrounded by waving palm trees, we feel ourselves at once to be in a primeval forest of Brazil, or else in a scene of fairy—I know not which; the eye is dazzled, the brain is feverous, in beholding so much of wonders.

Faithful to their national economy, of what, think you, are the decorations of the Palace? Of calico! Calico in the emblematic halls, Calico in the Pompadour boudoirs, Calico

in the Chamber of the Sun—Calico everywhere. Indeed, whither have not the English pushed their cottons? their commerce? Calico has been the baleful cause of their foreign wars, their interior commotions. Calico has been the source of their wealth, of their present triumphant condition, perhaps of their future downfall! Well and deeply the decorators of the Palace meditated when they decorated its walls with this British manufacture.

Descending as from a vessel's deck, we approach a fairy park, in which the works of art bud and bloom beside the lovely trees of spring. What green pelouses are here! what waving poplars! what alleys shaded by the buds and blossoms of spring! Here are *parterres* blooming with polyanthuses and coloured lamps; a fountain there where Numa might have wooed Egeria. Statues rise gleaming from the meadow; Apollo bends his bow; Dorothea washes her fair feet; Esmeralda sports with her kid. What know I? How select a beauty where all are beautiful? how specify a wonder where all is miracle?

In yon long and unadorned arbour it has been arranged by the English (who never do anything without rosbif and half-and-half) that the nations of the world are to feast. And that vast building situated on the eastern side of the pelouse, with battlemented walls and transparent roof, is the much-vaunted Palace of Crystal! Yes: the roof is of crystal, the dimensions are vast—only the articles to be exhibited have not been unpacked yet; the walls of the Palace of Crystal are bare.

"That is the Baronial Hall of all Nations," says a gentleman to me—a gentleman in a flowing robe and a singular cap whom I had mistaken for a Chinese or an enchanter. "The hall is not open yet, but it will be inaugurated by the grand Sanitary dinner. There will be half-crown dinners for the commonalty, five shilling dinners for those of mediocre fortune, ten shilling dinners for gentlemen of fashion like Monsieur. Monsieur, I have the honour to salute you."—And he passes on to greet another group.

I muse, I pause, I meditate. Where have I seen that face? where noted that mien, that cap? Ah, I have it! In the books devoted to gastronomic regeneration, on the

flasks of sauce called Relish. This is not the Crystal Palace that I see; this is the rival wonder—yes, this is the Symposium of all Nations, and yonder man is Alexis Soyer!

GOBEMOUCHE.

(*May*, 1851.)

THE CHARLES THE SECOND BALL.

SINCE the announcement of the Costume Ball a good deal of excitement has been prevalent about the Court regarding it. It is known that Charles the Second used to feed ducks in Saint James's Park, and it is thought that this amusement of the Merry Monarch is harmless, and may be repeated on the present festive occasion. Rewards have been offered at the Lord Chamberlain's Office for a means of keeping the ducks awake till twelve o'clock at night.

We hear that some Duchesses decline altogether to assume the characters of their namesakes in the time of Charles the Second; and that the Dukes, their husbands, perfectly agree in this spirited decision.

For the same reason as their Graces', the parts of Maids of Honour are not in much request. But for the character of Catherine Hyde, who married the heir to the throne, there are numberless proposals among the young ladies of the polite world.

For the character of the Duke of Buckingham (of Charles the Second's time), who kicked down a grand fortune without being able to account for it, we hear a great number of noblemen named; among others, Lord Addlestone, Lord Muddlehead, and the Lord Viscount Wildgoose.

The young gentlemen about Downing Street are reading the "Biographie Universelle," and acquiring a surprising fund of historical knowledge. Young Tapely, old Tapely's son, who is eighteen, and has just entered the Foreign Office, proposes to appear as Colbert: whom Guttleton admires, not as a minister, but as inventor of Colbert soles. Vander Souchey, of the Dutch Legation, announced at the Club that he would go as the Pensionary de Witt. "Behold de miracle instead of de witt," said Flicflac; and added that Count

Narcissi (the envoy from Pumpernickel) had best assume this character, because the women are always tearing him to pieces.

General the Earl of Slowgo (who does his best to be an F. M.) has just been credibly informed that a work exists—a remarkable work; although a light work, he may almost say a biographical work—relative to the times of Charles the Second, called "Pepys' Diary," and purporting to be edited by a member of their Lordships' House, the Lord Viscount Braybrooke.

General Slowgo has, therefore, presented his compliments to Lord Viscount Braybrooke, and requests to know if the Viscount has edited the work in question. Should his lordship's reply be in the affirmative, General Lord Slowgo will write to the Librarian of the British Museum to know: 1st. Whether the work entitled "Pepys' Memoirs" be in the Library of the British Museum; 2nd. Whether that work contains an authentic account of the reign of his late Majesty King Charles the Second: 3rd. Whether the Librarian of the British Museum can bring the volume, if a rare one, to Slowgo House; and 4th. If not, whether, and at what time, General the Earl of Slowgo can consult the work in question at the British Museum.

The two little Miss Budds (who go about with Lady Crabb) have had another contemporary work lent to them by their cousin Rowley, and are busy reading Grammont's "Memoirs." When Lady Crabb heard that her wards were reading history, she was highly pleased, and observed that she has no doubt the volume is instructive, as the family of Grammont is one of the highest in France. The Miss Budds say the book is—very instructive.

Miss Grigg, who is exceedingly curious in books and antiquarianism, has come upon some surprising illustrative passages in her papa's library, in the works of Wycherley and Sir C. Sedley, and in Suckling's poems.

Colonel Sir Nigel M'Asser, who has the largest and blackest whiskers, not only in the Horse Guards Green, but (with the exception of one sapper, now at the Cape of Good Hope) in the British Army, when he heard that whiskers were not worn in the time of Charles the Second, and that

gentlemen would be expected to shave, instantly applied for leave of absence ; and if that is refused, he will send in his papers.

Lady Rosa Twentystone and her daughters have been to Hampton Court, and taken careful note of the Lelys there. But when they came down to dinner in the dresses which they had prepared, and rehearsed the part before Mr. Twentystone, he ordered the whole family up to their rooms, and the dinner to be covered, until they were.

"Lady Rosa is so delightful," Varges says, that he thinks one "can't see too much of her."

Lord Viscount Methuselah has put himself into the hands of new artists, and will appear with the cheeks, hair, and teeth of twenty. He has selected the character of Lord Rochester, and has sent a request to the Lord Chamberlain that he may be allowed to make his *entrée* into the ball through a window and up a rope-ladder.

Lord Hulkington hopes to be able to get into a page's dress, which he wore once in private theatricals at the Princess of Wales's Court at Naples in 1814 ; and the ladies of his family are busy (for his lordship, since he came into his fortune, is become very economical) in trying to enlarge it.

Lady Howlbury expects to make a great sensation, and not at a large expense—having attired herself and daughters each in a curtain of the state bed at Ivybush, under which Charles the Second passed three days after the battle of Worcester.

If the Lord Mayor is invited with his suite, the City Marshal, of course, will go as Marshal Tureen.

Lord Tom Noddington was much surprised when he heard that Charles the Second had been up a tree, and always thought that he ran for the Oaks. His opinion was that Charles the Second had had his head cut off just before his son, James the First, came into this country from Scotland —where Lord Tom goes shooting every year. Mr. Bland Varges, who is the most notorious wag at Spratt's, said that as Tom Noddington had no head himself, he had better go as the Marquis of Montrose—after his decapitation. Tom Noddington said he would be hanged if he went as Montrose, which Varges said was more and more in charac-

ter. Lord Tom said he didn't know. He knew that he had shot the Duke's country, and hoped to shoot there again; and he thought "it was devilish dangerous, begad, in those confounded levelling times, by Jove, for fellas to go about saying that other fellas had their heads cut off; and that sort of thing, begad, might put bad ideas into other fellas' heads, and radical fellas, and dam republican fellas." Mr. Varges said that Lord Tom needn't be afraid about *his* head, and that if he lost it he wouldn't miss it; on which Tom Noddy said that Varges was always chaffing him.

Lord Addlestone, when his librarian informed him he had heard that Louis the Fourteenth as a young man wore a periwig powdered with gold dust, has hit upon a brilliant thought of his own, and ordered that his wig shall not only be powdered with gold, but that he will have a *papillote* of banknotes.

If these are scarce, as his steward informs him, his lordship's man is directed to use promissory notes bearing his lordship's valuable signature.

The young officers of the Eclectic Regiments, horse and foot, Cornets and Lieutenant-Captains with ten shillings per diem of pay, are greatly gratified at the idea of having to pay £40 a piece for their wigs at the Ball.

It is said that a venerable Prelate of a Western Diocese is going to represent all the seven recusant Bishops of James's time at once; and Cardinal de Retz, who had a genius for conspiracies, fights, rows, and hot water in general, has a representative in Golden Square, with a hat and costume ready bought and paid for.

Ensign and Lieutenant Tipton, of the Coolstreams, says that he intends to take Marlborough's part as a young man; for he is very good-looking, is as poor as a rat, and ready to borrow money of any woman who will lend it.

(*May*, 1851.)

PANORAMA OF THE INGLEEZ—AN INGLEEZ FAMILY.

(*From the "Beyrout Banner," "Joppa Intelligencer," and "Jerusalem Journal."*)

THE renowned and learned Sage and Doctor of Beyrout, the excellent Hadjee Aboo Bosh, has just returned to his beloved country from his wonderful travels in distant lands, having visited most of the cities and people of Franghistan. He is familiar with all languages, and has deeply studied the customs and manners of the Infidels. He has caused skilful limners amongst them, at the expense of many millions of piastres, to paint pictures representing the chief towns of the Franks; which works are so wonderful, life-like, and resembling nature, that true Believers, without leaving the cushion of repose, or the pipe of meditation, may behold the towns of Europe presented before them, and have the mountains to come to them, which would not advance in former ages, no, not even to meet the Prophet.

The famous and skilful Hadjee has arranged, near the Bazaar, by the Rope-makers' quarter, in the large vacant hall formerly occupied by the baths of El Thawer, a vast chamber, in which he exhibits the wonders which he has brought from foreign countries. Having paid money to a negro at the door, you are introduced through obscure passages into a chamber as dark as Gehenna, and into a place which they call a pit, where you sit in expectant terror, before an awful curtain, lighted but by a few faint lamps.

Many of the stoutest Agas and Effendis in Beyrout entered this gloomy apartment, not without awe. The women of the hareem of Papoosh Pasha were placed in a box, guarded by a gilt cage; as were the ladies of the establishment of Bluebeard Bey, and the three wives of the Grand Mollah. Women's curiosity, indeed, will go anywhere. As the poet has sung—

> There is no secret so dark, but the eye of Zutulbe will penetrate it.
> There is no tangled skein, but the finger of Leila will unravel it.

There is no lock so cunning, but the crooked nose of the old hag Fatima will pick it.

Indeed a vast audience of the officers, lords, and topping merchants of Beyrout were present to behold the Aboo Bosh's wonderful pictures.

Before the curtain drew aside, and our eyes were dazzled, our ears were diverted by a dexterous slave, who executes the barbarous music of Europe, and the favourite songs of the unbelievers, by merely turning the handle of a small chest, called a Hurridee Gurridee. The handle operates upon a number of bulbuls who are confined within the box, each of whom at his signal comes forward and pipes in his turn. One sings the hymn of the French Feringhees; he is called the Parees Yenn: when he is tired, another warbles the war-song of the Ingleez; he is called the Roolbretawnia: this over, a third nightingale begins to pipe the delicious love-song of the Yangkees, who are a kind of Ingleez, and the name of this song-bird is Yankeedoodool. The sweetest of all the songs is this, and fills the heart with delight.

When the birds are tired, he who turns the handle of the box stops turning, and the music ceases with a melancholy wail. And then, as in a blaze of splendour, the pictures begin to pass before the astonished beholders.

The City represented yesterday was the City of Lundoon, which lies upon a river called the Tameez, over which are twenty thousand bridges, each twenty hundred parasangs in length, and to which there come daily a hundred thousand ships.

In one quarter of Lundoon, during the winter months, it is always night. It is illuminated, however, with fire, which gushes out of the bowels of the earth, and affords a preternatural brilliancy. This quarter is called Stee; twenty thousand carriages rush thither every minute, each carriage holding forty persons, the drivers and grooms crying out "Stee, Stee!" In this quarter the Shroffs and principal merchants reside. The palace of the Lord Cadi is here, and each ward of the City has an Elderman, who becomes Cadi in his turn. They are all fat in this district, drinking much of an intoxicating liquor made of citrons and rakee, called Panj or

Poonj, and eating of a stew of tortoises, of which they take many platefuls. Aboo Bosh owned to having tasted and liked the stew, but about the liquor he was silent.

After seeing the Merchants' quarter the view changed, and exhibited to us the great Mosque of Paul, whereof the dome is almost as high as Mount Lebanon. The faithful pay two paras to enter this Mosque; which sum goes to the support of the dervishes. Within, it is surrounded by white images of captains, colonels, and effendis; whose figures show that the Ingleez were but an ill-favoured people. In the court is an image of a beloved Queen: the people say, "Queen Anne is dead," and tear their beards to this day, so much do they love her memory.

The next view was that of the building in which the Councillors and men of law of the kingdom meet for their affairs. In all Stambool there is not such a palace. It is carved without, and gilt within. The Chambers of Council are endless: the chair of the Queen is a treasure of splendour; and Aboo Bosh says that when she comes in state, and surrounded by her vizeers, this intrepid Sovereign of an island race, that governs provinces more vast and distant than Serendib and Hind, always carries in her arms three lions. But the Hadjee did not see the Queen of the Ingleez, and I doubt of this story.

Besides the Mosque of Paul, there is the Mosque of Peter, whereof we likewise saw a view. All religions are free in this country, but only one is paid. Some dervishes shave the top of their heads, some tighten a piece of white cloth round their necks, all are dressed in black. We saw pictures of these, as also of the common people, the carriages, the Queen's janissaries in scarlet, with silver caps on their heads, and cuirasses made of a single diamond. These giants are all ten feet high, their officers fifteen; it is said that each consumes a sheep and drinks a barrel of wine in the day.

Aboo then showed us the triumphal arch, near to the house of Wellingtoon Pasha, who has but to look from his window and see his own image on horseback. Ten thousand images of Wellingtoon are placed about the town, besides, the English being so proud of him, because he conquered

the French Jeneral Boonapoort. But lovers of poetry know the opinion of the bard :—

> The victory is not always with the bravest, nor the robe of honour given to him who deserves most.
> An eagle is shot down, and a leopard runs away with the spoil.

Near this is the Maidaun, where the young Lords and Agas ride, with nymphs as beautiful as those of Paradise, arrayed in tight-fitting robes, and smiling from prancing chargers.

And now came a buzz of wonder in the crowd, and outcries of delight from the women's boxes, which made the eunuchs move about briskly with their rattans, when the wonderful picture dawned upon us, representing the prodigious Castle of Crystal and pavilion of light.

It is many miles long, and in height several furlongs. It is built of rock crystal and steel, without putty, wood, bricks, or nails. On the walls are flags, in number one hundred and seventy-eight thousand. We said "Praise to Allah!" when we saw the scarlet standard, with the crescent and star of our august master, Abdul Medjid.

This palace was built in a single night by an enchanter named Paxtoon. This wonderful man possesses all the secrets of nature; he can make a melon in ten minutes grow as big as a camel, a rose spread out before your eyes to the size of an umbrella. Lately, in a convent of dervishes, he caused in one evening a cabbage to grow so big, that after hearing a sermon from one of their Mollahs, who got up into the boughs, axes were brought, the plant was felled, and the whole community dined off it, several bursting with repletion, so delicious was the food. This was told Aboo Bosh by a Mollah of Birmingham, a twisting dervish, who had seen many wonders.

Having seen the exterior of this Hall of Light, Aboo Bosh now showed to us the wondrous interior. All the treasures of the world are there surely. Ten hundred and ten thousand persons come thither daily, and they all go first to see the saddles and embroidery from Beyrout. What arcades of splendour! what fountains! what images! The tallest trees grow in this palace. The birds cannot fly to the roof, it is

so high. At one end is a place where travellers are served with cakes and sherbet by ravishing houris, with moon faces. O Aboo! O Hadjee, I suspect that Fatima, your one-eyed wife, has not heard the end of those tales! What says the poet?

> The best part of the tale is often that which is not told.
> A woman's truth is like the cloth the Armenian sells you in the bazaar: he always cribs a portion of it.

And now, having spent several hours in examining this picture, the bulbul-box was again set in motion, and the greatest curiosity of all was represented to us. This is an Ingleez family of distinction, whom Aboo Bosh has brought with him, and who will be exhibited every day at three hours before and three hours after sunset. But the account of their strange behaviour shall be reserved for the next Intelligence.

AN INGLEEZ FAMILY.

All along, the Exhibition was explained to us by a Frank Interpreter, who understands perfectly our language.

Among the Ingleez, he said, men are allowed but one wife—a hard case, O Agas! for these poor women; for, as the bard has remarked,—

"When I am in a queer temper, in my hareem, I may beat Zuleika with my slipper, but I smile upon Leila and Zutulbe.

"When Leila's fatness becomes disagreeable, then Zutulbe's leanness commences to be pleasing.

"When both annoy me, then little Zuleika resumes her reign; for strawberries ripen at one season of the year, at another time figs, at another time water-melons. But always strawberries would be wearisome, as to hear bulbuls all day would cause one to yawn.

"Man takes delight in variety, as the bee sips of a thousand flowers."

So, for any poor creature to be subject always to the caprices of one man, is cruel on her; as to compel one man to have but one wife, as amongst the Ingleez, is a tyranny

unheard of amongst civilized nations like our own; and we may thank our stars that we do not live in Lundoon, but Beyrout.

If all the old women among the Ingleez are no better than the one whom Aboo Bosh showed to us, I do not envy the elderly gentlemen of that nation, and can quite understand their habitual ill-humour.

In the first part of the play appeared this old woman, the Khanum of the house, or "Misseez," as the Interpreter says she is called; her two daughters, Lola and Lota; her son, the young Aga; and the father of the family, called Brown Effendi.

Brown Effendi is fifty-five or -six years old; he is tall, and of a portly shape, and, like all the elderly Ingleez, is bald: nor has he the decency to cover his baldness with a couple of caps, as we do, but appears with his shining pate without any shame.

His wife is two or three years younger; they must have been married these thirty years: no wonder that they quarrel together, and that the Effendi is tired of such an old hag!

The Interpreter explains that it is the beginning of the day. A table is set out, covered with a snowy damask cloth, with urns and vases of silver for tea, cups of porcelain, one for each of the family, bits of roasted bread, hot cakes, meat, honey, and butter. This meal the Ingleez of distinction take in common. An Effendi often does not behold his family (always excepting the old hag of a wife) except at that hour.

"Before the girls come down, and you go away to the Stee, Mr. Brown," says the Misseez, "will you have the goodness to give me some money? Look at these bills."

"Jehannum take the bills!" roars out Brown, rising up and stamping. "Can't you let a man read his newspaper in quiet?"

O Allah! read his newspaper in quiet! It is an immense sheet, as big as the Captain Pasha's mainsail. I should think it has as many letters and lines as the Koran itself. The Interpreter says, every Ingleez reads a paper every morning—it is called in their language *El Tims*—from beginning to end, every day, before going out. Praise be to Heaven that we live in Beyrout!

"Well, don't swear at a woman, Mr. B.," she says. "Don't swear when the children and servants are coming in. How can I help it, if the house is expensive? I lived in a better before I came to yours. My mamma——"

"Confound your mamma! How much is it?" says Brown Effendi; and drawing a paper from his pocket-book, he writes an order to his shroff to pay so much money.

The daughters now come in. There was a great sensation among us, especially in that rogue who sat by me, Poof Allee, who is always on the look-out for almond eyes. These virgins were young and fair, of fine shapes seemingly, wearing a sort of loose gowns buttoned up to the neck, with little collars and little caps, with little ribbons; their cheeks pale, their eyes heavy—nevertheless, comely damsels, that would fetch a round sum of piastres in the market.

"Why don't you come sooner?" growls the father.

"They were at Lady Polk's, at Mrs. Walls's, and were not home till four. The girls must have sleep, Mr. B."

"Why do they go to those confounded balls?" asks Brown Effendi. The Interpreter explains that a ball is a dance where many hundred women assemble.

"They ought to be in bed at ten," growls the housefather.

"We *do* go to bed at ten when there is nothing at night, Papa," says the eldest. "We couldn't live if we didn't go to sleep on the off nights."

"You don't wish them not to go in the world, I suppose, Mr. B.? You don't wish them not to get establishments? You don't suppose it is for *my* pleasure that I go about night after night with these poor things, whilst you are drinking with your male friends, or at your clubs!" (The Interpreter explains that a Club is the Coffee-house of the Ingleez: they sit there smoking until late hours.) "You don't suppose that *I* go to dance?"

Brown Effendi burst into a laugh. "*You* dance, Polly!" says he. "Do I suppose the cow jumped over the moon?"

"I wish Papa wouldn't use those expressions," says Miss Lola to Miss Lota.

Papa now sits with his face buried in *El Tims*, and when he has read it (only in this Exhibition, or play, of course, the actor did not read the whole of the immense sheet, or we

should have sat till night)—this labour over, and his breakfast done, he goes away to Stee.

"That is the commencement of the day with thousands of English Effendis in Lundoon," the Interpreter explains. "He rises at eight. He shaves. He meets his family, kisses them, but rarely speaks, except to swear a little, and find fault. He reads through *El Times*. He gives money to the Khanum. He goes to the Stee, where his counting-house or office of business is, and which is often a long way from his house. He goes on foot, while his wife has a chariot."

"That I can understand," says Poof Allee. "A man will not allow his womankind to go out except in an Aroba, guarded by the slaves. Even an unbeliever is not such a fool as *that*."

"You are in error, O Effendi," said the Interpreter. "The women are free to go whithersoever they please. They wear no veils. They go about the city unprotected, save by a male servant, and even he is not necessary. They frequent the shops, and bazaars, and public gardens. I have seen ten thousand in the spring-time basking in the gardens of Kensington."

"Oh, my eyes! I will go there," said Poof Allee, stroking his beard, that sly rogue.

"They are to be seen everywhere," continues the Interpreter, "and at home, too, receive men into their houses."

"This, I suppose, is one," remarked a looker-on. "He is splendid; he is tall; he has richly-carved buttons on his coat. He takes up the silver urn. Is this an officer of the Sultaun?"

"That? That is a servant," said the Dragoman. "He is bringing breakfast for the young Effendi, who comes down later than the rest of the family."

"That," cried Poof Allee, "a servant? Why, he is a pearl of beauty. He is a Roostum. He is strong, tall, young, and lovely. Does an old Ingleez allow such an Antar as that to walk about in his Hareem? Psha! friend Interpreter, you are joking."

"It is even so, sir," said the Dragoman. "So strange is the pride of certain classes of the Ingleez, and so barbarous

—blasphemous, I had almost said—their notions with regard to rank, that the aristocracy among the Ingleez take no more account of the persons below them than your Honour does of the black slave-boy who fills your pipe. And of late, one of the lootees—or buffoons among the Ingleez—acquired no small share of popularity, and received from his bookseller ten thousand pieces of gold, for a book of jests, in which a servant was made the principal hero, and brought to live among Lords and Agas—the point of the jest being, that the servant was made to feel like a man."

Here came in the young actor, who, the Interpreter said, represented the son of the house. He drawled into the apartment, nodded languidly to his sisters, kissed his mother's forehead, and sank into the vacant chair by his sisters.

He called to the servant. "John!" he said, "pale ale!"

"My love!" said the mamma.

"Tell the cook to devil some dam thing," continued the youth.

"My darling!" said the old lady.

"Hot coppers, ma'am!" said the young man, pulling a little tuft of hair on his chin. "Keep sad hours—know I do. Out on the crawl till five o'clock this morning. Last thing I weckolect, shandygaff."

"You'll kill yourself, child," cried mamma.

"So much the better for brother Dick. Youth is the season of enjoyment. Oh dam! what a headache I've got! 'Gather ye roses while ye may.' Youth is the season of pleasure."

"What sort of pleasure?" asked one of the sisters.

"Well, I think it was with two cabmen off the stand, at Bob Cwoft's," said the young man. "It's not very good fun, but it's better than those dam balls that you go to every night. Here comes the breakfast."

And the curtain-bell ringing, the first part of the entertainment was over.

During the interval, the Interpreter continued to explain to us the manners and customs of this queer people: and the curtain again rising showed us a view of the Queen's Palace (before which there is a figure of a Lion and Unicorn, which makes one die of laughing); the Courts of Justice;

the Castle of Windsor, which seems, indeed, a pavilion of splendour in a rose-garden of delight; and an immense hole bored under the sea, the dark appearance of which made poor Poof Allee shudder. And now, having seen the Ingleez in the morning, and heard how the men pass the day in their offices and counting-houses, the women in the shops buying, in their carriages, in the gardens, visiting one another, and receiving company at home, the Dragoman said, "We shall show them as they are dressed of an evening, expecting visitors for the evening."

The curtain drew up. Brown Effendi was now dressed with a white band round his neck, that made his eyeballs start out of his head, and his red face blaze like the standard of the Sultan. Mrs. Brown appeared so changed since the morning that you would not know her, and Poof Allee (that rogue) said, "Oh my eyes! the old woman to-night looks quite young, and I always liked a stout woman." They stood one on each side of the fire-place—the Interpreter said, in the attitude of receiving dinner company.

Schaun, the servant, came in with a note on a silver salver.

"It's from Wagg," said Brown Effendi. "D—n him! he say's he's ill; but he's asked by a lord, and has thrown us over. Take away one cover, John."

How splendidly attired now is this Schaun! His costume of the morning is nothing to that which he now wears. A white coat barred with gold lace; a waistcoat of red and gold; shulwars of plush, the colour of buttercups. And has he grown grey since the morning? No, he has put powder into his hair. He is beautiful to behold; a peacock is not finer.

And now, who enter? Who are these two houris? Who are these moon-faced ones, with the lustrous ringlets, the round arms, the shining shoulders? The heart beats to behold them. Poof Allee's eyes brighten with rapture. They are the damsels of the morning, Lola and Lota.

"This is the habit of Ingleez damsels," says the Interpreter, with rather a sly look. "All day they cover themselves up, but at night, because it is cold, they go with very little clothes. They are now going to dinner; they will then go to a concert; they will then drive to a ball or dance."

"But a ball, of course, only amongst women?" said His Excellency Papoosh Pasha, Governor of Beyrout, who was smoking his kaboon in a box near the stage.

"Among women, excellent sir! There are men, too. If there were no men, the women would stay at home. This is the way that the Ingleez——"

"Silence, shameless!" roared out His Excellency.—"Kislar Beg! carry my women home this moment. Stop the Exhibition. All the principles of morality are violated. Women in that dress show themselves to men? Never! or if they do, it can only be among barbarians, and such a fact must not be known in a civilized country.—Hadjee Aboo Bosh! this part of the Exhibition must be no more represented, under pain of the bastinado." And His Excellency flung out of the room in a passion, and the Exhibition ended abruptly.

As for Poof Allee—that rogue—he has gone off to England by the last Peninsular and Oriental steamer.

(*September and October*, 1851.)

POOR PUGGY.

Those who know Topham Sawyer, the accomplished young Earl of Swellmore, are aware that under a mask of languor and levity he hides considerable powers of acuteness and observation. His letters are much prized, not only amongst the friends of his own rank, but by his Bohemian acquaintances in the *coulisses*. Of a sarcastic turn, he is yet not without a natural benevolence; has cultivated his talents and his good qualities in secret, and as if he was ashamed of them; and not blameless, alas! in his life, he is correct, even to fastidiousness, in his spelling—in this affording an example to many of the younger nobility; and may be pardoned some of his bitterness, which may be set to the account of his well-known disappointment, two years since (when he was, as yet, but the penniless and Honourable Topham Sawyer), when the lovely Lady Barbara Pendragon, daughter, we need scarcely state, of the Marquess of M-ngelw-rzelshire, threw him over, and married the Roman Prince Corpodibacco, nephew of the Cardinal of that name. Trifles from the pens of the great

are always acceptable in certain circles: and the following extract of a letter from Lord Swellmore to his intimate and noble friend the Marquess of Macassar, though on a trifling subject, will be read not without interest by those who admire our country's institutions. The noble Earl, whilst waiting at his Club to see Messrs. Aminadab and Nebuchadnezzar, on pecuniary business, having promised to write to the Marquess of Macassar at Paris (indeed, concerning Bills of Exchange, on which both the Noble Lords are liable), dashed off a letter, partly on private affairs, and concluding with the following lively passages:—

I sit here, my dear Macass, and see the people go by to the Exhibition. It's better than going there. *Suave mari magno:* you see the ocean devilish well from the shore. You're only sick if you go to sea. I wish they'd give us a smoking-room fronting Piccadilly. Why don't the new men who have been building have smoking-rooms to the street? I like those fellows at Brighton who sit on the cliff, in a ground-floor room, smoking—after dinner -having nuts and port wine at three o'clock on Sundays. I saw a fellow there lately; his stout old wife went out to church, and there he sate, with his legs on the second chair, unbuttoned, and looking out of window with a jolly red face. I felt inclined to put my hand in and take a glass and say, "Your health, old boy!" His cigars smelt offensively, but I envied him rather—not that I envy anybody much, or pity anybody, or despise anybody, or admire anybody. I've nothing what you call to live for; now you have, Macass. You're very fond of your whiskers, and anxious about overcoming your waist. You have an aim, my boy, and a purpose in your existence; coax your whiskers, and struggle manfully with your corporation, my poor old Macass, and thank your stars that you have these to interest you.

Here's a fellow who has had an object in life, too, it appears. I cut his advertisement out of the *Times*. It's a devilish deal better than the leading article.

DUTCH PUG FOR SALE—a very fine specimen of this almost extinct breed. He is one year and a half old, and very gay and lively, and is the *bonâ fide* property of a gentleman who, from continued ill-health, is unable to keep him. Lowest price 30 guineas. No dealer need apply, either directly or indirectly. May be seen at Mr. Harridge's Forge, Pitt Street Mews, Park Lane.

Now, I say, here's something to excite your sympathy. An announcement more affecting than this can't well be imagined—a dog of an almost extinct breed, and the owner of that rare animal obliged, from continued ill-health, to part with him. Think, my dear Macass, of a tender and benevolent-minded man, his fine faculties overclouded by disease, fondly attached to his darling pug, yet seeing that between him and that beloved

being a separation must come! The last interviews are now taking place between them, the last breakfasts, the last *fricassée* of chicken, the last saucers of cream; the little darling is now lapping them up, and licking the hand which shall soon pat its black nose no more. He is "gay and lively" now, the poor little beggar—quite unconscious of his coming fate—but eighteen months old—it's heartrending. Ain't it?

What degree of ill-health is it, or what species of malady can it be, which obliges a gentleman to part from such a *bonâ fide* darling? This invalid's ill-health is "continuous," the advertisement says. Do the caresses of the pug increase his master's complaint? Does continued anxiety for the pretty favourite prevent the owner's return to strength, and must he wean himself from the little black-nosed, cock-tailed, cream-coloured innocent, as delicate mammas do from their babies? What a separation, *mon Dieu!* Poor Puggy! Poor, poor Master!

Of course, he won't part with him to a dealer, directly or indirectly; no, no. Fancy a man's feelings, the separation over, at seeing Puggy some day in the Quadrant, in the red-waistcoat pocket of a dirty-looking blackguard, with six other dogs, and a wide-awake hat! An invalid, as this gentleman is, couldn't stand such a sudden shock. He would be carried off to a chemist's; and we should hear of an inquest on a gentleman at the White Bear. Puggy in the Quadrant, Puggy in the company of all sorts of low dogs, brought up in the worst habits, and barking in the vulgarest manner! Puggy, the once beautiful and innocent, in the Quadrant! Oh don't! I can't bear the 'orrid thought!

But must a man be in high health to keep a Dutch pug? Does the care and anxiety incident on Dutch pug-keeping make a man of naturally robust habit ill and delicate? If so, it's most generous of the owner of the little Dutchman to warn the public. You pay thirty guineas—the very lowest price; you incur responsibility, infinite care, unrest, disease. You lose your peace of mind, and break your heart in cherishing this darling; and then you part with him. You recollect what happened to the heroes in Homer—how they were made to dogs a prey. Here is a modern torn in pieces by a little pug.

A little Dutch pug, with a little turned-up black nose. And is there no other pretty possessor of a *nez retroussé*, which man coaxes and dandles, and feeds with cream and chicken, and which he parts with after a struggle? Ah, my good fellow! Ah, my dear Macassar! We are sad dogs! we are cynical! You take my allusion, and your knowledge of the world will enable you to understand the allegory of

Your affectionate

SWELLMORE.

The Marquess of Macassar.

(*October*, 1851.)

PORTRAITS FROM THE LATE EXHIBITION.

As a popular contemporary has given a number of highly interesting portraits and biographies of gentlemen connected with the Exhibition, whose families and friends will naturally provide themselves with copies of their relatives' lives and countenances, Mr. PUNCH, ever anxious to benefit self and public, has it in contemplation to ornament his journal with

LIVES AND PORTRAITS OF THE EXHIBITORS

Who have not gained prizes at the Exposition of 1851.

And to this highly interesting class he strongly recommends his publication, of which, if but six copies weekly be taken by every Exhibitor, a decent remuneration cannot fail to attend the labours of Mr. P.

As specimens taken at hazard merely, Mr. PUNCH offers for the present week the following biographies and portraits.

Mr. Podgers is the eldest son, though the *third child*, of Major Podgers, of the Horse Marines, which he commanded on the death of their Colonel, in the flotilla action in the Bay of Fundy. The Major married Bella, seventh daughter of Sir Muffton Wroggles, of Wrogglesby, Northamptonshire, in which county the old Saxon family of Wroggles, or Worogles, has been located since the days of Alfred. The Podgers family, though ancient, is not of such antiquity. Mr. Podgers received his elementary education under the care of the Reverend Dr. Grig, at Northampton, whence he was removed to Harrow-on-the-Hill, where he would have been a contemporary of Dr. Parr, Sir William Jones, Lord Byron, and Sir Robert Peel, had he been placed at this famous school while those eminent individuals were studying there. It does not appear that Master Podgers took any prizes at Harrow, any more than at the Exhibition of 1851, his genius, though useful, not being brilliant, and his powers of application being only trifling.

Mr. Podgers was removed from Harrow to Coppernose College, Oxford, in the year 18—, and here, though not distinguished for classical attainments, he was very near

gaining the prize of valour in a single combat with a gigantic bargeman at Iffley Lock; but the *mariner* proved the better man, and an injury to Mr. Podgers's nose was the only permanent consequence of the rencontre.

It was not till 1823 that he inherited, by the demise of the gallant Major, his father, his estate of Hodgers-Podgers, Hants, where he now resides, occupying himself with agricultural pursuits, and with hunting, although increasing years and weight have rather wearied him of that occupation. Mr. Podgers is a magistrate and a married man; the father (by Emily, daughter of the Reverend Felix Rabbits) of thirteen children.

His spud was invented towards the close of the year 1850, and it is unnecessary to particularize this invention, which has not been found to answer better than, or indeed to differ greatly from, implements of a like simple nature.

Mr. Podgers's opinions as a politician are well known. Not noisy, he is consistent, and has often been heard to say that if all England were like him, we should get Protection back again. England being of the contrary opinion, no such result is expected. He is threescore years old, and weighs, we should think, a good fourteen stone ten.

Mrs. Glinders retained, by marrying her cousin, her own maiden and respectable name. Mr. Glinders, her father, has long been known as a distinguished medical practitioner at Bath. Mr. Fitzroy Glinders, her husband, is a solicitor in that city.

In Bath, or its charming neighbourhood, the chief part of the existence of Mrs. Glinders has been passed. It was here that she contracted, in the year 1836, that matrimonial engagement with the Reverend Mr. Fiddlebury which was so scandalously broken off by the Reverend Gentleman, who married Miss Bluff. The jury of an offended country awarded Miss Glinders £500 for the damage thus done to her affections, which sum she brought as dowry to her cousin the (then) young Fitzroy Glinders, who conducted her case. Their union has been blessed with a considerable family, and indeed Mr. Glinders's *quiver* is so full of them that he has been obliged to take another pew at church.

The washerwoman of Bath has ever had a constant friend in Mrs. Glinders. The thoughtless chimney-sweep, the ignorant dog's-meat man of her own city have always been plentifully supplied by her with means for bettering their spiritual condition. The Caffres and Mandingoes have found her eager in their behalf.

The counterpane, sent for *previous* exhibition to the national Exposition, is intended finally as a present for the King of Quacco. It is woollen, striped blue and pink, with a rich fringe of yellow and pea-green. It occupied Mrs. Glinders two hundred and seventy-four evenings, and the prime cost of the wool was £17, 14s. 6d. For a web which was to pass under the eyes of her own Sovereign, over the feet of another, though a benighted, monarch, Mrs. Glinders thought justly that expense was not to be regarded. She had fits on not finding her name in the prize-list, and had even entertained an idea that Mr. Glinders would receive a public honour. But time and her own strong spirit will console Mrs. Glinders under these disappointments; and for the sake of her family and friends it is to be hoped that she will be, in the words (slightly altered) of our immortal bard, "herself again."

Horatio Nelson Slamcoe was born in the New Cut, Lambeth, in the year when England lost her greatest naval hero. His mother, having witnessed the funeral procession of Trafalgar's conqueror, determined to bestow on her child, if a son, the glorious names of the departed: hence, in due time, the two Christian names of the subject of this memoir. The parents of Mr. Slamcoe were in humble life; and for the eminence which he has subsequently acquired he has to thank his genius rather than his education, which was neglected for the labours necessary to one whose own hands must work his own livelihood.

Well and skilfully, through five-and-thirty years, have the hands of Horatio Slamcoe toiled. Early taken under the roof of a tonsorial practitioner in the Waterloo Road, Mr. Slamcoe learned the rudiments of a trade which by him has been elevated to an art; for if to imitate beautiful nature be Art, what man deserves the proud name of artist better than the elegant perruquier? At twenty-one years of age, Mr.

Slamcoe had the honour of attending at L-mb-th Palace, with a wig made by his young hands, and offered to a late reverend Prelate of our Church. Professor S. augured ill for Episcopacy when those ornaments of our dignified divines fell into desuetude.

As Napoleon crowned himself King and Emperor, so it was, we believe, that Horatio Slamcoe dubbed himself Professor. His inventions are known to the world, and their beneficent influence is exemplified in his own person. Before he ever attempted continental travel, his "Balsam of Bohemia" was discovered; just as America was discovered by Columbus before that philosophic Genoese put foot on shipboard. His Tuscan Dentifrice; his Carthaginian Hair-dye; his Fountain of Hebe, are world-celebrated cosmetics, without which (he says) no toilet is complete. They are to be procured at his establishment, "The College of Beauty," with the usual liberal allowance to the trade, who should beware of unprincipled imitators, only too eager to adopt the discoveries of the Professor.

That the Kalonaturæ, or Gent's Own Head of Hair, should have been unrewarded by a Medal, is one of those instances which cries shame on the awards of the Committee. Let us hope it was not a conspiracy on the part of *rival wig-makers* (enemies of Mr. Slamcoe through life) which defeated the object of his ambition. But if there be any individuals blighted like himself, whose hair turned white in a single night, as some men's has through disappointment, the Professor recommends to such his Carthaginian dye, which will prevent the world, at least, from *guessing* what ravages grief has caused and manly pride would hide; though *it will scarcely* be credited the Professor's *own* hair is indebted for its rich jelly colour *solely* to the Carthaginian discovery.

(*November*, 1851.)

MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURES
ON
ENGLISH HISTORY.

MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

A CHARACTER

(TO INTRODUCE ANOTHER CHARACTER).

WE have the pleasure to be acquainted with a young fellow by the name of Adolphus Simcoe, who, like many another person of his age and rank in life, has been smitten with a love for literary pursuits, which have brought him to early ruin.

He gained a decent maintenance as assistant in the shop of Messrs. ——, apothecaries, Cheapside; but even then was observed never to move without a Byron in his pocket, and used to amuse the other gents in the establishment by repeating whole passages from Shelley, Wordsworth, and Moore. To one young man he confided a large ledger of poems of his own composition; but being of a timid turn, and the young man falling asleep during the reading of the very first ballad, Adolphus never attempted a similar proceeding with any of his comrades again, but grew more morose and poetical, frequenting the theatres, coming late to business, living alone, and turning down his shirt collars more and more every day. Messrs. Butler had almost determined, although with regret, to turn away the lad, when he prevented that step on their part by signifying his own intention to retire. His grandmother, who we are led to believe kept a small shop in the town of York, left Adolphus a fortune of three hundred pounds in the Three per Cents., which sum

he thought fully adequate for the making of his fortune in his own way.

His passion was to become an editor of a Magazine; to assemble about him "the great spirits of the age," as he called them; and to be able to communicate his own contributions to the public, aided by all the elegances of type, and backed by all the ingenuities of puffery.

That celebrated miscellany the *Lady's Lute* then being for sale—indeed, if a gentleman has a mind to part with his money, it is very hard if he cannot find some periodical with a broom at its masthead—Adolphus, for the sum of forty-five pounds, became the proprietor and editor of the *Lute;* and had great pleasure in seeing his own name in the most Gothic capitals upon the title-page—his poems occupying the place of honour within. The honest fellow has some good mercantile notions, and did not in the least hesitate to say, on the part of the proprietors, and on the fly-leaf of the Magazine, that the Public of England would rejoice to learn that the great aid of ADOLPHUS SIMCOE, ESQUIRE, had been secured, at an immense expense, for the *Lady's Lute;* that his contributions would henceforth be *solely* confined to it, and that the delighted world would have proofs of his mighty genius in song.

Having got all the poets by heart, he had a pretty knack of imitating them all, and in a single ballad would give you specimens of at least half a dozen different styles. He had, moreover, an emphatic way of his own, which was for a little time popular; and the public, for near a year, may be said to have been almost taken in by Adolphus Simcoe—as they have been by other literary characters of his kind. It is, we do believe, a fact that for a certain time Adolphus's Magazine actually paid its contributors; and it is a known truth that one India-paper proof of the portrait of himself, which he published in the second year of his editorship, was bought by a young lady, a sincere admirer of his poems.

In the course of eighteen months he exhausted his manuscript ledger of poetry: he published his "Ghoul," a poem in Lord Byron's style; his "Leila," after the manner of Thomas Moore; his "Idiosyncrasy," a didactic poem, that strongly reminded one of Wordsworth; and his "Gondola—

a Venetian Lay," that may be considered to be slightly similar to the works of L. E. L.; then he came out with a Tragedy, called "Perdition, or the Rosicrucian Gammons," of which the dullness was so portentous that at the end of the fourth act it was discovered there were not more than thirty-three subscribers left to the Magazine.

Suffice to say that though he continued the work desperately for six months longer, pouring, as he said, the whole energies of his soul into its pages (the fact was, that as there was no more money there were no more contributors) —though he wrote articles pathetic, profound, and humorous, commenced romances, and indited the most bitter and sarcastic reviews—the *Lady's Lute* fell to the ground; its chords, as he said, were rudely snapped asunder, and he who had swept them with such joy went forth a wretched and heartbroken man.

He passed three months in Her Majesty's Asylum of the Fleet, from whence he issued in brocade *robe-de-chambre*, and the possessor of the cut-glass bottles and shaving trumpery of a dressing-case, the silver covers of which he had pawned in order to subsist while in durance.

Our belief is that Miss Tickletoby is his relation: it is certain that he sleeps in her back garret (and the venerable age of the lady puts all scandal out of the question); he has, we are fully certain, instructed her pupils in penmanship, filling up his leisure moments by writing what would have been contributions to the Magazines, if those works would but have accepted the same.

He still speaks of the *Lady's Lute* as of the greatest periodical that ever was produced, and but the other day apologized warmly to the writer of this for having abused his early volume of Poems—"Lyrics of the Soul" they were called—written at sixteen, when we were students at the University of London. He persists in thinking that the author of "Lyrics of the Soul" has never forgiven him; that he has never been the same man since, but has pined away under the effects of that withering sarcasm. Our next work, he says, was the bitter Slough of Despair; it was called "The Downy Dragsman; or, Love in Liquorpond Street." This, at least, the reader will remember. Could anything

be more frank than its humour, more joyously low than every one of the scenes in that truly racy production?

It is needless to say, we have no sort of anger against poor Adolphus; but that, on the contrary, meeting him very wild and gloomy, and more than usually dirty, at the "Globe," in Bow Street, which we both frequent, it was a great pleasure to us to lend him seven shillings, which enabled him to order a dish of meat in addition to that unhappy half-pint of beer which seemed really to form all his dinner.

The dinner and the money made him communicative, and he was good enough to confide to us the history of a vast number of his disappointments—"his blighted opes—his withered dreams of hearly years—his 'vain hambition'" (Adolphus is a Londoner, whatever his grandmother may have been); and at the end of all he pulled out a manuscript (which is always rather a frightful object to a literary man), but instead of reading it began, thank Heaven, only to discourse about it. It was another's writing, not his own.

"Halfred," said he, "you know I hoccupy no common position in the literary world. I ave at least done so, until misfortune hovertook me. Since my sorrows I've been kindly oused by a munificent being—a woman. ('Ere's to er,'" said he, draining his glass solemnly, "'who doubles hall our joys and alves hall our sorrows—to woman!'") Having finished his brandy-and-water, he resumed:—

"Hever since hi've been in the ouse of that hangelic being—she's hold, Halfred, hold enough to be my grandmother, and so I pray you let the sneer pass away from your lips—hi've not neglected, has you may himagine, the sacred calling for which hi feel hi was born. Poesy has been my solace in my lonely hagonies, hand I've tried the newspapers hall round. But they're a callous and ard-earted set, those literary men. Men who have feasted at my table and quaffed of my wine-cup; men who, in the days of my prosperity, have grown rich from my purse—will you believe it, they won't accept a single harticle of my writing, and scornfully pass me by! Worse than this—they refuse to elp me by the most simple puff for me and mine; would you believe it, my dear friend, Miss Tickletoby has just commenced a series of lectures, for which hi'm hanxious to get the world's good

opinion, and not one paper will hinsert the little description I've written off. The *Hage*, the *Hargus*, the *Hera*, hi've applied to 'em all, and they're hall the same—hall, hall ungrateful."

"My dear fellow, if you will write verse," said I——

"It's not verse," answered Adolphus; "it's prose—a report of Miss T.'s lecture, prefaced by a modest leading harticle."

"I'll see if I can get it into *Punch*," said I.

"Hush, *Punch!*" shouted he. "Heavens, have you fallen so low! I write in *Punch!* Gracious powers! In *Punch*—in *Punch!*"

"Rum or brandy, sir?" said Betsy, the waiter, who caught the last word.

"*Rum*," said Adolphus (with a good deal of presence of mind); and as he drank the steaming liquor took my hand. "Halfred," said he, "tell me this one thing—does *Punch pay?* for, between ourselves, Miss Tickletoby says that she'll turn me out of doors unless I can make myself useful to her and—pay my bill."

Adolphus Simcoe is to be paid for his contributions, and *next week* we shall begin Miss Tickletoby's Lectures.

LECTURE I.

We have just had the joy to be present at one of the most splendid exhibitions of intelligence which have been witnessed in our splendid and intelligent time.

The great spirit of History, distilled in a mighty mind's alembic, outpouring clear, rich, strong, intoxicating oft—so delicious was the draught, and so eager the surrounding drinkers; the figures of statesmen and heroes, wise heroes and heroic statesmen, caught up from their darkness in the far past, and made by the enchantress to shine before us visible; the gorgeous and gigantic memories of old Time rising stately from their graves, and looking on us as in life they looked—such were the thoughts, sensations, visions, that we owe to the eloquence of Miss Tickletoby this day.

We write under a tremendous emotion, for the words of the fair speaker still thrill in our ears; nor can we render

account of one tithe part of that mystic harmony of words, that magic spell of poesy, which the elegant oratrix flung round her audience—a not readily-to-be-dissipated charm.

Suffice it to say that, pursuant to her announcements in the public prints, this accomplished lady commenced her series of lectures on English History to-day. Her friends, her pupils, those who know and esteem her (and these consist of the rarest of England's talent and the brightest of her aristocracy), were assembled at one o'clock punctually in her modest dwelling (No. 3 Leg-of-Veal Court, Little Britain, over the greengrocer's; pull the *third* bell from the bottom). We were among the first to attend, and gladly give the publicity of our columns to a record of the glorious transactions of the day. The reporters of this paper were employed in taking down every word that fell from the speaker's lips (would that they could have likewise transferred the thrilling tones and magic glance which made her words a thousand times more precious); we, on the other hand, being from our habits more accustomed to philosophic abbreviation, have been contented with taking down rather the heads and the *suggestivity* (if we may use the phrase) of Miss Tickletoby's discourse; and we flatter ourselves that, upon a comparison with the text, the analysis will be found singularly faithful.

We have spoken of the public character; a word now regarding Miss Tickletoby *the woman*. She has long been known and loved in the quarter of which she is the greatest blessing and ornament—that of St. Mary Axe.

From her early life practising tuition, some of the best families of the City owe to her their earliest introduction to letters. Her Spelling-book is well known, and has run through very nearly an edition; and when we rank among her pupils *the daughter of one of the clerks of Alderman Harmer*, AND A NIECE OF A LATE HONOURED LORD MAYOR, we have said enough to satisfy the most fastidious votary of fashion with respect to the worldly position of those who sit at Miss Tickletoby's feet.

Miss Tickletoby believes that education, to be effective, should be begun early, and therefore receives her pupils from the age of two upwards. Nay, she has often laughingly observed that she would have no objection to take them

from the month, as childhood's training can never be too soon commenced. Of course, at so tender an age, *sex* is no consideration. Miss Tickletoby's children (as she loves to call them) are both of the sterner and the softer varieties of our human species.

With regard to her educational system, it is slightly coercive. She has none of the new-fangled notions regarding the inutility of corporal punishments, but, remembering their effects in her own case, does not hesitate to apply them whenever necessity urges.

On Wednesdays (half-holidays) she proposes to deliver a series of lectures upon English history, occasionally (it would appear from a hint in the present discourse) diversified by subjects of a lighter and more holiday kind. *We shall attend them all;* nor can the public of this city do better than follow our example. The price of tickets for the six lectures is—ninepence.

> Can such things be,
> And overcome us like a summer cloud
> Without our special wonder?

THE LECTURE-ROOM.

The lecture was announced for one o'clock, and arriving at that hour, we found the room full of rank and fashion. Excellent accommodation was arranged for the public press. Flowers, some of those cheap but lovely and odorous ones which form the glory of England's garden, were placed tastefully here and there—on the mantel, on the modest table at which stood the lecturer's chair, and a large and fragrant bouquet in the window-sill. These were (with the exception of a handsome curtain that hung before the door from which Miss Tickletoby was to issue) the sole ornaments of the simple academic chamber.

The lovely children, with wistful eyes and cheeks more flushed than any roses there, were accommodated with their usual benches, while their parents were comfortably ranged in chairs behind them. 'Twas indeed a thrilling sight—a sight to bring tears into the philanthropic heart; happy tears though, such as those spring showers which fall from the lids of childhood, and which rainbow joy speedily dries up again.

The bell rings: one moment, and the chintz curtain draws aside; and midst waving of kerchiefs, and shouting of bravos, and with smiling eyes fixed upon her, and young hearts to welcome her, THE LECTURER steps forth. *Now, our* task is over. Gentles, let the enchantress speak for herself.

Having cleared her voice, and gazing round the room with a look of affection, she began

THE LECTURE.

My Loves,—With regard to the early history of our beloved country, before King Alfred ascended the throne, I have very little indeed to say: in the first place, because the story itself is none of the most moral—consisting of accounts of murders agreeably varied by invasions; and secondly, dears, because, to tell you the truth, I have always found those first chapters so abominably stupid that I have made a point to pass them over. For I had an indulgent mamma, who did not look to my education so much as I do to yours, and provided she saw Howell's "Medulla" before me, never thought of looking to see whether "Mother Goose" was within the leaves. Ah, dears! that is a pleasant history too, and in holiday time we will have a look at *that*.

Well, then, about the abominable odious Danes and Saxons, the Picts and the Scots, I know very little, and must say have passed through life pretty comfortably in spite of my ignorance. Not that this should be an excuse to *you*—no, no, darlings: learn for learning's sake; if not, I have something hanging up in the cupboard, and you know my name is Tickletoby. [*Great sensation.*]

How first our island became inhabited is a point which nobody knows. I do not believe a word of that story at the beginning of the "Seven Champions of Christendom," about King Brute and his companions; and as for the other hypotheses (let Miss Biggs spell the word "hypothesis," and remember not to confound it with "apothecary"), they are not worth consideration. For as the first man who entered the island could not write, depend on it he never set down the date of his arrival; and I leave you to guess what a confusion about dates there would speedily be—you who can't

remember whether it was last Thursday or Friday that you had gooseberry pudding for dinner.

Those little dears who have not seen Mrs. Trimmer's "History of England" have no doubt beheld pictures of Mr. Oldridge's Balm of Columbia. The ancient Britons were like the lady represented there, only not black; the excellent Mrs. T.'s pictures of these no doubt are authentic, and there our ancestors are represented as dressed in painted skins, and wearing their hair as long as possible. I need not say that it was their own skins they painted, because, as for clothes, they were not yet invented.

Perhaps some of my darlings have seen at their papas' evening parties some curious (female) Britons who exist in our own time, and who, out of respect for the country in which they were born, are very fond of the paint, and not at all partial to clothes.

As for the religion of the ancient Britons, as it was a false and abominable superstition, the less we say about it the better. If they had a religion, you may be sure they had a clergy. This body of persons were called Druids. The historian Hume says that they instructed the youth of the country, which, considering not one boy in 1,000,000,000,000 could read, couldn't give the Druids much trouble. The Druids likewise superintended the law matters and government of Britain, and in return for their kindness were handsomely paid, as all teachers of youth, lawyers, and ministers ought to be. [*"Hear, hear," from* Lord ABINGER *and* Sir ROBERT PEEL.]

The ancient Britons were of a warlike, rude nature (and loved broils and battles, like Master Spry yonder). They used to go forth with clubs for weapons, and bulls' horns for trumpets; and so with their clubs and trumps they would engage their enemies, who sometimes conquered them, and sometimes were conquered by them, according to luck.

The priests remained at home and encouraged them—praying to their gods, and longing no doubt for a share of the glory and danger; but they learned, they said, to sacrifice themselves for the public good. Nor did they only sacrifice themselves; I grieve to say that it was their custom to sacrifice other people: for when the Britons returned from

war with their prisoners, the priests carried the latter into certain mysterious groves, where they slew them on the horrid altars of their gods. The gods, they said, delighted in these forests and these dreadful human sacrifices, and you will better remember the facts by my representing these gods to you as so many wicked Lovegroves, and their victims as unfortunate Whitebait. [*Immense sensation.*]

And as your papas have probably taken some of you to see the opera of "Norma," which relates to these very Druids that we are talking about, you will know that the ancient Britons had not only priests, but priestesses—that is, clergy-women. Remember this, and don't commit an error which is common in society, and talk of two clerical gentlemen as two *priestesses*. It is a gross blunder. One might as well speak of the "Blue Posteses" (in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, where, I am told, excellent beef-steaks are served), or talk of having your *breakfasteses*, as I have heard the Duchess of —— often do. Remember, then, Priests, singular Priest. "Blue Posts" (Cork Street, Burlington Gardens), singular "Blue Post." "Breakfasts," singular—What is the singular of Breakfasts, Miss Higgins?

Miss Higgins. I don't know.

Master Smith (*delighted and eager*). I know.

Miss Tickletoby. Speak, my dear, and tell that inattentive Miss Higgins what is the singular of "breakfasts."

Master Smith (*clearing his voice by rubbing his jacket sleeve across his nose*). The most singular breakfast *I* know is old John Wapshot's, who puts sugar in his muffins and takes salt in his tea!

[Master SMITH *was preparing to ascend to the head of the class, but was sternly checked by* Miss TICKLETOBY, *who resumed her discourse.*

It was not to be supposed that the wickedness of these Priests could continue for ever; and accordingly we find (though upon my word I don't know upon what authority) that, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven years ago, Julius Cæsar, that celebrated military man, landed at Deal. He conquered a great number of princes with jaw-breaking names, as did the Roman Emperors, his successors—such as the Trinobantes, the Atrebates, the Silures, all richly deserving

their fate, doubtless, as I fear they were but savages at best. They were masters of the Britons for pretty near five hundred years; and though the Scotch pretend that the Romans never conquered their part of it, I am inclined to suppose it was pretty much for the reasons that the clothes are not taken off a scarecrow in the fields—because they are not worth the taking.

About the year 450, the Romans, having quite enough to do at home, quitted Britain for good, when the Scots, who were hungry then, and have been hungry ever since, rushed in among the poor unprotected Britoners, who were forced to call the Saxons to their aid.

'Twas two o'clock: the Lecturer made her curtsy, and reminded her auditory that another Lecture would take place on the following Wednesday, and the company departed, each making a mental affidavit to return.

LECTURE II.

In the lecture-room we observed one of the noblest of our poet-philosophers, who was assiduously taking notes, and we say that it is to Adolphus Simcoe, Esquire, author of the "Ghoul," "Leila," "Idiosyncrasy," etc., that we are indebted for the following Philosophical Synopsis of Miss Tickletoby's First Lecture on English History, delivered to her pupils and their *friends* on the — July, at her Scholastic Hall, Little Britain.

1. On the painful impression occasioned by the contemplation of early barbarism.

2. The disposition of the human mind to avoid such a study.

3. The *mystic* and the *historic:* their comparative beauty and excellence. The Lecturer promises on a further occasion to speak upon the former subject.

4. Spite of his unwillingness, 'tis the duty of the student to acquaint himself with *all* the facts of history, whether agreeable or not, and of the tutor to urge *by every means* the unwilling.

5. Various hypotheses with regard to the first colonization of Britain. The hypothesis of the chivalric ages, and of the cycle of Arthur.

6. The insufficiency of all theories upon the subject proved by a familiar appeal to the student's own powers of memory.

7. THE ANCIENT BRITONS—their costume; (8) its singular resemblances with that of the Transatlantic savage; (9) a passing word of reprobation upon an odious modern custom.

10. THE RELIGION OF THE BRITONS.—11. A religion inseparable from a priesthood.—The attributes of the Druidical priesthood, their privileges and powers.—12. Of the rewards that the State ought to grant to the ministers of its government, its laws, and its education.

13. THE WARS OF THE BRITONS.—14. Their weapons.—15. Their various fortunes in the field.

16. The influence of the Priests upon their campaigns.—17. The barbaric sacrifices in the groves of Odin.—18. Fanciful simile.

19. The Priestesses: grammatical distinction to be drawn between them and the Priests.

20. Episode of Miss Higgins and Master Smith—absurd blunder of the latter.

21. THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN.—22. The character of Cæsar.—23. Of his successors.—24. Their victories over the barbarous Britons a blessing and not an evil.—25. The Scottish boasts of invincibility; the true view of them.

26. THE DOWNFALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.—The legions withdrawn from Britain. Depredations of the Scots in that unhappy island.

The following questions on the most important points of the Lecture were delivered by Miss Tickletoby to her pupils:—

EXAMINATION PAPER.

July 1842.

At the Academe, Leg-of-Veal Court, London, superintended by WILHELMINA MARIA TICKLETOBY.

Q. By whom was Britain first colonized; and at what period?
A. From the best accounts it is quite uncertain. It was colonized at the period when the colonists landed!

Q. What was the date of the landing of the Romans in Britain?
A. A day or two after they quitted Gaul!

Q. Why were they obliged to jump into the water from their boats?
A. Because they were *inwaders!*

Q. When Boadicea harangued the Icenic warriors before her supreme combat with Suetonius, why did she remind the latter of a favourite vegetable?
A. Because she was an Icenean (a nice inion). The alicampane prize to Miss Parminter (for answering this).

THE LECTURE.

Personages present.

MISS WILHELMINA MARIA TICKLETOBY.
MASTER SPRY (*a quarrelsome boy*).
MISS PONTIFEX (*a good girl*).
MASTER MAXIMUS PONTIFEX (*her brother, a worthy though not brilliant lad*). } Pupils.
MASTER DELANEY MORTIMER (*says nothing*).
MR. DESBOROUGH MORTIMER (*footman in the service of* SIR GEORGE GOLLOP, Bart., *and father of the above*).
MISS BUDGE, *an assistant* (*says nothing*). Boys, Girls, Parents, etc.

Scene as before.

THE PICTS, THE SCOTS, THE DANES; GREGORY THE SATIRIST, THE CONVERSION OF THE BRITONS, THE CHARACTER OF ALFRED.—I did not in my former Lecture make the least allusion to the speech of Queen Boadicea to her troops before going into action, because, although several reports of that oration have been handed down to us, not one of them as I take it is correct, and what is the use, my darlings, of reporting words (hers were very abusive against the Romans)—of reporting words that never were uttered? There's scandal enough, loves, in this wicked world without going back to old stories—*real* scandal too, which may satisfy any person. Nor did I mention King Caractacus's noble behaviour before the Roman Emperor Claudius; for that history is so abominably stale that I am sure none of my blessed loves require to be told it.

When the Britons had been deserted by the Romans, and found themselves robbed and pillaged by the Picts and Scots, they sent over to a people called Saxons (so called because they didn't live in Saxony): who came over to help their friends, and having turned out the Picts and Scots, and finding the country a pleasant one to dwell in, they took possession of it, saying that the Britons did not deserve to have a country, as they did not know how to keep it. This sort of argument was considered very just in those days—and I've seen some little boys in this school acting *Saxon-fashion:* for instance, Master Spry the other day took away a piece of gingerbread from Master Jones, giving him a great thump on

the nose instead; and what was the consequence? I showed Master Spry the injustice of his action, and punished him severely.

To Master Spry. How did I punish you, my dear? tell the company.

Master Spry. You kept the gingerbread.

Miss T. (*severely*). I don't mean that: how *else* did I punish you?

Master Spry. You vipped me; but I kicked your shins all the time.

Unruly boy! but so it is, ladies and gentlemen, in the infancy of individuals as in that of nations: we hear of these continual scenes of violence, until prudence teaches respect for property, and law becomes stronger than force. To return to the Saxons: they seized upon the goods and persons of the effeminate Britons, made the latter their slaves, and sold them as such in foreign countries. The mind shudders at such horrors!—How should *you* like, you naughty Master Spry, to be seized and carried from your blessed mother's roof? [*immense sensation, and audible sobbing among the ladies present*] how should you like to be carried off and sold as a slave to France or Italy?

Master Spry. Is there any schools there? I shouldn't mind if there ain't.

Miss T. Yes, sir, there *are* schools, and RODS.

[*Immense uproar. Cries of "Shame!" "No flogging!" "Serve him right!" "No tyranny!" "Horse him this instant!" With admirable presence of mind, however,* Miss TICKLETOBY *stopped the disturbance by unfolding her* GREAT HISTORICAL PICTURE!

It chanced that two lovely British children, sold like thousands of others by their ruthless Saxon masters, were sent to Rome, and exposed upon the slave-market there. Fancy those darlings in such a situation!

There they stood, weeping and wretched, thinking of their parents' cot in the far Northern Isle, sighing and yearning, no doubt, for the green fields of Albin!*

It happened that a gentleman by the name of Gregory,

* Albin, the ancient name of England: not to be confounded with Albin, hairdresser and wig-maker to the Bar, Essex Court, Temple.

who afterwards rose to be Pope of Rome, but who was then a simple clerical gent, passed through the market, with his friends, and came to the spot where these poor British children stood.

The Reverend Mr. Gregory was instantly struck by their appearance—by their rosy cheeks, their golden hair; their little jackets covered all over with sugar-loaf buttons, their poor nankeens grown all too short by constant wash and wear—and demanded of their owner of what nation the little darlings were.

The man (who spoke in Latin) replied that they were *Angli*—that is, Angles or English.

"Angles!" said the enthusiastic Mr. Gregory; "they are not Angles, but Angels;" and with this joke, which did not do much honour to his head, though certainly his heart was good, he approached the little dears, caressed them, and made still further inquiries regarding them.*

Miss Pontifex (*one of the little girls*). And did Mr. Gregory take the little children out of slavery, and send them home, ma'am?

Mr. Hume, my dear good little girl, does not mention this fact; but let us hope he did. With all my heart I'm sure *I* hope he did. But this is certain, that he never forgot them, and when in process of time he came to be Pope of Rome——

Master Maximus Pontifex. Pa says *my* name's Lat'n for Pope of Rome; is it, ma'am?

I've no doubt it is, my love, since your papa says so: and when Gregory became Pope of Rome, he dispatched a number of his clergy to England, who came and converted the benighted Saxons and Britons, and they gave up their hideous idols and horrid human sacrifices, and sent the wicked Druids about their business.

The Saxons had ended by becoming complete masters of the country, and the people were now called Anglo or English Saxons. There were a great number of small sovereigns in the land then; but about the year 830 the King called

* Miss Tickletoby did not, very properly, introduce the other puns which Gregory made on the occasion; they are so atrociously bad that they could not be introduced into the columns of *Punch*.

Egbert became the master of the whole country; and he, my loves, was the father of Alfred.

Alfred came to the throne after his three brothers, and you all know how good and famous a king he was. It is said that his father indulged him, and that he did not know how to read until he was twelve years old: but this, my dears, I cannot believe—or, at least, I cannot but regret that there were no nice day-schools then, where children might be taught to read before they were twelve, or ten, or even eight years old, as many of my dear scholars can.

[Miss TICKLETOBY *here paused for a moment, and resumed her lecture with rather a tremulous voice.*]

It is my wish to amuse this company as well as I can, and sometimes, therefore—for I am by nature a facetious old woman, heartily loving a bit of fun—I can't help making jokes about subjects which other historians treat in a solemn and pompous way.

But, dears, I don't think it right to make one single joke about good King Alfred, who was so good, and so wise, and so gentle, and so brave, that one can't laugh, but only love and honour his memory. Think of this, how rare good kings are, and let us value a good one when he comes. We have had just fifty kings since his time, who have reigned for near a thousand long years, and he the only Great one. Brave and victorious many of them have been, grand and sumptuous, and a hundred times more powerful than he; but who cares for one of them (except Harry V., and I think Shakespeare made *that* king), who loves any of them except him—the man who spoiled the cakes in the herdsman's cottage, the man who sung and played in the Danes' camp?

There are none of you so young but know those stories about him. Look, when the people love a man, how grateful they are! For a thousand years these little tales have passed from father to son all through England, and every single man out of millions and millions who has heard them has loved King Alfred in his heart, and blessed him, and was proud that he was an Englishman's king. And then he hears that Alfred fought the Danes, and drove them out of England; and that he was merciful to his enemies, and kept faith at a time when every one else was deceitful and cruel; and that he

was the first to make laws, and establish peace and liberty among us.

Who cares for Charles the Second, secured in his oak, more than for any other man at a pinch of danger? Charles might have stayed in his tree for us, or for any good that he did when he came down. But for King Alfred, waiting in his little secret island until he should be strong enough to have one more battle with his conquerors, or in the camp of the enemy singing his songs to his harp, who does not feel as for a dear friend or father in danger, and cry hurrah with all his heart when he wins?

All the little Children. Hurray! Alfred for ever!

Yes, my dears, you love him all, and would all fight for him, I know.

Master Spry. That I would.

I'm sure you would, John; and may you never fight for a worse cause! Ah, it's a fine thing to think of the people loving a man for a thousand years! We shan't come to such another in the course of all these lectures—except mayhap, if we get so far, to one George——

Mr. Mortimer (*aloud, and with much confidence*). George the Fourth, you mean, miss—the first gentleman in Europe.

Miss T. (*sternly*). No, sir; I mean GEORGE WASHINGTON, the *American* Alfred, sir, who gave and took from us many a good beating, and drove the *English*-Danes out of his country.

Mr. Mortimer. Disgusting raddicle!—De Lancey, my dear, come with me.—Mem! I shall withdraw my son from your academy. [*Exeunt* MORTIMER, Senior and Junior.

Miss T. Let them go. As long as honest people agree with me, what care I what great men's flunkeys choose to think?—Miss Budge, make out Mr. Mortimer's account.—Ladies and Gentlemen, on Wednesday next I hope for the honour of resuming *these* Lectures.

[*Punch*, in concluding this long paper, begs to hint to Mr. Simcoe, whose remuneration will be found at the office, that for the future he may spare his own remarks, philosophical, laudatory, or otherwise, and confine himself simply to the Lectures of Miss Tickletoby.]

LECTURE III.

THE SEA-KINGS IN ENGLAND.

In the olden time our glorious country of England, my dears, must have been a pleasant place; for see what numbers of people have taken a fancy to it! First came the Romans, as we have seen, then the Saxons: and when they were comfortably established here, the Danes, under their Sea-kings, came gallantly over the main, and were not a whit less charmed with the island than the Saxons and Romans had been.

Amongst these distinguished foreigners may be mentioned the Sea-king Swayn, who came to England in the year nine hundred and something, landing at Margate, with which he was so pleased as to determine to stop there altogether—being, as he said, so much attached to this country that nothing would induce him to go back to his own. Wasn't it a compliment to us? There is a great deal of this gallantry in the people of the North; and you may have observed, even in our own days, that some of them, 'specially Scotchmen, when once landed here, are mighty unwilling to go home again.

Well, King Swayn's stay became preposterously long; and his people consumed such a power of drink and victuals, that at length our late beloved monarch, King Ethelred the Second, was induced to send to him. A bard of those days has recorded, with considerable minuteness, the particulars of Swayn's arrival; and as his work has not been noticed by Turner, Hallam, Hume, or any other English historian, it may be quoted with advantage here. Snoro the Bard (so called from the exciting effect which his poem produced on his audience) thus picturesquely introduces us to the two Kings:—

"ÆTHELRED KONING MURNING POST REDINGE."

B. M. MSS. CLAUD. XXV.—XXVII.

A-reading of the newspaper, in meditation lost,
Sate Æthelred of England, and took his tea and toast;
Sate Æthelred of England, and read the *Morning Post*.

Among the new arrivals the Journal did contain,
At Margate, on the twentieth, His Majesty King Swayn
Of Denmark, with a retinue of horsemen and of Dane!

Loud laughed King Æthelred, and laid the paper down:
"Margate is a proper place for a Danish clown."
"Take care," said the Chancellor, "*he doesn't come to town.*"

"This King Swayn," says Witfrid the fool, laughing loud and free,
"Sea-king as he is, a boatswain ought to be."
"It is none of *our seeking*," says the Chancellor, says he.

"Let him come," said the King (in his mouth buttered toast popping),
"At Wapping or at Redriff this boatswain will be stopping."
"Take care," says Chancellor Wigfrid, "he don't give *you* a wapping."

"I'm certain," says wise Wigfrid, "the Sea-king means us evilly.—
Herald, go to Margate and speak unto him civilly;
And if he's not at Margate, why then try Ramsgate and Tivoli."

Herald, in obedience to his master dear,
Goes by steam to Margate, landing at the Pier;
Says he, "King Swayn of Denmark I think is lodging here?"

Swayn, the bold Sea-king, with his captains and skippers,
Walked on the sea-beach looking at the dippers—
Walked on the sea-beach in his yellow slippers.

The ballad, which is important to the archæologian as showing how many of the usages of the present day prevailed nine hundred years back (thus fondly do Englishmen adhere to their customs), and which shows that some of the jokes called puns at present currently uttered as novelties were in existence at this early period of time, goes on to describe, with a minuteness that amounts almost to tediousness, the interview between Swayn and the herald. It is angry, for the latter conveys to the Danish monarch the strongest exhortations, on the part of King Ethelred, to quit the kingdom.

"Nay, I cannot go," said Swayn, "for my ships are leaking."
"You shall have a fleet," says the herald, "if that be what you're seeking."
"Well, I *won't* go, and that's flat," answered Swayn the Sea-king.

Falling into a fury, Swayn then abuses the King of England in the most contumelious terms; says that he will make his back into a football, and employ his nose for a bell-rope;

but finally recollecting himself, dismisses the herald with a present of five-eighths of a groat—twopence-halfpenny (a handsome largesse, considering the value of money in those days) -bidding him at the same time order what he liked to drink at the hotel where he (King Swayn) resided. "Well," says the Chronicler pathetically—"well might he order what he thought proper. *King Swayn of Denmark never paid a copper.*" A frightful picture of the insolence and rapacity of the invader and his crew!

A battle, as is natural, ensues; the invader is victorious. Ethelred flies to France, and the venerable Chancellor Wigfrid is put to the most dreadful tortures, being made by the ferocious despot to undergo the indignities which (as we have seen in the former passage) he had promised to inflict on the royal fugitive, as well as many more. As a specimen of the barbarian's ingenuity, it may be stated that the martyr Wigfrid is made to administer a mockery of justice, seated on a woolsack stuffed with—the mind revolts at the thought —*stuffed with fleas!*

But it is remarkable that the bard Snoro, who so long as Swayn was not victorious over Ethelred is liberal in his abuse of the Dane, immediately on Ethelred's defeat changes his note, and praises with all his might the new sovereign. At Swayn's death he is lost in grief—being, however, consoled in the next stanza by the succession of his son Canute to the throne.

Snoro gives particular accounts of Canute's reign and actions—his victories in foreign lands, and the great drawn battle between him and Edmund Ironsides, about whose claims the bard is evidently puzzled to speak; however, on Edmund's death, which took place, singularly and conveniently enough, about a month after Canute and he had made a compromise regarding the crown (the compromise left the kingdom to the *survivor*), Snoro takes up the strain loudly and decidedly in favour of Canute, and hints at the same time his perfect conviction that Ironsides is roasting in a certain place.

And then, after following King Canute through his battles —in one of which the celebrated Godwin (who, I believe, afterwards married Mary Wollstonecraft) showed the valour

of Englishmen—after going through a list of murders, treasons, usurpations, which the great monarch committed, the bard comes to that famous passage in his history which all little boys know; and I have the pleasure to show a copy of an Anglo-Saxon drawing which is to be found in the MS., and which *never* has been seen until the present day.

[This drawing was handed round to the company by Miss Tickletoby, and excited an immense sensation, which having subsided, the lecturer proceeded to read from the same MS., Claud. XXVII. XXVIII., "The Song of King Canute."*]

King Canute was weary-hearted; he had reigned for years a score—
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much, and robbing more;
And he thought upon his actions walking by the wild sea-shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop walked the King with step sedate;
Chamberlains and Grooms came after, Silver-sticks and Gold-sticks great;
Chaplains, Aides-de-Camp, and Pages—all the officers of State.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to pause,
If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped their jaws;
If to laughter he was minded, out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him—that was clear to old and young;
Thrice His Grace had yawned at table when his favourite gleeman sung:
Once the Queen would have consoled him, and he bid her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my royal master," cried the Keeper of the Seal;
"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served at dinner, or the veal.
Shall I call Your Grace's doctor?" "Psha! it is not *that* I feel.

"'Tis the *heart* and not the stomach, fool! that doth my rest impair;
Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?
Oh, I'm sick, and tired, and weary!" Some one cried, "The King's armchair!"

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick my Lord the Keeper nodded;
Straight the King's great chair was brought him by two footmen able-bodied;
Languidly he sunk into it—it was comfortably wadded.

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* The poems are translated, word for word, from the Anglo-Saxon, by the accomplished Adolphus Simcoe, Esquire, author of "Perdition," "The Ghoul," editor of the *Lady's Lute*, etc.

"Leading on my fierce companions," cried he, "over storm and brine,
I have fought and I have conquered; where is glory like to mine?"
Loudly all the courtiers echoed, "Where is glory like to thine?"

"What avail me all my kingdoms? I am weary now and old:
Those fair sons I have begotten long to see me dead and cold;
Would I were, and quiet buried underneath the silent mould.

"Oh, remorse! the writhing serpent, at my bosom tears and bites:
Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all the lights,—
Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed of nights.

"Cities burning, convents blazing red with sacrilegious fires;
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming vainly to their slaughtered sires."
"Such a tender conscience," cries the Bishop, "every one admires.

"But for such unpleasant bygones cease, my gracious lord, to search:
They're forgotten and forgiven by our holy mother Church.
Never, never doth she leave her benefactors in the lurch.

"Look, the land is crowned with minsters which Your Grace's bounty raised;
Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and Heaven are daily praised:
You, my lord, to think of dying! on my honour I'm amazed."

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is drawing near."
"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear);
"Sure Your Grace is strong and lusty, and will live this fifty year!"

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared (with action made to suit);
"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute?
Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty will do't.

"Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Canan, Mahaleel, Methuselah,
Lived nine hundred years apiece; and is not he as good as they?"
"Fervently," exclaimed the Keeper—"fervently I trust he may."

"*He* to die?" resumed the Bishop; "he a mortal like to us?
Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus*.
Keeper, you are irreligious for to talk and cavil thus.

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can compete:
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet;
Surely he could raise the dead up did His Highness think it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish Captain stop the sun upon the hill,
And, the while he slew the foeman, bid the silver moon stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?" Canute cried;
"Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?"
Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my lord, are thine."
Canute looked toward the ocean. "Back," he said, "thou foaming brine!

"From the sacred shore I stand on I command thee to retreat;
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat;
Ocean, be thou still, I bid thee, come not nearer to my feet."

But the angry ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore,—
Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,
But alone to praise and worship that which earth and seas obey;
And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.
King Canute is dead and gone: Parasites exist alway.

LECTURE IV.

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR—HAROLD—WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

KING CANUTE, whose adventures at the watering-place my young friend Mr. Simcoe described last week in such exquisite verse (and I am afraid that the doings at watering-places are not often so moral), died soon after, having repented greatly of his sins. It must have been Gravesend, I think, where the King grew so thoughtful.

[*Here* Miss T. *was rather disappointed that nobody laughed at her pun; the fact is, that* Miss BUDGE, *the usher, had been ordered to do so, but, as usual, missed her point.*

Before he died, he made a queer sort of reparation for all the sins, robberies, and murders that he committed: he put his crown on the head of the statue of a saint in Canterbury, and endowed no end of monasteries. And a great satisfaction it must have been to the relatives of the murdered people, to see the King's crown on the saint's head; and a great con-

solation to those who had been robbed, to find the King paid over all their money to the monks.

Some descendants of his succeeded him, about whom there is nothing particular to say, nor about King Edward the Confessor, of the Saxon race, who succeeded to the throne when the Danish family failed, and who was canonized by a Pope two hundred years after his death—his Holiness only knows why.

Spooney, my dears, is a strong term, and one which, by a sensitive female, ought to be employed only occasionally; but SPOONEY, I emphatically repeat [*immense sensation*], is the only word to characterize this last of the regular Saxon kings. He spent his time at church, and let his kingdom go to rack and ruin. He had a pretty wife, whom he never had the spirit to go near; and he died, leaving his kingdom to be taken by any one who could get it.

A strong gallant young fellow, Harold by name, stepped forward, and put the crown on his head, and vowed to wear it like a man. Harold was the son of Earl Godwin that we spoke of in the last lecture, a great resolute fellow, who had been fighting King Edward's enemies while the King was singing psalms and praying the saints to get rid of them, and turned out with his sword in his hand and a coat of mail on his body, whilst the silly King stayed at home in a hair-shirt, scourging and mortifying his useless old body.

Harold then took the crown (though, to be sure, he had no right to it, for there was a nephew of the late King, who ought to have been first served); but he was not allowed to keep undisturbed possession of it very long, for the fact is, somebody else wanted it.

You all know who this was—no other than William, Duke of Normandy, a great and gallant prince (though I must say his mother was no better than she should be *), who had long had a wish to possess the noble realm of England, as soon as the silly old Confessor was no more. Indeed, when Harold was abroad, William had told him as much, making him swear to help him in the undertaking. Harold swore, as how

* Miss Tickletoby's rancour against Edward's treatment of his wife, and her sneer at the Conqueror's mother, are characteristic of her amiable sex.

could he help it?—for William told him he would have his head off if he didn't—and then broke his oath on the first opportunity.

Some nine months, then, after Harold had assumed the crown, and just as he had come from killing one of his brothers (they were pretty quarrelsome families, my dears, in those days), who had come to England on a robbing excursion, Harold was informed that the Duke of Normandy had landed with a numerous army of horse, foot, and marines, and proposed, as usual, to stay.

Down he went as fast as the coach could carry him (for the Kentish railroad was not then open), and found Duke William at Hastings, where both parties prepared for a fight.

You, my darlings, know the upshot of the battle very well; and though I'm a delicate and sensitive female, and though the Battle of Hastings occurred—let me see; take 1066 from 1842—exactly seven hundred and seventy-six years ago, yet I can't help feeling angry to think that those beggarly, murderous Frenchmen should have beaten our honest English as they did. [*Cries of "Never mind; we've given it 'em since."*] Yes, my dears, I like that spirit; we *have* given it 'em since, as the Duke of Wellington at Badajos, and my late lamented br-r-other, Ensign Samuel T-t-tickletoby, at B-b-bunhill Row, can testify. [*The Lecturer's voice was here choked with emotion, owing to the early death of the latter lamented hero.*] But don't let us be too eager for military glory, my friends. Look! we are angry because the French beat us eight hundred years ago! And do you suppose *they* are not angry because we beat *them* some five-and-twenty years back? Alas! and alas! this is always the way with that fighting; you can't satisfy both parties with it, and I do heartily hope that one day there'll be no such thing as a soldier left in all Europe. [*A voice, "And no police neither."*]

Harold being dead, His Majesty King William—of whom, as he now became our legitimate sovereign, it behoves every loyal heart to speak with respect—took possession of England, and, as is natural, gave all the good places at his disposal to his party. He turned out the English noblemen from their castles, and put his Norman soldiers and knights into them. He and his people had it all their own way; and though the

English frequently rebelled, yet the King managed to quell all such disturbances, and reigned over us for one-and-twenty years. He was a gallant soldier, truly—stern, wise, and prudent, as far as his own interests were concerned, and looked up to by all other Majesties as an illustrious monarch.

But great as he was in public, he was rather uncomfortable in his family, on account of a set of unruly sons whom he had —for their Royal Highnesses were always quarrelling together. It is related that one day, being at tea with her Majesty the Queen and the young Princes, at one of his castles in Normandy (for he used this country to rob it chiefly, and not to live in it), a quarrel ensued, which was certainly very disgraceful. Fancy, my darlings, three young Princes sitting at tea with their papa and mamma, and being so rude as to begin throwing water at one another! The two younger, H.R.H. Prince William and H.R.H. Prince Henry, actually flung the slop-basin, or some such thing, into the face of H.R.H. Prince Robert, the King's eldest son.

His Royal Highness was in a furious rage, although his brothers declared that they were only in play; but he swore that they had insulted him, that his papa and mamma favoured them and not him, and drawing his sword, vowed that he would have their lives. His Majesty with some difficulty got the young Princes out of the way; but nothing would appease Robert, who left the castle vowing vengeance. This passionate and self-willed young man was called *Courthose*, which means in French *short inexpressibles*, and he was said to have worn shorts because his *limbs* were of that kind.

Prince Shorts fled to a castle belonging to the King of France, who was quite jealous of Duke Robert, and was anxious to set his family by the ears; and the young Prince began forthwith robbing his father's dominions, on which that monarch marched with an army to besiege him in his castle.

Here an incident befell which, while it shows that Prince Robert (for all the shortness of his legs) had a kind and brave heart, will at the same time point out to my beloved pupils the dangers—the awful dangers—of disobedience. Prince Robert and his knights sallied out one day against the besiegers, and engaged the horsemen of their party. Seeing a

warrior on the other side doing a great deal of execution, Prince Robert galloped at him sword in hand, and engaged him. Their visors were down, and they banged away at each other, like—like *good-uns*. [*Hear, hear.*]

At last Prince Robert hit the other such a blow that he felled him from his horse, and the big man tumbling off cried, "Oh, murder!" or "Oh, I'm done for!" or something of the sort.

Fancy the consternation of Prince Robert when he recognized the voice of his own father! He flung himself off his saddle as quick as his little legs would let him, ran to his father, knelt down before him, besought him to forgive him, and begged him to take his horse and ride home. The King took the horse, but I'm sorry to say he only abused his son, and rode home as sulky as possible.

However, he came soon to be in a good-humour, acknowledged that his son Prince Shortlegs was an honest fellow, and forgave him; and they fought some battles together, not against each other, but riding bravely side by side.

So, having prospered in all his undertakings, and being a great Prince and going to wage war against the French King, who had offended him, and whose dominions he vowed to set in a flame, the famous King William of England, having grown very fat in his old age, received a hurt while riding, which made him put a stop to his projects of massacring the Frenchmen, for he felt that his hour of death was come.

As usual, after a life of violence, blood, and rapine, he began to repent on his death-bed, uttered some religious sentences which the chroniclers have recorded, and gave a great quantity of the money which he had robbed from the people to the convents and priests.

The moment the breath was out of the great King's body, all the courtiers ran off to their castles expecting a war. All the abbots went to their abbeys, where they shut themselves up. All the shopkeepers closed their stalls, looking out for riot and plunder; and the King's body being left quite alone, the servants pillaged the house where he lay, leaving the corpse almost naked on the bed. And this was the way they served the greatest man in Christendom!

[*Much sensation, in the midst of which the Lecturer retired.*

LECTURE V.

WILLIAM RUFUS.

JUST before the breath was out of the Conqueror's body, William Rufus, his second son (who had much longer legs than his honest elder brother Robert), ran over to England, took possession of some castles and his father's money, and, so fortified, had himself proclaimed King of England without any difficulty. Honest Robert remained Duke of Normandy; and as for the third son, Prince Henry, though not so handsomely provided for as his elder brothers, it appears he managed to make both ends meet by robbing on his own account.

William's conduct on getting hold of the crown was so violent that some of the nobles whom he plundered were struck with remorse at having acknowledged him King instead of honest Courthose, his elder brother. So they set up a sort of rebellion, which Rufus quelled pretty easily, appealing to the people to support him, and promising them all sorts of good treatment in return. The people believed him, fought for him; and when they had done what he wanted, namely, quelled the rebellion, and aided him in seizing hold of several of Robert's Norman castles and towns —would you believe it?—William treated them not one bit better than before. [*Cries of "Shame."*]

At these exclamations Miss Tickletoby looked round very sternly. Young people, young people (exclaimed she), I'm astonished at you. Don't you know that such cries on your part are highly improper and seditious? Don't you know that by crying out "Shame" in that way, you insult not only every monarch, but every ministry that ever existed? Shame indeed! Shame on *you* for daring to insult our late excellent Whig Ministry, our present admirable Conservative Cabinet, Sir Robert, Lord John, and all—every minister that ever governed us. They *all* promise to better us, they *all* never do so. Learn respect for your betters, young people, and do not break out into such premature rebellion. [*The children being silent*, Miss T. *put on a less severe countenance and continued*]—

I will tell you a pleasant joke of that wag, his late Majesty King William Rufus. He put the kingdom into a great fury against the Normans, saying, I have no doubt, that they were our natural enemies, and called a huge army together, with which, he said, he would go and annihilate them. The army was obliged to assemble, for by the laws of the country each nobleman, knight, thane, and landholder was bound according to the value of his land to furnish so many soldiers, knowing that the King would come down on their estates else; and so being all come together, and ready to cross the water, the King made them a speech.

"Friends, Countrymen, and Fellow Soldiers (said he); companions of my toil, my feelings, and my fame; the eyes of Europe are upon you. You are about to embark on a most dangerous enterprise; you will have to undergo the horrors of a sea voyage, of which I need not describe to you the discomforts (the army began to look very blue). You will be landed in a hostile country, which has been laid waste by me already in my first invasions, as also by the accursed policy of the despot who governs it. [*Cries of "Down with Robert Shorthose!" "No tyranny!" "No Normans!"*] In this afflicted, naked country the greater part of you will inevitably starve; a considerable number will be cut to pieces by the ferocious Norman soldiery; and even if it please Heaven to crown my just cause with success, what will my triumph benefit *you*, my friends? *You* will be none the better for it, but will come back many of you without your arms and legs, and not a penny richer than when you went. [*Immense sensation.*]

"Now, I appeal to you as men, as Englishmen, as fathers of families, will it not be better to make a peaceful and honourable compromise than to enter upon any such campaign? Yes! I knew you would say yes, as becomes men of sense, men of honour—Englishmen, in a word. [*Hear, hear.*] I ask you, then—your sovereign and father asks you—will it not be better to pay me ten shillings a-piece all round, and go home to your happy families—to your lovely wives, who will thus run no risk of losing the partners of their beds—to smiling children, who may still for many, many years have their fathers to bless, maintain, and educate

them? Officers, carry the hats round, and take the sense of the army."

Putting his handkerchief to his eyes, the beneficent monarch here sat down; and what was the consequence of his affecting appeal? The hats were sent round—the whole army saw the propriety of subscribing—fifteen thousand pounds were paid down on the spot—a bloody war was avoided; and thus, as the King said, all parties were benefited.

For all this, however, he was not long before he had them out again, and took a great number of his towns and castles from his brother Robert. At last he got possession of his whole dukedom; for at this time all Europe was seized with a strange fit of frenzy and hatred against the Turks. One Peter, a hermit, went abroad preaching hatred against these unbelievers, and the necessity of taking Palestine from them, and murdering every mother's son of them. No less than a million of men set off on this errand. Three hundred thousand of them marched ahead, without food or forethought, expecting that Heaven would provide them with nourishment on their march, and give them the victory over the Saracens. But this pious body was cut to pieces; and as for the doings of the other seven hundred thousand, what heroes commanded them, what dangers they overcame, what enchanters they destroyed, how they took the Holy City, and what came of their conquest—all this may be read in the veracious history of one Tasso, but has nothing to do with the history of William Rufus.

That shrewd monarch would not allow his islanders to meddle with the business; but his brother, honest Robert, quite sick of fighting, drinking, and governing in his own country, longed to go to Palestine; and having no money (as usual), William gave him a sum, for which the other handed over his inheritance to him; and so Robert was got rid of, and William became King of England and Duke of Normandy.

But he did not keep his kingdoms long. There is a tract of land called the New Forest in Hampshire which has been called so ever since the Conqueror's time. Once it was a thriving district covered with farms and villages and churches,

with many people living in it. But conquering King William had a fancy to have a hunting-ground there. Churches and villages he burned down; orchards and cornfields he laid waste; men, women, and children he drove pitilessly away, and gave up the land to boar and deer. So the people starved and died, and he had his hunting-ground. And such a keen sportsman was he, and so tender and humane towards the dumb animals, that he gave orders, if any man killed a boar, a deer, or even a hare, he should be killed, or have his eyes put out. Up to a late period our country enjoyed many of the blessings of that noble code of laws.

His Majesty King William Rufus loved sport as well as his royal father, and this New Forest above all. There were all sorts of legends concerning it. The people said (but this was, no doubt, from their superstitious hatred of His Majesty's person and race) that, on account of the crimes the Conqueror had committed in the spot, it was destined to be fatal to his family. One of Rufus's brothers, and his nephew, were actually killed while hunting there; and one morning in the year 1100, when His Majesty was going out hunting, a monk came and prophesied death to him, and warned him to stay at home.

But the scent was lying well on the ground; the King ordered the prophet a purse of money, and rode off with his dogs.

He was found dead in the wood, with an arrow in his breast; and nobody knows who shot it—and what's more, my loves, I fear nobody cares. A Frenchman by the name of Tyrrell was supposed to have done the deed; but Tyrrell denied the charge altogether. His Royal Highness Prince Henry was hunting with the King when the accident took place, and as poor Robert Shorthose was away fighting the Turks, Prince Henry slipped into his brother's shoes, and ruled over the land of England.

Talking about shoes, a dreadful religious disturbance occurred in England *à propos de bottes*. It was the fashion to wear these with immense long toes; and the priests, who could pardon all sorts of crimes, wouldn't pardon the long-toed boots. You laugh? It is a fact, upon my word; and what is more, these popes and priests, who could set up kings

and pull them down, and send off millions of people to fight in crusades, never were strong enough to overcome the long-toed boots. The FASHION was stronger than the Pope; and long toes continued to flourish in spite of his curses, and never yielded a single inch until — until SQUARE-TOES came in.

LECTURE VI.

HENRY I.—MAUDE—STEPHEN—HENRY II.

WE have still a little more to hear of honest Robert Shorthose. With his usual luck, the poor fellow came posting back from Jerusalem a month after his brother Henry had taken possession of the English crown: and though at first he made a great noise, and got an army together, with which, as he was a valiant captain, he might have done his brother some hurt, yet the latter purchased him off with some money, of which Shorthose was always in want, and the two came to a compromise, it being agreed that Robert should keep Normandy, and Henry England, and that the survivor should have both.

So Shorthose went home with the money his brother gave him, and lived and made merry as long as it lasted; and the historians say that he was such a spendthrift of a fellow, and kept such a Castle Rackrent of a house, that he was compelled to lie in bed several days for want of a pair of breeches.

[*Much laughter at the imperturbed way in which* Miss TICKLETOBY *pronounced the fatal word "breeches."*

But Henry, for all the agreement, would not let his brother keep possession of that fine Dukedom of Normandy. He picked continual quarrels with him, and ended by taking possession of the Duchy, and of Shortlegs, in spite of his bravery, whom he shut up in a castle, where he lived for near five-and-twenty years after. His fate inspires one with some regret, for he was a frank open fellow, and had once, in a siege, saved from starvation this very brother who robbed him; but he was a fool, and did not know how to keep what he had, and Henry was wise; so it was better for all parties

that poor Shortlegs should go to the wall. Peace be with him! We shall hear no more of him; but it is something, in the midst of all these lying, swindling tyrants and knaves, to find a man who, dissolute and brutal as he was, was yet an honest fellow.

King Henry, the first of his name, was, from his scholarship (which, I take it, was no great things; and am sure that many a young lady in this seminary knows more than ever he did), surnamed Beauclerc—a sharp, shifty fellow, steering clear amidst all the glooms and troubles of his times, and somehow always arriving at his end. He was admired by all Europe for his wisdom. He had two fair kingdoms which had once been riotous and disorderly, but which he made quiet and profitable; and that there might be no doubts about the succession to the throne, he caused his son, Prince William, to be crowned co-king with him, and thus put the matter beyond a doubt.

There was, however, one obstacle, and this was the death of Prince William. He was drowned, and his father never smiled after. And after all his fighting and shuffling and swindling and cleverness and care, he had to die and leave his throne to be fought for between his daughter and his nephew, one Stephen; of the particulars of whose reign it need only be said that they fought for the crown, like the Devil and the baker, and sometimes one had it and sometimes the other. At last Stephen died, and Maude's son, Henry II., came to reign over us in the year 1154.

He was a great prince, wise, brave, and tender-hearted; and he would have done much for his country too, which was attached to him, if the clergy and the ladies had left him a moment's peace.

For a delicate female—[*a blush covered* Miss T.'s *countenance with roses as she spoke*]—the subject which I am now called upon to treat is—ahem!—somewhat dangerous. The fact is, the King had married in very early life a lady possessing a vast deal of money, but an indifferent reputation, and who, having been wicked when young, became very jealous being old, as I am given to understand is not unfrequently the case with my interesting sex.

Queen Eleanor bore four sons to her husband, who was

dotingly fond of them all, and did not, I have reason to suppose, bestow upon them *that correction*—[*a great sensation in the school*]—which is necessary for all young people, to prevent their becoming self-willed and licentious in manhood. Such, I am sorry to say, were all the young Princes. The elder, whom, to prevent mistakes, his father had crowned during his lifetime, no sooner was crowned than he modestly proposed to his father to give up his kingdom to him, and when he refused, rebelled, and fled to the King of France for protection. All his brothers rebelled too. There was no end to the trouble and perplexity which the unhappy King had to suffer.

I have said that the Queen was jealous, and, oh! I am ashamed to confess, when speaking of his late Sacred Majesty, a King of England, that the Queen, in this instance, had good cause. A worthless, wicked, naughty, abandoned, profligate, vile, improper, good-for-nothing creature, whom historians, forsooth, have handed down to us under the name of Fair Rosamund (Fair Rosamund, indeed! a pretty pass things are come to, when hussies like this are to be bepraised and bepitied!)—I say, a most wicked, horrid, and abandoned person, by name Miss Rosamund Clifford, had weaned the King's affections from his lady, Queen Eleanor.

Suppose she *was* old and contumacious:* do not people marry "for better, for worse"? Suppose she *had* a bad temper, and a worse character, when the King married Her Majesty: did not he know what sort of a wife he was taking? A pretty pass would the world come to, if men were allowed to give up their wives because they were ill-tempered, or go hankering after other people's ladies because their own were a little plain, or so!

[*Immense applause from the ladies present. And it was here remarked—though we do not believe a word of the story—that* Mrs. BINKS *looked particularly hard at* Mr.

* We grieve to remark that Miss Tickletoby, with a violence of language that is not uncommon amongst the pure and aged of her sex, loses no opportunity of twitting Queen Eleanor, and abusing Fair Rosamund. Surely that unhappy woman's fate ought to disarm some of the wrath of the virgin Tickletoby.

BINKS, *saying,* "B., *do you hear that?*" *and* BINKS, *on his part, looked particularly foolish.*

How this intimacy with this disreputable Miss Clifford commenced, or how long it endured, is of little matter to us; but, my friends, it is quite clear to you that such a connection could not long escape the vigilance of a watchful and affectionate wife. 'Tis true, Henry took this person to Woodstock, where he shut her up in a castle or labyrinth; but he went to see her often: and, I appeal to any lady here, could her husband, could any man, make continual visits to Woodstock, which is five-and-forty miles from London, without exciting suspicion? [*No, no!*]

"It can't be to buy gloves," thought her injured Majesty, Queen Eleanor, "that he is always travelling to that odious Woodstock," and she sent her emissaries out; and what was the consequence? She found it was not glove-making that the King was anxious about, but glove-making *without the g!* She instantly set off to Woodstock as fast as the coach would carry her; she procured admission into the place where this saucy hussy was, and, drawing from her pocket a dagger and a bowl of poison, she bade her to take one or the other. She preferred, it is said, the prussic acid, and died, I have no doubt, in extreme agonies, from the effects of the draught. [*Cries of "Shame!"*] Shame!—who cries shame? I say, in the name of injured woman, that, considering the rude character of the times, when private revenge was practised commonly, Queen Eleanor SERVED THE WOMAN RIGHT! [*"Hear, hear!" from the ladies; "No, no!" from the men; immense uproar from the scholars in general.*]

After this, for his whole life long, Henry never had a moment's quiet. He was always fighting one son or other, or all of them together, with the King of France at their back. He was almost always victorious; but he was of a forgiving temper, and the young men began and rebelled as soon as he had set them free. In the midst of one of these attacks by one of the Princes, an attack was made upon the young man of a sort which neither young nor old can parry. He was seized with a fever, and died. He besought his father's forgiveness when dying, but his death does not appear to have altered his brothers' ways, and at

last, of a sheer broken heart at their perverseness, it seems that Henry himself died; nor would he forgive his sons their shameful conduct to him.

And whom had he to thank for all this disobedience? Himself and FAIR ROSAMUND. Yes, I repeat it, if he had not been smitten with her, the Queen would not have been jealous; if she had not been jealous, she would not have quarrelled with him; if she had not quarrelled with him, she would not have induced her sons to resist him, and he might have led an easy and comfortable life, and have bettered thus the kingdoms he governed.

Take care, then, my dear young friends, if *you* are called upon to govern kingdoms, or simply, as is more probable, to go into genteel businesses and keep thriving shops—take care never to *offend your wives*. [*Hear, hear.*] Think of poor King Henry, and all the sorrows he brought upon himself; and in order not to offend your wives, the best thing you can do is to be very gentle to them, and do without exception every single thing they bid you.

At the end of this Lecture, several ladies present came up, and shook Miss Tickletoby by the hand, saying they never heard better doctrine. But the gentlemen, it must be confessed, made very light of the excellent lady's opinions; and one of them said that, after her confession, even if she were young and handsome, nobody would ask *her* to marry.

"Nobody wants you, sir," said Miss Tickletoby; and she was more than usually rigid in her treatment of that gentleman's little boy the next day.

LECTURE VII.

RICHARD THE FIRST.

The danger of extolling too much the qualities of a warrior—In kings they are more especially to be reprehended—Frightful picture of war—Its consequences to men—To women—Horrible danger that Miss Tickletoby might have undergone—The Crusades—Jealousy of Philip Augustus—Gallantry of Richard—Saladin, his character, and the reverence entertained for him by the British monarch—

Ascalon—Jerusalem—Richard's return from Palestine—His captivity—Romantic circumstances attending his ransom—His death—A passing reflection.

This is a prince, my dear young creatures, whom I am afraid some of you, Master Spry especially, will be inclined to admire vastly, for he was as quarrelsome and brave a man as ever lived. He was fighting all his life long—fighting his brothers, fighting his father, fighting with anybody who would fight, and, I have no doubt, domineering over anybody who wouldn't. When his poor old father, wearied out by the quarrels of his sons, the intrigues of the priests, and the ceaseless cares and anxieties of reigning, died in sadness and sorrow, he left Prince Richard, surnamed Lion-Heart, his kingdom, and his curse along with it, he having acted so undutifully towards him, and embittered the last years of his life.

Richard was exceedingly sorry for the pain he had caused his father, and, instead of revenging himself upon his father's Ministers (who had treated him as severely as they could during King Henry's reign, and who now, I dare say, quaked in their shoes lest King Richard should deal hardly by them), he of the lion-heart kept them in their places—and good places, let us be sure, they were; and said that they had done their duty by his father, and would no doubt be as faithful to him. For, truth to say, Richard had a heart which harboured no malice; all he wanted was plenty of fighting, which he conducted in perfect good-humour.

Master Spry. Hurrah! that's your sort.

Silence, Master Spry, you silly boy, you. It may be very well for Mr. Cribb, or the Most Noble the Marquess of Wat—ford, to rejoice in punching people's heads and breaking their noses, and to shake hands before and after; but kings have other duties to attend to, as we nowadays know very well. Now suppose you were to break a score of lamps in the street, or to twist off as many knockers, or to knock down and injure a policeman or two, who would be called on, as you have never a sixpence in your pocket, to pay the damage?

Master Spry. Pa'd pay, of course.

Yes, rather than see you on the treadmill, he would; and

so, my dears, it's the case with these great kings—they fight, but we have to pay. The poor subjects suffer: the men, who have no quarrel with any prince in Christendom—as how should they, never having seen one?—must pay taxes in the first place, and then must go and fight, and be shot at and die, leaving us poor women, their wives and daughters, to deplore their loss, and to nurse their wounds when they come home. Some forty years since (when I was young, my loves, and reported to be extremely good-looking), King Bonaparte and the French were on the point of invading this country. Fancy what a situation we should have been in had they come—the horrid monsters! My mind shudders at the very idea even now. Fancy my dear father, the ensign of volunteers, brought home wounded—dying. Fancy a dozen of horrible soldiers billeted in the house. Fancy some tall ferocious French general, with great black whiskers —Bonaparte himself, very likely, or Marshal Ney, at the very least—falling in love with a beauteous young creature, and insisting upon her marrying him! My loves, I would have flung myself off London Bridge first. [*Immense cheering, part of which, however, seemed to be ironical.*]

Such—such is war; and, for my part, I profess the greatest abhorrence of all such dreadful kinds of glory, and hope for the days when cocked-hats and bayonets will only be kept as curiosities in museums, and scarlet cloth will be kept to make cloaks for old women.

But to return to King Richard. Though he professed to be very sorry for his turbulent conduct during his father's reign, his sorrow did not lead him to mend his ways at all, as, alas! is usual with all quarrelsome people. The very first thing he did was to prepare for a great fight; and in order to get money for this, he not only taxed his people very severely, but sold for a trifle the kingdom of Scotland, which his father had won. I don't know what the sum was which might be considered as trifling for the purchase of that country,* and

* Miss Tickletoby's extreme prejudice against Scotland and the Scotch may be accounted for by the fact that an opposition academy to hers is kept by Mr. M'Whirter, who, report says, once paid his addresses to Miss T. Having succeeded in drawing off a considerable number of her pupils to his school, Mr. M'W. at once discontinued his suit.

indeed historians differ about it; but I leave you to imagine how hardly he must have been pressed for coin, when he could bring such an article as that to pawn.

What was called the Christian world then was about this time bent upon taking Jerusalem out of the hands of the Turks, who possessed it, and banded together in immense numbers for this purpose. Many of the princes so leagued were as false, wicked, and tyrannous men as ever lived; but Richard Cœur-de-Lion had no artifice at all in his nature, and entered into the undertaking, which he thought a godly one, with all his heart and soul. To batter out Turks' brains with his great axe seemed to him the height of Christianity, and no man certainly performed this questionable duty better than he. He and the King of France were the leaders of the crusade; but the latter, being jealous, or prudent, or disgusted with the enterprise, went speedily back to his kingdom, and left all the glory and all the fighting to King Richard. There never was, they say, such a strong and valiant soldier seen. In battle after battle the Turks gave way before him, and especially at the siege of Ascalon, he and his army slew no less than forty thousand Saracens, and defeated consequently Sultan Saladin, their leader.

In the intervals of fighting it seems that a great number of politenesses passed between these two princes, for when Richard was ill Saladin sent him a box of pills from his own particular druggist; and as for Richard, it is said at one time that he wanted to knight the gallant Saracen, for all the world as though he were an Alderman or a Royal Academician. And though the Lion-hearted King felt it his Christian duty to pursue the Turk, and knock his brains out if he could catch him, yet he would not deny that he was a noble and generous prince, and admired him more than any sovereign in his own camp. Wasn't it magnanimous? Oh, very!

At last, after a great number of victories, Richard came in sight of the city of Jerusalem, which was strongly fortified by the Turkish Sultan; and there the Lion-hearted King had the misfortune to find that there was not a single chance for him ever to win it. His army, by the number of glorious victories, was wasted away greatly. The other kings, dukes, and potentates, his allies, grumbled sadly; and the end was

that he was obliged to march back to the sea again, and you may fancy Sultan Saladin's looks as he went off.

So he quitted the country in disguise, and in disgust too (as for his army, never mind what became of *that:* if we lose our time pitying the common soldiers, we may cry till we are as old as Methuselah, and not get on)—Richard, I say, quitted the country in disguise and disgust, and, in company with a faithful friend or two, made for home.

But as he was travelling through Austria, he was recognized by some people in that country, and seized upon by the Duke of Austria, who hated him, and clapped him without any ceremony into prison. And, I dare say, while there he heartily regretted that, instead of coming home over land, he hadn't at once taken the steamer to Malta, and so got home that way.

Fancy, then, my beloved hearers, this great but unhappy monarch in prison.

Fancy him, in a prison dress very likely, made to take his turn on the mill with other offenders, and to live on a pint of gruel and a penny loaf a day—he who had been accustomed to the best of victuals, and was, if we may credit the late celebrated Sir Walter Scott, particularly partial to wine! There he was—a king, a great warrior, but lately a leader of hundreds of thousands of men—a captive in an odious penitentiary! Where was his army? again one can't help thinking. Oh, never mind *them;* they were done for long since, and out of their pain. So you see it is King Richard who is the object of compassion, for he *wasn't* killed.

I am led to believe that the prison regimen in Austria was not so severe as it is nowadays with us, when if a prisoner were heard singing, or playing the fiddle, he would be prettily tickled by the jailer's cane; for it appears that King Richard had the command of a piano, and was in the habit of playing upon the guitar. It is probable that the Duke of Austria thought there could be no harm in his amusing himself in the lonely place in which, unknown to all the world, King Richard was shut.

As for his subjects, I don't know whether they missed him very much. But I have remarked that we pretty speedily get accustomed to the absence of our kings and royal fami-

lies; and though, for instance, there is our beloved Duke of Cumberland gone away to be King of Hanover, yet we manage to bear our separation from that august prince with tolerable resignation.

Well, it was lucky for the King that he was allowed his piano; for it chanced that a poor wandering minstrel (or organ-grinder, *we* should call him), who had no doubt been in the habit of playing tunes before the King's palace in St. James's Street—for, you know, the new police wasn't yet invented, to drive him off—I say the organ-grinder Blundell happened to be passing by this very castle in Austria where Richard was, and seeing a big house, thought he might as well venture a tune; so he began that sweet one "Cherry ripe, che-erry ripe, ri-ip I cry-y;" and the Austrian soldiers, who were smoking their pipes, and are very fond of music, exclaimed, "Potztausend, was ist das für ein herrliches Lied?"

When Richard heard that well-known melody, which in happier days he had so often heard Madame Vestris sing,* he replied at once on the piano with "Home, sweet Home."

"Hullo!" says Blondell, or Blundell, "there must be an Englishman here, and straightway struck up "Rule Britannia"—"When Britain feh-eh-eh-erst at He-evn's command," etc.—to which the King answered by "God save the King."

"Can it be—is it possible—no—yes—is it really our august monarch?" thought the minstrel, and his fine eyes filled with tears as he ground the sweet air, "Who are you?"

To which the King answered by a fantasia composed of the two tunes "The King, God bless him," and "Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip is the man;" for though his name *wasn't* Gossip, yet you see he had no other way of explaining himself.

Convinced by these melodies, Mr. Blundell replied rapidly by "Charlie is my Darling," "All's Well," "We only part to meet again," and, in short, with every other tune which might, as he thought, console the royal prisoner. Then (only stopping to make a rapid collection at the gate) he posted back to London as fast as his legs would carry him, and told the

* This settles the great question, mooted every week in the *Sunday Times*, as to the age of that lady.

Parliament there that he had discovered the place where our adored monarch was confined.

Immense collections were instantly made throughout the country—some subscribed of their own accord, others were made to subscribe; and the Emperor of Germany, who was made acquainted with the fact now, though the Duke of Austria had never said a word about it previously, caused the latter prince to give up his prisoner; and I believe his Imperial Majesty took a good part of the ransom to himself.

Thus at last, after years of weary captivity, our gracious King Richard was restored to us. Fancy how glad he must have been to see Hyde Park once more, and how joyful and happy his people were! I dare say he vowed never to quit Buckingham Palace again, and to remain at home and make his people happy.

But do you suppose men so easily change their natures? Fiddlestick! In about a month King Richard was fighting in France as hard as ever, and at last was killed before a small castle which he was besieging. He did not pass six months in England in the whole course of his four years' reign—he did more harm to the country than many a worse king could do; and yet he was loved by his people for his gallantry; and somehow, although I know it is wrong, I can't help having a sneaking regard for him too.

My loves, it is time that you should go to play.

[*Immense enthusiasm, in the midst of which* Miss T. *retires.*

LECTURE VIII.

As it is by no means my wish to say anything disrespectful of any sovereign who ever ascended the British throne, we must, my loves, pass over the reign of his late Majesty King John as briefly as possible; for, between ourselves, a greater rascal never lived. You have many of you read of his infamous conduct to Rowena, Cedric the Saxon, and others, in the history of Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe; and I fear there are other facts, though perhaps not on so good authority, which are still more disreputable.

In the plays of the ingenious Shakespeare, some of which

I have seen at Covent Garden, His Majesty's nephew, Prince Arthur, is made to climb over a canvas wall of about three feet high, and die lamentably of the fall in a ditch, in which a mattress has been laid; but the truth, I fear, is that Prince Arthur did not commit suicide voluntary or involuntary, but that his Royal Uncle killed him: for His Royal Highness was the son of His Majesty's elder brother, and by consequence our rightful king. Well, well, there are ugly stories about high personages at Court, and you know it makes very little difference to either of the princes now which reigned and which didn't; and I dare say, if the truth were known, King John by this time is heartily sorry for his conduct to his august nephew.

It may be expected that I should speak in this place of a celebrated document signed in this reign, by some called the commencement of our liberties, by others Magna Charta. You may read this very paper or parchment at the British Museum any day you please, and if you find anything in it about our liberties, I am a Dutchman—that is, a Dutchwoman [*hear, hear*]; whereas, as the Register of Saint Bartholomew's, Smithfield, of the year seventeen hundred and—ahem!—as the Register, I say, proves, I am a Briton, and glory in the title.

The Pope of Rome who lived in those days was almost as facetious a person as Pope Gregory, of whom before we have spoken; and what do you think he did? I'm blessed if he did not make a present of the kingdom of England to the King of France! [*immense laughter*] then afterwards he made a present of it to King John very kindly; and the two kings were about, as usual, to fight for it, when the French King's army was in part shipwrecked and partly beaten, and King John himself was seized with an illness, which put an end to him. And so farewell to him. He rebelled against his father, he conspired against his brother, he murdered his nephew, and he tyrannized over his people. Let us shed a tear for his memory, and pass on to his son, King Henry III., who began to reign in the year 1216, and was King for no less than fifty-six years.

I think the best thing he did during that long period was to beget his gallant son, who reigned after him, under the

title of King Edward the First. The English lords in King Henry's time were discontented with his manner of reigning — for he was always in the hands of one favourite or another; and the consequence was that there were perpetual quarrels between the lords and the prince, who was continually turned out of his kingdom and brought back again, or locked up in prison and let loose again. In the intervals the barons ruled, setting up what is called an *oligarchy*: when Henry governed himself, he was such a soft, effeminate creature, that I think they might have called *his* reign a *mollygarchy*.

As not the least applause or laughter followed this pun, Miss T., somewhat disconcerted, said, I see you do not wish to hear anything more regarding Henry III.; so, if you please, we will pass on to the history of his son, a wise king, a stern and great warrior. It was he who first gave the Commons of England in Parliament any authority or power to cope with the great barons, who had hitherto carried all before them; which, with the most sincere respect for their lordships, I cannot but think was a change for the better in our glorious constitution.

He was in the Holy Land when his father's death was announced to him, following the fashion of that day, to fight against the Turks, and murder them for the honour of religion. And here I cannot help pointing out how necessary it is that men should *never* part from their wives; for the King, by having his with him, escaped a great danger. A man of a certain tribe called the Assassins (who have given their names to murderers ever since) stabbed the King in his tent with a dagger; whereupon the Queen, and honour be to her, supposing that the knife which inflicted the wound might have been poisoned, sucked the wound with her own royal lips, and caused Prince Edward to say that a good wife was the very best doctor in the world.

This good Queen died abroad, and her husband caused crosses to be erected at the different places where her body rested on its way to its burial, where the people might stop and pray for her soul. I wonder how many people who pass by Charing Cross nowadays ever think of her, or whether the omnibuses stop there in order that the cads and coachmen may tell their beads for good Queen Elinor?

From 1272, when he began to reign, until 1307, when he died, King Edward was engaged in ceaseless wars. Being lord of the largest portion of the island of Great Britain, he had a mind to possess the whole of it; and, in order to do so, had to subdue the Welsh first, and the Scots afterwards. Perhaps some of you have read an ode by Mr. Gray, beginning, "Ruin seize thee, ruthless king"? But as not a single person in the company had, Miss T. said, "At any rate, my loves, you have heard, no doubt, of the bards?"

Miss Binge. Papa calls Shakespeare the immoral bard of Heaven. What *is* a bard, ma'am?

Miss T. Why, the bards, as I am led to believe, are Welsh poets, with long beards, who played Welsh airs upon Welsh harps. Some people are very fond of these airs; though, for my part, I confess, after hearing "Poor Mary Ann" played for fourteen consecutive hours by a blind harper at Llangollen, I rather felt as if I should prefer any other tune to that.

Master Spry. Pray, ma'am, hare the Welsh airs hanything like the Welsh rabbits? If so, mother can perform 'em very prettily. [*A laugh, which* Miss TICKLETOBY *severely checks, and continues*:—]

This country of Wales King Edward determined should be his own, and accordingly made war upon the princes of the Principality, who withstood him in many bloody actions, and at one time were actually puffed up with the idea that one of their princes should become King of England, on account of an old prophecy of Merlin's,—

> "*Llwllwyn pdwdlwdl cwmlwn.*"—MERLIN'S PROPHECIES.
> "Let Wales attend! the bard prophetic said;
> I.V. at Y. shall crown Llewellyn's Z."—SIMCOE.

From which obscure phrase the people, and Llewellyn himself, were led to believe that they would overcome the stern and powerful King of England.

But the prophecy was fulfilled in a singular way. On the two armies meeting together on the river Wye, Llewellyn was slain by an English knight, and his head in derision crowned with ivy. The other Welsh sovereign, Prince David, met with a worse fate than to die in battle: he re-

peatedly rebelled against King Edward, and was forgiven until the last time, when he was taken in arms, and judged to die as a rebel, so forming the last of his line.

If the King had had trouble with the Welsh, with the Scots he had still more, and was occupied during almost the whole of his reign in settling (after his own fashion, to be sure) that unruly nation.

In one of his invasions of Scotland, he carried off the famous stone on which the Scottish kings used to sit at their coronation; and a very cold seat it must have been for their Majesties, considering their unhappy custom of wearing no small-clothes—which are not the least of the inestimable, I may say inexpressible, benefits the Scots have derived from commerce with this country.

The regular line of the Scotch kings having ended (never mind in whose person, for, after all, a king without pantaloons is a sorry subject to trouble one's head about)—the regular line being ended, there started up several claimants to the throne; and the lords of the country, in an evil hour, called upon Edward to decide who should succeed. He gave a just award, assigning the crown to one John Baliol; but he caused Baliol to swear fealty to him for his crown, and did not scruple about having him up to London whenever he was minded. It is said that he summoned him to Court six times in one year, when Edinburgh was at least a month's journey from London. So thus the poor fellow must have passed the whole year upon the road, bumping up and down on a rough-trotting horse: and he without what-d'ye-call-'ems, too!—after the fashion of Humphry Clinker. The consequence may be imagined. Baliol was quite worn out by such perpetual jolting. Flesh and blood couldn't bear twelve of these journeys in a year; and he wrote to King Edward, stating his determination no longer to be saddled with a throne.

Wisely, then, he retired. He took up his residence in Normandy, where he passed his life quietly in devotion, it is said, and the cultivation of literature. The Master of Baliol College, Oxford, has kindly communicated to me a MS., in the handwriting of the retired prince, accompanied with designs, which, though rude, are interesting to the antiquary.

One of these designs represents John of Baliol on the North road, which must have been in a sad condition indeed at the close of the thirteenth century. The motto placed beneath the illumination by the Royal bard is a quaint, simple, and pathetic one. He says touchingly,—

> "To Scotys withouten brychys rydinge is not swete.
> I mote have kept my crowne, I shold have lost my seate."

He retired then; but a greater than he arose to battle for the independence of his country.

LECTURE IX.

EDWARD I.—THE SCOTS AND THEIR CLAIMS.

SCOTCHMEN, my dears, you know are my antipathy, and I had at one time thought, in these lectures, of so demolishing the reputation of William Wallace that historians would never more have dared to speak about him, and the numbers who hear me, the millions who read me in *Punch*, the countless myriads who in future ages will refer to that work when we, young and old, are no more, would have seen at once that the exploits ascribed to him were fabulous for the most part, and his character as doubtful as his history.

Some late writers have been very hard upon him. Dr. Lingard, especially, has fallen foul of his claims to be a hero; and another author, Mr. Keightley, has been to the full as severe, quoting sentences from the old chroniclers strongly defamatory of Wallace's character. One of these calls him "quidam latro publicus," a certain common thief; another, writing of his family, says he was "ex infimâ gente procreatus"—sprung from the lowest of the low; but these writers, it must be remembered, were of the English nation and way of thinking. Washington was similarly abused during the American war; and I make no doubt that some of my darlings, who read the English newspapers, have seen exactly the same epithets applied to Mr. Daniel O'Connell.

It is easy to call names in this way, but let us, my beloved young friends, be more charitable—in the case of

these Scots especially; for if we take Wallace from them, what hero do we leave to the poor creatures? Sir Walter Scott has, to be sure, invented a few good Scotchmen in his novels, and perhaps their actions and those of Wallace are equally true.

But even supposing that he did come of a low stock — that he was a freebooter once—it is clear that he came to command the Scotch armies; that he was for a short time Regent of the kingdom. So much the more creditable to him then was it that, by his skill and valour, he overcame those brave and disciplined troops that were sent against him, and raised himself to the position he occupied for a while over the heads of a powerful, ignorant, cowardly, sordid, treacherous, selfish nobility, such as that of the Scots was.

Even poor John Baliol made one or two attempts to rescue his crown from the domineering Edward; but these nobles, though they conspired against the English King, were the first to truckle down to him when he came to assert what he called his right; and the proof of their time-serving conduct is that King Edward forgave every one of them, except Wallace, who was the only man who refused to come to terms with the conqueror.

During the King's absence Wallace had tolerable success: he discomfited the English leaders in many small skirmishes and surprises, and defeated at Cambuskenneth a great body of the English troops. He thought, too, to have as easy work with the King himself, when Edward, hearing of his Lieutenant's defeat, came thundering down to avenge him. But the Scot was no match for the stern English warrior. At Falkirk the King gave Wallace's army such a beating as almost annihilated it, and Wallace was obliged to fly to the woods, where he was finally seized by one of his former friends and adherents, and being sent to London, there died the death of a traitor.

Be warned then, my little dears, when you come to read the History of the Scottish Chiefs, by my dear friend Miss Porter, that William Wallace was by no means the character which that charming historian has depicted, going into battle, as it were, with a tear in his eye, a cambric handkerchief in his hand, and a flounce to his petticoat; nor was he the

heroic creature of Tytler and Scott; nor, most probably, the ruffian that Doctor Lingard would have him to be.

He appears, it is true, to have been as violent and ferocious a soldier as ever lived—in his inroads into England murdering and ravaging without pity. But such was the custom of his time; and such being the custom, as we excuse Wallace for murdering the English, we must excuse Edward for hanging Wallace when he caught him. Hanging and murdering, look you, were quite common in those days—nay, they were thought to be just and laudable; and I make no doubt that people at that period who objected to such murders at all were accused of "sickly sentimentality," just as they are now who presume to be hurt when the law orders a fellow-creature to be killed before the Old Bailey. Well, at any rate, allow us to be thankful that we do not live in those days, when each of us would have had a thousand more chances of being hanged than now. There is no sickly sentimentality about such a preference as *that*.

Let us allow, then, the claims of Wallace to be a hero and patriot. Another hero arose in Scotland after Wallace's discomfiture, who was more lucky than he; but stern King Edward of the long shanks was dead when Bruce's triumphs were secured, and his son, Edward of Carnarvon, was making-believe to reign.

This Bruce had been for a long time shilly-shallying as to the side he should take—whether he should join his countrymen, over whom he might possibly become king; or whether he should remain faithful to King Edward, and not risk his estates or his neck. The latter counsel for some time prevailed; for amongst other causes he had to take sides against his country, a chief one was hatred of the Baliols. When John of Baliol died, his son being then a prisoner in London, a nephew of John Baliol, called Comyn of Badenoch, became the head man in Scotland. He had always been found gallantly in arms against King Edward, doing his duty as a soldier in Falkirk fight, and in many other actions, with better or similar fortune—not sneaking in the English camp as Bruce was.

The King, however, who had pardoned the young man many times, at last got wind of some new conspiracies in

which he was engaged, and vowed, it was said, to make away with him. Bruce got warning in time, made for Scotland, called a meeting with the Regent, Comyn of Badenoch, who granted the interview, and hereupon Bruce murdered Comyn in God's church, and at once proclaimed himself King of Scotland. The Scotch historians have tried to apologize as usual for this foul and dastardly assassination, saying that it was done in a heat—unpremeditated, and so forth. Nonsense, my loves; Robert Bruce had been shuffling and intriguing all his life. He murdered the man who stood between him and the crown—and he took it; and if you read Sir Walter Scott's "Lord of the Isles," you will see what a hero he has made of him. O these Scotchmen, these Scotchmen! how they *do* stand by one another!

Old Edward came tearing down to the borders on the news, vowing he would kill and eat Robert Bruce. But it was not so ordained: the old King was carried off by a much more powerful enemy than any bare-legged Scot: and his son, Edward of Carnarvon (who reigned 1307–1327), had not the energy of his father; and though he made several attempts to punish the Scots, was usually left in the lurch by his nobility, and on one occasion, at Bannockburn, cruelly beaten by them. They have made a pretty pother about that battle, I warrant you, those Scots; and you may hear tailors from Glasgow or Paisley still crow and talk big about it. Give the fellows their battle, my dears; we can afford it. [*Great sensation.*] As for the murderer, Robert Bruce, he was, it must be confessed, a wary and gallant captain—wise in good fortune, resolute in bad—and he robbed the English counties to the satisfaction of his subjects. It is almost a pity to think he deserved to be hanged.

During the dissensions in England, Robert Bruce, having pretty well secured Scotland, took a fancy to Ireland too—invaded the country himself, came rather suddenly back again, and sent his brother Edward, who even had the impudence to be crowned King of Ireland; but the English forces coming up with him, took his crown from him with his head in it—and so ended the reigns of the Bruces in Ireland.

As for Edward of Carnarvon, little good can be said of him or his times. An extravagant, idle king, insolent favourites

(though Gaveston, it must be confessed, was a gallant and dashing fellow), bullying, greedy barons, jealous that any one should have power but themselves, and, above all (alas that I should have to say it!), an infamous, disreputable wretch of a French wife, fill the whole pages of this wretched King's reign with their quarrels, their vices, and their murders. In the midst of their quarrels, they allowed the country to be bullied by the French, and even the Scots; the people were racked and torn by taxes and tyranny; the King was finally deposed, and murdered by the intrigues of his wicked vixen of a wife, who did not, however, enjoy her ill-gotten honours long as Regent of the kingdom. Edward the Third came to the throne, and of him we will speak in the next Lecture.

In the year 1356, the Black Prince, who had commenced his career ten years earlier as a gallant young soldier at Crécy, had an opportunity of achieving for himself a triumph to the full as great as that former famous one. Robbing and murdering for ten years, as he had been, he had become naturally a skilful captain; and now, in 1356, say the historians, having left his chief city of Bordeaux with 12,000 men, crossing the Garonne, overrunning Querci, the Limousin, Auvergne, and Berri, slaughtering the peasantry, destroying the corn, wine, and provisions, and burning the farm-houses, villages, and towns, he was surprised near Poictiers, in the province of Poitou, by a large army, led by King John of France. The French army was very large, that of the Black Prince very small. "Heaven help us!" said His Royal Highness; "it only remains for us to fight bravely."

He was, however, so doubtful as to the result of the action that he sent rather modest proposals to the French King, offering to give up his plunder and prisoners, and to promise not to serve against France for seven years if the French would but let him off this time. King John, however, replied that he must have the Black Prince and a hundred of his chief knights as prisoners before he would listen to any terms of accommodation; which idea His Royal Highness "indignantly rejected."

He beat the King of France, whose goods he was carrying off; he killed the friends who came to help the King; he drove the King's servants away; he took King John to

England, and would not let him return to France again until he had paid an enormous sum for his ransom. And this was the man who called upon Heaven to defend the right! Ah, my dears, there is not a crowned ruffian in Europe who has not uttered the same cry these thousand years past, attesting Heaven in behalf of his unjust quarrel, and murdering and robbing with the most sacred of all names in his mouth.

Perhaps the most annoying part of the whole imprisonment to poor King John must have been the abominable politeness and humility of his captor. Taken prisoner, and his grand army routed by a handful of starving brigands, the King was marched to supper in the conqueror's tent, the Prince complimenting him by saying that his victory was all chance, that the King ought to have won it (and so he ought and no mistake), and that His Majesty was the "garland of chivalry." Nor would he sit down in His Majesty's presence—not he; he said he was the subject, and only fit to wait upon the King (to wait upon him and rob him): so he fetched the dishes, drew the corks, and performed all the duties of His Majesty's Yellowplush.

His conduct in carrying his prisoner to London was of the same sort. He had a triumphal entry—the King being placed on a great horse, the Prince meekly riding a pony beside him, and all the people, of course, shouting, "Long live the Prince!" What humility! cry the historians; what noble conduct! No, no, my loves, I say it was *sham humility*, the very worst sort of pride: if he wanted to spare his prisoner's feelings, why didn't the Prince call a hackney-coach?

In the year 1376, twenty years after his victory of Poictiers, the gallant Black Prince (who in France and Spain, at the head of his famous free companies, had fought many a hard fight since then) died, leaving an only son behind him. Old King Edward, who had been battling and fighting as much as his son, now in his old age had grown dotingly fond of a wicked hussy, Alice Pierce by name, that had been maid of honour to the good Queen Philippa. The King gave to this good-for-nothing creature all the Queen's jewels, she had the giving away of all the places about the Court, and behaved in such a way that the Parliament was obliged to stop her extravagance.

A year after his son, the famous old warrior, King Edward III., felt that death was coming upon him, and called his beloved Alice Pierce to come and console him ere he died. She, seeing death on his face, took the expiring monarch's hand in hers, and pulled his ring off his finger. The servants pillaged the wardrobes and the hangings of the bed, and dying Edward, the terror of Frenchmen, lay unheeded upon his bed, until a priest came by chance into the room, and knelt down by the King's side and said a prayer with him for the safety of his soul, at the end whereof the priest alone had the power of saying "Amen."

Here Miss Tickletoby paused with a very solemn voice, and the little children retired quite wistfully and silently, and were all particularly good in school the next day.

LECTURE X.

EDWARD III.

THE reign of the third Edward has always been considered a glorious period of our annals—the fact is, he beat the French soundly, and it is always a comfort to read of those absurd vapouring, vainglorious Frenchmen obtaining a beating—and he has had for an historian of his battles one John Froissart, a very bad clergyman, as I make no doubt, but a writer so exceedingly lively and pleasant that the scenes of the war are made to pass before the reader as if he saw them. No, not as if he saw them in reality, by the way, but as if he beheld them well acted in a theatre, the principal characters represented by Mr. Charles Kean and other splendid stars of the stage.

So there is nothing but fighting in the works of the Reverend John Froissart—nothing but fighting and killing: yet all passes with such brilliancy, splendour, and good-humour, that you can't fancy for the world that anybody is hurt; and though the warriors of whom he speaks are sometimes wounded, it really seems as if they liked it. It is—"Fair sir, shall we, for the honour of our ladies or the love of the blessed

Virgin of Heaven, cut each other's heads off?" "I am unworthy to have the honour of running through the body such a flower of chivalry as you," replies the other; and herewith smiling sweetly on each other, gaudy with plumes, and gold, and blazing coats of armour, bestriding prancing war-horses covered also with gay housings and bright steel, at it the two gentlemen go, with lances in rest, shouting their war-cries gaily. "A Manny! a Manny!" "Our Lady for Alençon," says one or the other. "For the love of the saints parry me that cut, sir," says Sir Walter Manny, delivering it gracefully with his heavy battle-sword. "Par la Sambleu, beau sire, voilà un beau coup d'espée," says the constable to the other, politely, who has just split his nose in two, or carried off his left whisker and cheek. And the common people go to work just as genteelly: whizz! how the bowstrings thrum as the English archers, crying "Saint George for England!" send their arrows forth!

Montjoie, Saint Denis! how the French men-at-arms come thundering over the corn-fields, their lances and corselets shining in the sun! As for me, my dears, when I read the story, I fancy myself, for a moment or two, Jane of Montfort, dressed in armour, and holding up my son in my arms, calling upon my faithful nobles of Bretagne to defend me and him.

[*Here* Miss Tickletoby, *seizing playfully hold of* Master Timson, *lifted him gaily in one of her arms, and stood for a moment in an heroic attitude. But the children, never having before heard of Jane of Montfort or her history, were quite frightened, and fancied their venerable instructress mad; while* Master Timson, *who believed he had been elevated for the purpose of being flogged, set up a roar which caused the worthy lady to put him quickly down again.*

But to speak of King Edward III. The first act of his reign may be said to have been the seizing of one Mortimer, the Queen's lover, whom he caused to be hanged, and of Her Majesty, whom he placed in a castle, where she lived for the last seven-and-twenty years of her life, with a handsome allowance made to her by her son.

The chief of his time hereafter was filled up with wars—

those wars which are so pleasant to read of in Froissart, before mentioned, but which, I need not tell any little child here who ever by chance has had a black eye or a whipping, are by no means pleasant in reality. When we read that the King's son, the Black Prince, burned down no less than five hundred towns and villages in the South of France, laying the country waste round about them, and driving the population Heaven knows where, you may fancy what the character of these wars must have been, and that if they were good fun to the knights and soldiers, they were by no means so pleasant to the people.

By such exploits, however, the reign of Edward is to be noted. Robert Bruce being dead, and his son a child, Edward fell on the Scots, slaughtered forty thousand of them at Halidon Hill, and aided the younger Baliol, who in return promised the submission of himself and kingdom to England, to take a temporary possession of the throne. The Scotch, however, soon rose against Baliol; and Edward Bruce got back his crown—such as it was.

Then our Lord Sir Edward took a fancy to France, and, upon a most preposterous claim advanced by him, assumed the French arms, called himself King of that country, and prepared to take possession of the same. The first thing he did to this end was to obtain a glorious victory over the French navy, taking no less than two hundred and forty of their ships, and killing I don't know how many thousands of their men. I don't know if the French wore "wooden shoes" in those days, but the English hated them for that or some other equally good cause; and the Parliaments for ever granted the King money to carry on the war in assertion of his just rights. Just rights, forsooth! A private man putting forward such claims to another's purse, and claiming his just rights with a pistol at your head, would be hanged for his pains. Bishops and priests said prayers for King Edward, and judges and lawyers wrote long lying documents in support of his cause.

In spite of the hundreds of thousands of pounds which his subjects gave him, and the hundreds of thousands of men he brought into the field against the King of France, Edward for some time made very little way, and did not overcome

the French King's armies—for the very good reason that the latter would never meet him. And it is a singular thing that when the two armies *did* meet, and the English obtained those two victories about which we have been bragging for near five hundred years, we did not fight until we were forced, and because we could not help it. Burning, robbing, ravaging, Edward's troops had arrived at the gates of Paris, not with the hope of conquering the country, but of plundering it simply; and were making the best of their way home again from the pursuit of an immense French army which was pressing them very hard, when Edward, finding he could not escape without a fight, took a desperate stand and the best ground he could find on the famous hill of Cressy.

Here, sheltered amidst the vines, the English archers and chivalry took their posts; and the blundering French, as absurdly vain and supercilious in those days as they are at this moment, thinking to make easy work of *ces coquins d'Anglais*, charged the hill and the vineyards—not the English, who were behind them, and whose arrows slaughtered them without pity.

When the huge mass of the French army was thrown into disorder by these arrows, the English riders issued out and plunged among them, murdering at their ease; and the result was a glorious triumph to the British arms. King Edward's son, a lad of fourteen, distinguished himself in the fight, holding his ground bravely against the only respectable attack which the French seem to have made in the course of the day. And ever since that day the Princes of Wales, as you know, have had for a crest that of an old King of Bohemia (the blind old fool!), who could not see the English, but bade his squires lead him towards them, so that he might exchange a few *coups de lance* with them. So the squires laced their bridles in to his, made their attack, and were run through the body in a minute; and SERVE 'EM RIGHT, say I.

Whilst Edward was fighting this battle, those marauding Scotchmen, under David Bruce their new king (as great a robber, my dears, as his father), thought they might take advantage of the unprotected state of the kingdom, and came across the border in great force, to plunder as usual. But I am happy to state that Her Majesty, Queen Philippa, heading

a small English army, caught them at a place called Nevil's Cross, and utterly defeated the thievish rogues, killing vast numbers of them. She was as kind-hearted, too, as she was brave. For at the siege of Calais, after Edward had reduced the town, he swore, in his rage at the resistance of the garrison, that he would hang six of the principal inhabitants. These unhappy six came before him "in their shirts, with halters round their necks," the old chroniclers say.

The Queen interceded for their lives; the Monarch granted her prayer, and Her Majesty gave the poor burghers what must have been very acceptable to them after six months' starvation—a comfortable meal of victuals.

"I hope they went home first TO DRESS FOR DINNER," here remarked an intelligent pupil.

"Of course they must have done so, my dear," answered Miss Tickletoby; "but for my part, I believe that the whole scene must have been arranged previously between the King and Queen. Indeed, as you will see by the picture, neither of them can help laughing at the ridiculous figure the burgesses cut."

The company separated in immense good-humour, saying that the Lecturer had, on this occasion, mingled amusement with much stern instruction.

(1842.)

THE END OF "LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY."

PAPERS BY THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

PAPERS

BY

THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

WANDERINGS OF OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

[The fattest of our contributors left London very suddenly last week, without giving the least idea of his movements until we received the following communication. We don't know whether he is going to travel, nor do we pledge ourselves in the least to publish another line of the Fat Contributor's correspondence. As far as his tour goes at present, it certainly is, if not novel, at least treated in a novel manner; for the reader will remark that there is not a word about the places visited by our friend, while there is a prodigious deal of information regarding himself. Interesting as our Fat Contributor is, yet it *may* chance that we shall hear enough about him ere many more letters are received from him.—EDITOR.]

THERE were eleven more dinners hustling one another in my invitation-book. "If you eat two more, you are in for an apoplexy," said Glauber, my medical man. "But Miss Twaddlings is to be at the Macwhirters' on Thursday," I expostulated, "and you know what money she has." "She'll be a widow before she's married," says Glauber, "if you don't mind. Away with you! Take three grains of blue pill every night, and my draught in the morning; if you don't, I won't answer for the consequences. You look as white as a sheet, as puffy as a bolster; this season you've grown so inordinately gross and fa——"

It's a word I can't bear applied to myself. I wrote letters round to decline my dinners; and agreed to go——

But whither? Why not to Brighton? I went a few days before the blow-up.* I was out for four hours in a fly on that day. I saw Lord Brougham in a white hat and telescope—I saw the sea lighted up with countless smiles—I saw the chain-pier, and the multitudes swarming on it—I saw the bucks smoking cigars on the terrace of the Albion.

I could not smoke—I was with three ladies in the fly; they were all fat, and oh! how hot! The sun beat down upon us ruthlessly. Captain Warner *wouldn't* come. We drove and put back the dinner. Then Miss Bogle said she would like to drive to the Library for the last volume of Grant's "Visit to Paris."

While we were at Folthorpe's, their messenger came running in. He had been out but one minute that day; he had seen it. We had been out four hours; it was all over!

That was what I had come to Brighton for—to eat prawns for breakfast, to pay five shillings for a warm bath, and not to see the explosion!

I set off for London the next day. One of my dinners was coming off that day. I had resigned it. There would very likely be turtle; and I wasn't there! Flesh and blood couldn't stand it. "I will go to Dover to-morrow," I said, "and take the first packet that goes—that goes anywhere."

I *am* at Dover. This is written from the Ship Hotel. Let me recollect the adventures of the day.

The Dover trains go from two places at once; but my belief is, the cabmen try and perplex you. If it is the turn of the Bricklayers' Arms train, they persuade you to London Bridge; if of the London Bridge, they inveigle you to the Bricklayers' Arms—through that abominable suburb stretching away from Waterloo Bridge, and into the Greater London, which seems as it were run to seed.

I passed a theatre—these creatures have a theatre, it appears; it is called (to judge from a painted placard) the Victoria. It is a brick building, large, and with the windows cracked and stuffed with coats.

At the Bricklayers' Arms, which we reached at length,

* On July 23, 1844, a good deal of excitement was caused by the trial at Brighton of Captain Warner's invention for destroying ships at sea.

after paying several base turnpikes, and struggling through a noisy, dirty, bustling, dismal city of small houses and queer shops and gin-palaces, the policeman comes grinning up to the cab, and says, "No train from here, sir—next train from London Bridge—hoften these mistakes. Cab drove away only just this minute. You'll be in time if you go."

The cabman gallops off, with a grin. The brute! he knew it well enough. He went for an extra fare.

As I do not wish to have a *coup-de-soleil*, or to be blinded with dust, or to have my nerves shattered by the infernal screaming of the engine as we rush howling through the tunnels; as I wish to sit as soft as I can in this life, and find a board by no means so elastic as a cushion, I take the first class, of course. I should prefer having some of the third-class people for company, though; I find them generally less vulgar than their betters.

I selected, as may be imagined, an empty carriage, in which I lived pretty comfortably until we got to Reigate, where two persons with free tickets—engineers and Scotchmen—got into the carriage.

Of course one insisted upon sitting down in the very seat opposite me. There were four seats, but he must take that, on purpose to mingle his legs with mine, and make me uncomfortable. I removed to the next seat—the middle one. This was what the wretch wanted. He plumped into my place. He had the two places by the window—the two best in the coach; he leered over my shoulder at his comrade a great, coarse, hideous Scotch smile.

I hate engineers, I hate Scotchmen, I hate brutes with free tickets, who take the places of gentlemen who pay.

On alighting at Dover, and remembering the extravagance of former charges at the "Ship," under another proprietor (pray heavens the morrow's little bill may be a mild one!), I thought of going elsewhere. Touters were about, seizing upon the passengers and recommending their hotels—"Now, GENTS, THE 'GUN'!" roared one monster. I turned sickening away from him. "Take me to the 'Ship,'" I faintly gasped.

On proposing dinner, the waiter says with an air as if he

was inventing something extremely clever, "Whiting, sir? Nice fried sole?"

Mon Dieu! what have I done to be pursued in this way by whiting and fried sole? Is there nothing else in the world? Ain't I sick of fried sole and whiting—whiting and fried sole, having eaten them for long years and years, until my soul is weary of them? "You great ass," I felt inclined to exclaim, "I can get whiting and sole in London; give me something new!".....

Ah for that something new! I have seen the dry toast come up for my breakfast so many, many times—the same old tough, stiff, leathery, tasteless, choky, dry toast, that I can bear it no longer. The other morning (I had been rather feverish all night) it came up, and I declare I burst into tears. "Why do you haunt me," I said, "you *demd* old toast? What have I done, that there is no other companion for me but you? I hate and spurn you, and yet up you come. Day by day, heartless brute, I leave you in the rack, and yet it's not you that suffers torture." And I made a passionate speech to that toast, full of eloquence, and howled and flung the plateful at the door, just as Mary came in.

She is the maid. She could not understand my feelings. *She* is contented with toast for breakfast, with bread, I believe, poor wretch! So are cows contented with grass, horses with corn. The fine spirit pants for novelty, and mine is sick of old toast.

"Gents" are spoken of familiarly, even at this hotel. During dinner a messenger comes to ask if a young "gent" was dining in the coffee-room.

"No," says the waiter.

"How is that," thinks I; "am I not a young gent myself?" He continues, "There's two holdish ladies and a *very* young gent in No. 24; *but there's only a* MIDDLE-HAGED *gent in the coffee-room.*"

Has it come to this, then? Thirty something last birthday, and to be called a middle-aged gent! Away! away! I can bear this ribaldry no more. Perhaps the sea may console me.

And how? It's only a dim straight line of horizon, with no

gaiety or variety in it. A few wretched little vessels are twiddling up and down. A steam-tug or two—yachts more or less—the town is hideous, except for a neat row of houses or two—the cliffs only respectable. The castle looks tolerable. But who, I should like to know, would be such a fool as to climb up to it? Hark! There is a band playing; it is a long mile on, and yet I go to listen to it.

It is a band of wind-instruments of course, a military band, and the wretches listening in their stupid good-humour are giving the players—*beer*. I knew what would happen immediately upon the beer (I'm forbidden it myself). They played so infernally out of tune that they blasted me off the ground—away from the Dover bucks, and the poor girls in their cheap finery, and the grinning yokels, and the maniacs riding velocipedes.

Good-night, I can say no more. A monster has just told me that a vessel starts at seven for Ostend. I will take it. I would take one for Jericho if it started at six.

II.

THE SEA.

I HAD one comfort in quitting Dover. It was to see Towzer, my tailor, of St. James's Street, lounging about the pier in a marine jacket, with a tuft to his chin.

His face, when he saw me in the boat, was one of the most intense agony. I owe Towzer £203.

"Good-bye, Towzer," I said. "I shall be back in four years." And I laughed a demoniac yell of scorn, and tumbled clattering down the brass stairs of the cabin.

An Israelite had already taken the best place, and was preparing to be unwell. I have observed that the "Mosaic Arabs," as Coningsby calls them, are always particularly amenable to maritime discomfiture. The Jew's internal commotions were frightful during the passage.

Two Oxford youths, one of whom had been growing a

moustache since the commencement of the vacation, began to smoke cigars, and assume particularly piratical airs.

I took the picture of one of them an hour afterwards—stretched lifeless on the deck, in the agonies of sea-sickness.

I will not print that likeness. It is too excellent. If his mamma saw it, she would catch her death of fright, and order her darling Tommy home.

That man is studying Levizac's grammar. He is a Scotchman. He has not the least sense of modesty. As he gets up phrases out of that stale old grammar of 1803 (bought cheap on a stall in Glasgow), the wretch looks up, and utters the sentences he has just acquired—serves them up hot in his hideous jargon. "Parly voo Fransis," says he, or "Pranny garde de mong tait." He thinks he has quite the accent. He never doubts but that he is in a situation to cope with the natives. And *au fait*, he speaks French as well as many Belgians or Germans in those lands whither he is wandering.

Poor Caledonian youth! I have been cramming him with the most dreadful lies all the way. I should have utterly bewildered him, and made him mad with lies, but for this circumstance:—

In the middle of a very big one, which (administered by me) was slipping down his throat as glibly as an oyster, there came up from the cabin a young woman, not very pretty, but kind-looking, and she laid her hand upon the shoulder of that Levizac-reading Scotchman, and smiled, and he said with an air of immense superiority,—

"*Wall*, Eliza, are ye batter noo?"

It was his wife! She loved him. She was partial to that snob. She did not mind the strings of his shirt-collar sticking out behind his back.

Gentle Eliza! a man whom you love, and whose exposed follies would give you pain, shall never be made the butt of the Fat Contributor.

It will hardly be credited, but, upon my honour, there are four people on deck learning French dialogues as hard as they can. There is the Oxford man who is not sick; a young lady who is to be the spokeswoman of her party of

nine; a very pompous man, who swore last night in my hearing that he was a capital hand at French; and the Caledonian student before mentioned.

What a wise race! They learn French phrases to speak to German waiters, who understand English perfectly.

The couriers and gentlemen's servants are much the most *distingué*-looking people in the ship. Lord Muffington was on board, and of course I got into conversation with his lordship—a noble-looking person. But just when I thought he might be on the point of asking me to Muffington Castle, he got up suddenly, and said, "Yes, my lord," to a fellow I never should have suspected of a coronet. Yet he was the noble Earl, and my friend was but his flunky.

Such is life, and so may its most astute observers be sometimes deceived.

OSTEND, *August* 6.

While the couriers, commissioners, footmen, gentlemen, ladies'-maids, Scotchman with the shirt-collar, the resuscitated Oxford youth, the family of nine, and the whole ship's passengers are struggling, puffing, stamping, squeezing, bawling, cursing, tumbling over their boxes and one another's shins, losing their keys, screaming to the commissioners, having their treasures unfolded, their wonderful packed boxes unpacked so that it is impossible ever to squeeze the articles back into their receptacles again; while there is such a scene of Babel clatter and confusion around me, ah! let me thank Heaven that I have but a carpet-bag!

Any man going abroad who purchases this number of *Punch* a day previous to his departure, will bless me for ever. Only take a carpet-bag! You can have everything there taste or luxury demands—six shirts, a fresh suit of clothes, as many razors as would shave the beards of a regiment of Turks; and what more does a traveller require? Buy nothing! Get a reading of Murray's Guide-book from your neighbour, and be independent and happy.

My acquaintance, the Hon. James Jillyflower, was in the boat with fifteen trunks, as I am a sinner. He was induced to take packages for his friends. This is the beauty of baggage—if you have a bag, you can refuse. On this score

I refused twenty-four numbers of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, a teapot, and a ham, which he accepted.

Lady Scramjaw (the packet was opened before my eyes by the custom-house officers at Ostend) gave Jillyflower a parcel of law papers to carry to Italy—"only deeds, upon her honour;" and deeds they were, but with six pair of gloves inside. All his fifteen trunks were opened in consequence of that six pair of gloves. He is made miserable for those gloves. But what cares Lady Scramjaw? Let all travellers beware, then, and again and again bless me for the hint.

I have no passport. They have arrested me.

I am about to be conducted to the police. I may be put into a dungeon like O'Connell. Tyrants, lead on!

* * * * *

I was not led to prison, as might have been expected. I was only conducted to a corner of the room, where was an official with large mustachios and a conical cap. Eyeing me with lowering brows, the following dialogue took place between me and this myrmidon of tyrants:—

Man in the Cap. Monsieur, votre passeport.

Fat Contributor. Monsieur, je n'en ai pas.

Man in the Cap. Alors, Monsieur, vous pourrez passer à votre hôtel.

Fat Contributor. Bonjour, Monsieur (*ici le Gros Rédacteur tire un profond coup de chapeau*).

Man in the Cap. Monsieur, je vous salue.

We separated. I want to know how long Britons are to be subjected to such grinding oppression.

We went then to our hotel—the Hôtel des Bains. We were so foolish as to order champagne for dinner. It is the worst champagne I ever drank in my life—worse than champagne at Vauxhall, worse than used to be supplied by a wine merchant at the University, worse even than the Bordeaux provided in the Hôtel des Bains. Good Heavens! is it for this I am come abroad?

Is it for this? To drink bad wine—to eat fried soles as tough as my shoe—to have my nerves agitated about a passport—and, by way of a second course, to be served with

flabby raw mutton-chops? Away! I can get these in Chancery Lane. Is there not such a place as Greenwich in the world? and am I come two hundred miles for such an iniquitous dinner as this?

I thought of going back again. Why did I come away? If there had been a gig at the door that instant to carry me to my native country, I would have jumped in. But there is no hope. Look out of the window, miserable man, and see you are a stranger in a foreign land. There is an ale-house opposite, with "HIER VERKOOPT MAN TRANKEN" over the porch. A woman is standing before me—a woman in wooden shoes. She has a Belgic child at her neck, another at her side in little wooden shoekins.

To them approaches their father—a mariner; he kisses his wife, he kisses his children, and what does he do next? Why, he wipes the nose of the eldest child, and then the fond father wipes the nose of the youngest child.

You cannot see his child's face because 'tis hidden in the folds of the paternal handkerchief, but fancy its expression of gratitude, ye kind souls who read this. I am a fat man, but somehow that touch of nature pleased me. It went to the heart through the nose. Ah! happy children, *sua si bona nôrint;* if they did but know their luck! They have a kind father to tend them now, and defend their delicate faces from the storms of life. I am alone in the world—sad and lonely. I have nobody to blow *my* nose. There are others yet more wretched, who must steal the handkerchief with which they perform the operation.

I could bear that feeling of loneliness no longer. Away! Let us hasten to the dike to enjoy the pleasures of the place. All Ostend is there, sitting before the Restaurant, and sipping ices as the sun descends into the western wave.

Look at his round disc as it sinks into the blushing waters! Look, too, at that fat woman bathing—as round as the sun. She wears a brown dressing-gown—two bathers give her each a hand—she advances backwards towards the coming wave, and as it reaches her—plop! she sits down in it.

She emerges, puffing, wheezing, and shaking herself. She retires, creeping up the steps of the bathing machine. She is succeeded by other stout nymphs, disporting in the waves.

For hours and hours the Ostenders look on at this enchanting sight.

The Ostend oyster is famous in Paris, and the joy of the gormandizer. Our good-natured neighbours would not enjoy them, perhaps, did they know of what country these oysters are natives.

At Ostend they are called *English oysters*. Yes; they are born upon the shores of Albion. They are brought to Belgium young, and educated there. Poor molluscous exiles! they never see their country again.

We rose at four, to be ready for the train. A ruffianly Boots (by what base name they denominate the wretch in this country I know not) was pacing the corridors at half-past two.

Why the deuce *will* we get up so confoundedly early on a journey? Why do we persist in making ourselves miserable, depriving our souls of sleep, scuffling through our blessed meals, that we may be early on the road? Is not the sight of a good comfortable breakfast more lovely than any landscape in any country? And what turn in the prospect is so charming as the turn in a clean snug bed, and another snooze of half an hour?

This alone is worth a guinea of any man's money. If you are going to travel, never lose your natural rest for *anything*. The prospect that you want to see will be there next day. You can't see an object fairly unless you have had your natural sleep. A woman in curl-papers, a man unshorn, are not fit to examine a landscape. An empty stomach makes blank eyes. If you would enjoy exterior objects well, dear friend, let your inner man be comfortable.

Above all, young traveller, take my advice, and never, *never*, be such a fool as to go up a mountain, a tower, or a steeple. I have tried it. Men still ascend eminences to this day, and, descending, say they have been delighted. But it is a lie. They have been miserable the whole day. Keep you down: and have breakfast while the asinine hunters after the picturesque go braying up the hill.

It is a broiling day. Some arduous fellow-countrymen, now that we have arrived, think of mounting the tower of

ANTWERP.

Let you and me rather remain in the cool Cathedral, and look at the pictures there, painted by the gentleman whom Lady Londonderry calls Reuben.

We examined these works of art at our leisure. We thought to ourselves what a privilege it is to be allowed to look at the works of Reuben (or any other painter) after the nobility have gazed on them! "What did the Noble Marquis think about Reuben?" we mentally inquired; it would be a comfort to know his opinion, and that of the respected aristocracy in general.

So thought some people at the *table d'hôte*, near whom we have been sitting. Poor innocents! How little they knew that the fat gentleman opposite was the contributor of—ha! ha! My mind fills with a savage exultation, every now and then, as, hearing a piece of folly, I say inwardly, "Ha, my fine fellow! you are down." The poor wretch goes pottering on with his dinner: he little knows he will be in *Punch* that day fortnight.

There is something fierce, mighty, savage, inquisitorial, demoniac, in the possession of that power! But we wield the dreadful weapon justly. It would be death in the hands of the inexperienced to hold the thunderbolts of *Punch*.

There they sit, poor simple lambs, all browsing away at their victuals, frisking in their innocent silly way—making puns, some of them—quite unconscious of their fate.

One man quoted a joke from *Punch*. It was one of my own. Poor wretch! And to think that you, too, must submit to the knife!

Come, gentle victim! Let me plunge it into you.

But my paper is out. I will reserve the slaughter for the next letter.

III.

[The relations, friends, and creditors of the singular and erratic being who, under the title of the Fat Contributor (he is, by the way, the thinnest mortal that ever was seen), wrote some letters in August last in this periodical, have been alarmed by the sudden cessation of his correspondence; and the public, as we have reason to know from the innumerable letters we have received, has participated in this anxiety.

Yesterday, by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship *Tagus*, we received a packet of letters in the strange handwriting of our eccentric friend. They are without date, as might be expected from the author's usual irregularity; but the first three letters appear to have been written at sea, between Southampton and Gibraltar—the last from the latter-named place. The letters contain some novel descriptions of the countries which our friend visited, some neat and apposite moral sentiments, and some animated descriptions of maritime life; we therefore hasten to lay them before the public.

He requests us to pay his laundress in Lincoln's Inn "a small forgotten account." As we have not the honour of that lady's acquaintance, and as no doubt she reads this Miscellany (in company with every lady of the land), we beg her to apply at our office, where her claim, upon authentication, shall be settled.—EDITOR.]

HAVING been at Brussels for three whole days (during which time, I calculate, I ate no less than fifty-four dishes at that admirable *table d'hôte* at the Hôtel de Suède), time began to hang heavily upon me. Although I am fat, I am one of the most active men in the universe—in fact, I roll like a ball—and possess a love of locomotion which would do credit to the leanest of travellers, George Borrow, Captain Clapperton, or Mungo Park. I therefore pursued a rapid course to Paris, and thence to Havre.

As Havre is the dullest place on earth, I quitted it the next day by the *Ariadne* steamer—the weather was balm, real balm. A myriad of twinkling stars glittered down on the deck which bore the Fat Contributor to his native shores, the crescent moon shone in a sky of the most elegant azure, and myriads of dimples decked the smiling countenance of the peaceful main. I was so excited I would not turn into bed, but paced the quarter-deck all night, singing my favourite sea songs—all the pieces out of all the operas which I had ever heard, and many more tunes which I invented on the spot, but have forgotten long since.

I never passed a more delicious night. I lay down happily to rest, folded in my cloak—the eternal stars above me, and beneath me a horsehair mattress, which the steward brought from below. When I rose like a giant refreshed at morn, Wight was passed; the two churches of Southampton lay on my right hand—we were close to the pier.

"What is yonder steamer?" I asked of the steward, pointing to a handsome, slim black craft that lay in the harbour,

a flag of blue, red, white, and yellow on one mast; a blue-peter (signal of departure) at another.

"That," said the steward, "is the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's ship *Lady Mary Wood*. She leaves port to-day for Gibraltar, touching on her way at Vigo, Oporto, Lisbon, and Cadiz."

I quitted the *Ariadne*—Jason did the same in Lemprière's Dictionary, and she consoled herself with drinking, it is said—I quitted the ship, and went to the inn, with the most tremendous thoughts heaving, panting, boiling, in my bosom!

"Lisbon!" I said, as I cut into a cold round of beef for breakfast (if I have been in foreign parts for a week, I always take cold beef and ale for breakfast), "Lisbon!" I exclaimed, "the *fleuve du Tage!* the orange groves of Cintra! the vast towers of Mafra, Belem, the Gallegos, and the Palace of Necessidades! Can I see all these in a week? Have I courage enough to go and see them?" I took another cut at the beef.

"What!" continued I (my mouth full of muffin), "is it possible that I, sitting here as I am, may without the least trouble, and at a trifling expense, transport myself to Cadiz, skimming over the dark blue sea, to the land of the Sombrero and the Seguidilla—of the Puchera, the Muchacha, and the Abanico? If I employ my time well, I may see a bull-fight, an *auto da fé*, or at least a revolution. I may look at the dark eyes of the Andalusian maid flashing under the dark meshes of her veil, and listen to Almaviva's guitar as it tinkles beneath the balcony of Rosina!"—"What time does the *Mary Wood* go, waiter?" I cried.

The slave replied she went at half-past three.

"And does she make Gibraltar?" I continued. "Say, John, will she land me at Gibel el Altar, opposite the coasts of Afric, whence whilom swarmed the galleys of the Moor, and landed on the European shores the dusky squadrons of the Moslemah? Do you mean to say, Thomas, that if I took my passage in yon boat, a few days would transport me to the scene renowned in British story—the fortress seized by Rooke and guarded by Eliott? Shall I be able to see the smoking ruins of Tangiers, which the savage bully of Gaul burned down in braggadocio pride?"

"Would you like anything for dinner before you go?" William here rather sulkily interrupted me. "I can't be a-listening to you all day; there's the bell of 24 ringing like mad."

My repast was by this time concluded—the last slice of boiled beef made up my mind completely. I went forth to the busy town; I sought a ready-made linen warehouse: and in the twinkling of an eye I purchased all that was necessary for a two months' voyage.

From that moment I let my mustachios grow. At a quarter-past three, a mariner of a stout but weather-beaten appearance, with a quantity of new carpet-bags and portmanteaus, containing twenty-four new shirts (six terrifically striped), two dozen ditto stockings—in brief, everything necessary for travel—tripped lightly up the ladder of the *Lady Mary Wood.*

I made a bow as I have seen T. P. Cooke do it on the stage. "Avast there, my hearty," I said; "can you tell me which is the skipper of this here craft? and can a seaman get a stowage in her?"

"I am the captain," said the gentleman, rather surprised.

"Tip us your daddle then, my old sea-dog, and give us change for this here Henry Hase."

'Twas a bank-note for £100, and the number was 33769.

IV.

THE SHIP AT SEA: DOLORES!

THE first thing that a narrow-minded individual does on shipboard is to make his own berth comfortable at the expense of his neighbours; the next is to criticise the passengers round about him.

Do you remark, when Britons meet, with what a scowl they salute each other—as much as to say, "Bless your eyes, what the angel do you do here?" *Young* travellers, that is to say, adopt this fascinating mode of introduction. I am old in voyaging; I go up with a bland smile to one and every passenger. I originate some clever observation about the fineness of the weather. If there are ladies, I manage to

make some side appeal to *them*, which is sure of a tender appreciation: above all, if there are old ladies, fat ladies, very dropsical, very sea-sick, or ugly ladies, I pay them some delicate attention—I go up and insinuate a pillow under their poor feet. In the intervals of sickness I whisper, "A leetle hot sherry and water?" All these little kindnesses act upon their delicate hearts, and I know that they say to themselves, "How exceedingly polite and well-bred that stout young man is!"

"It's a pity he's so fat," says one.

"Yes, but then he's so active," ejaculates another.

And thus, my dear and ingenuous youth who read this, and whom I recommend to lay to heart every single word of it, I am adored by all my fellow-passengers. When they go ashore, they feel a pang at parting with their amiable companion. I am only surprised that I have not been voted several pieces of plate upon these occasions; perhaps, dear youth, if you follow my example you may be more lucky.

Acting upon this benevolent plan, I shall not begin satirically to describe the social passengers that tread with me the deck of the *Lady Mary Wood*. I shall not, like that haughty and supercilious wretch with the yellow whiskers yonder, cut short the gentle efforts at good fellowship which human beings around me may make, or grumble at the dinner, or the head-wind, or the narrowness of the berths, or the jarring of the engines; but shall make light of all these—nay, by ingenuity turn them to a facetious and moral purpose.

If the Royal Academy would exhibit, or Mr. Moon would publish, a large five-guinea plate of the "main-deck of a steamer," how the public would admire and purchase! With a little imagination, you may fancy yourself on shipboard. Before you is the iron grating, up to which you see peeping every minute the pumping head of the engine; on the right is the galley, where the cook prepares the victuals that we eat or not, as weather permits, near which stands a living likeness of Mr. Jones, the third engineer; to the left, and running along the side of the paddle-boxes, are all sorts of mysterious little houses painted green, from which mates,

mops, cabin-boys, black engineers, and oily cook's assistants emerge; above is the deck between the two paddle-boxes, on which the captain walks in his white trousers and telescope (you may catch a glimpse of the former), and from which in bad weather he, speaking-trumpet in hand, rides the whirlwind and directs the storm. Those are the buckets in case of fire; see how they are dancing about! because they have nothing else to do—I trust they will always remain idle. A ship on fire is a conveyance by which I have no mind to travel.

Farther away, by the quarter-deck ladder, you see accurate portraits of Messrs. MacWhirter and MacMurdo, of Oporto and Saint Mary's, wine-merchants; and far, far away, on the quarter-deck, close by the dark helmsman, with the binnacle shining before his steadfast eyes, and the English flag streaming behind him (it is a confounded head-wind)—you see—O my wildly beating, my too susceptible heart—you see DOLORES!

I write her name with a sort of despair. I think it is four hours ago since I wrote that word on the paper. They were at dinner, but (for a particular reason) I cared not to eat, and sat at my desk apart. The dinner went away, either down the throats of the eager passengers or to the black caboose whence it came; dessert passed; the sun set; tea came; the moon rose—she is now high in heaven, and the steward is laying the supper things;—and all this while I have been thinking of DOLORES, DOLORES, DOLORES!

She is a little far off in the picture; but by the aid of a microscope, my dear sir, you may see every lineament of her delicious countenance, every fold of the drapery which adorns her fair form and falls down to the loveliest foot in the world! Did you ever see anything like that ankle? those thin open-worked stockings make my heart thump in an indescribable rapture. I would drink her health out of that shoe; but I swear it would not hold more than a liqueur-glass of wine. Before she left us—ah me that I should have to write the words *left us!*—I tried to make her likeness; but the abominable brute of a steam-engine shook so that—would you believe it?—this is all I could make of the loveliest face in the world!

I look even at that with a melancholy pleasure. It is not very like her, certainly; but it was drawn from her—it is not the rose, but it has been near it. Her complexion is a sort of gold colour; her eyes of a melting, deep, unfathomably deep brown; and as for her hair, the varnish of my best boots for evening parties is nothing compared to it for blackness and polish.

She used to sit on the quarter-deck of sunny afternoons, and smoke paper cigars. Oh, if you could have seen how sweetly she smiled, and how prettily she puffed out the smoke! I have got a bit of one of them which has been at her sweet lips. I shall get a gold box to keep it in some day when I am in cash. There she sat smoking, and the young rogues of the ship used to come crowding round her. MacWhirter was sorry she didn't stop at Oporto; MacMurdo was glad because she was going to Cadiz—I warrant he was; my heart was burst asunder with a twang and a snap, and she carried away half of it in the Malta boat, which bore her away from me for ever.

Dolores was not like your common mincing English girls; she had always a repartee and a joke upon her red lips which made every one around her laugh. Some of these jokes I would repeat were it not a breach of confidence, and had they not been uttered in the Spanish language, of which I don't understand a word. So I used to sit quite silent and look at her full in the face for hours and hours, and offer her my homage that way.

You should have seen how Dolores ate too! Our table was served four times a day: at breakfast, with such delicacies as beefsteaks, bubble-and-squeak, fried ham and eggs, hashed goose, twice laid, etc.—of all which trifles little Dolores would have her share; the same at dinner when she was well: and when, beneath the influence of angry Neptune, the poor soul was stretched in the berth of sickness, the stewards would nevertheless bear away plates upon plates of victuals to the dear suffering girl; and it would be "Irish stew for a lady, if you please, sir?"—"Rabbit and onions for the ladies' cabin"—"Duck, if you please, and plenty of stuffing, for the Spanish lady." And such is our blind partiality when the heart is concerned, that I admired that conduct in my

Dolores which I should have detested in other people. For instance, if I had seen Miss Jones or Miss Smith making peculiar play with her knife, or pulling out a toothpick after dinner, what would have been my feelings?

But I only saw perfection in Dolores.

V.

FROM MY LOG-BOOK AT SEA.

We are at sea—yonder is Finisterre.

The only tempest I have to describe during the voyage is that raging in my own stormy interior. It is most provokingly, uncomfortably fine weather. As we pass Ushant there is not a cloud on the sky, there scarcely seems a ripple on the water, and yet—oh yet!—it is not a calm *within*. Passion and sea-sickness are raging there tumultuously.

Why is it I cannot eat my victuals? Why is it that when Steward brought to my couch a plateful of Sea-Pie (I called wildly for it, having read of the dish in maritime novels)—why is it that the onions of which that delectable condiment seems to be mainly composed caused a convulsive shudder to pass from my nose through my whole agonized frame, obliging me to sink back gasping in the crib, and to forego all food for many, many hours?

I think it must be my love for Dolores that causes this desperate disinclination for food; and yet I have been in love many times before, and I don't recollect ever having lost my desire for my regular four meals a day. I believe I must be very far gone this time.

I ask Frank, the steward, how is the Señora? She suffers, the dear, dear Soul! She is in the ladies' cabin; she has just had a plate of roast-pork carried in to her.

She always chooses the dishes with onions—she comes from the sunny South, where both onions and garlic are plentifully used—and yet somehow, in the depression of my spirits, I wish, I wish she hadn't a partiality for that particular vegetable.

It is the next day. I have lost almost all count of time, and only know how to trace it faintly, by remembering the champagne days—Thursday and Sunday.

I am abominably hungry. And yet when I tried at breakfast, oh, horror! I was obliged to plunge back to the little cabin again, and have not been heard of since. Since then I have been lying on my back, sadly munching biscuit and looking at the glimmer of the sun through the deadlight overhead.

I *was* on the sofa, enjoying (if a wretch so miserable can be said to enjoy anything) the fresh sea-breeze which came through the open port-hole and played upon my dewy brow. But a confounded great wave came flouncing in at the orifice, blinded me, wet me through, wet all my linen in the carpet-bag, rusted all my razors, made water-buckets of my boots, and played the deuce with a tin of sweet biscuits which have formed my only solace.

Ha! ha! what do I want with boots and razors? I could not put on a boot now if you were to give me a thousand guineas. I could not shave if my life depended on it. I think I could cut my head off; but the razors are rusty, and would not cut clean. O Dolores, Dolores!

The hunger grows worse and worse. It seems to me an age since butcher's meat passed these lips; and, to add to my misery, I can hear every word the callous wretches are saying in the cabin, the clatter of the plates, the popping of the soda-water corks—or, can it be champagne day, and I a miserable groveller on my mattress? The following is the conversation:—

Captain. Mr. Jones, may I have the honour of a glass of wine?—Frank, some champagne to Mr. Jones.

Colonel Condy (of the Spanish service). That's a mighty delicate ham, Mr. Carver; may I thrubble ye for another slice?

Mr. MacMurdo (of St. Mary's, sherry merchant). Where does the Proveedor get this sherry? If he would send to my cellars in St. Mary's, I would put him in a couple of butts of wine that shouldn't cost him half the money he pays for this.

Mr. MacWhirter (of Oporto). The sherry's good enough for sherry, which is never worth the drinking; but the port is abominable. Why doesn't he come to our house for it?

Captain. There is nothing like leather, gentlemen.—More champagne, Frank.—Mr. Bung, try the macaroni.—Mr. Perkins, this plum-pudding is capital.

Steward. Some pudding for Mrs. Bigbody in the cabin, and another slice of duck for the Señora.

And so goes on the horrid talk. They are eating—*she* is eating; they laugh, they jest. Mr. Smith jocularly inquires, "How is the fat gentleman that was so gay on board the first day?"—meaning *me*, of course; and I am lying supine in my berth, without even strength enough to pull the rascal's nose. I detest Smith.

Friday.—Vigo: its bay: beauty of its environs. Nelson. Things look more briskly; the swell has gone down. We are upon deck again. We have breakfasted. We have made up for the time lost in abstinence during the two former days. Dolores is on deck; and when the spring sun is out, where should the butterfly be but on the wing? Dolores is the sun; I am the remainder of the simile.

It is astonishing how a few hours' calm can make one forget the long hours of weary bad weather. I can't fancy I have been ill at all, but for those melancholy observations scrawled feebly down in pencil in my journal yesterday. I am in clean, shining white ducks, my blue shirt collars falling elegantly over a yellow bandanna. My mustachios have come on wonderfully; they are a little red or so. But the Spanish, they say, like fair faces. I would do anything for Dolores but smoke with her; *that*, I confess, I dare not attempt.

It appears it was THE BAY OF BISCAY that made me so ill. We were in Vigo yesterday (a plague take it! I have missed what is said to be one of the most beautiful bays in the world); but I was ill, and getting a little sleep; and when it is known as a fact that a Nelson was always ill on first going to sea, need a Fat Contributor be ashamed of a manly and natural weakness?

Saturday.—Description of Oporto.

We were off the bar at an exceedingly early hour—so early that, although a gun fired and waked me out of a sound sleep, I did not rise to examine the town.

It is three miles inland, and therefore cannot be seen. It is famous for the generous wine which bears the name of port, and is drunk by some after dinner; by other, and I think wiser persons simply after cheese.

As about ten times as much of this liquor is drunk in England as is made in Portugal, it is needless to institute any statistical inquiries into the growth and consumption of the wine.

Oporto was besieged by Don Miguel, the rightful king, who, although he had Marshal Bourmont and justice on his side, was defeated by Don Pedro and British Valour. Thus may our arms ever triumph! These are the only facts I was enabled to gather regarding Oporto.

New Passengers.—On coming on deck, I was made aware that we had touched land by the presence on the boat of at least a hundred passengers, who had not before appeared among us. They had come from Vigo, and it appears were no more disposed to rouse at the morning gun than I was; for they lay asleep on the fore-deck for the most part.

They were Gallegos going to Lisbon for service; and I wished that a better hand than mine—namely, one of those immortal pencils which decorate the columns of our dear *Punch*—had been there to take cognizance of these strange children of the South, in their scarfs and their tufted hats, with their brown faces shining as they lay under the sun.

Nor were these the only new passengers; with them came on board a half-dozen of Hungarian cloth-sellers.

But I am interrupted. Hark! 'tis the bell for lunch.

[Though our fat friend's log has been in the present instance a little tedious, the observant reader may nevertheless draw from it a complete and agreeable notion of the rise, progress, and conclusion of the malady of sea-sickness. He is exhausted; he is melancholy; he is desperate; he rejects his victuals; he grows hungry, but dares not eat; he mends; his spirits rise; all his faculties are restored to him; and he eats with redoubled vigour. This fine diagnosis of the maritime complaint, we pronounce from experience, may be perfectly relied upon.—EDITOR.]

PUNCH IN THE EAST.

FROM OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

ON BOARD THE P. & O. COMPANY'S SHIP
"BURRUMPOOTER," OFF ALEXANDRIA.

FAT CONTRIBUTOR, indeed! I lay down my pen, and smile in bitter scorn as I write the sarcastic title—I remember it was that which I assumed when my peregrinations began. It is now an absurd misnomer.

I forget whence I wrote to you last. We were but three weeks from England, I think—off Cadiz, or Malta, perhaps; I was full of my recollections of Dolores—full in other ways, too. I have travelled in the East since then. I have seen the gardens of Bujukdere and the kiosks of the Seraglio; I have seen the sun sinking behind Morea's hills, and rising over the red waves of the Nile. I have travelled like Benjamin Disraeli, Ulysses, Monckton Milnes, and the eminent sages of all times. I am not the fat being I was (and proudly styled myself) when I left my dear, dear Pall Mall. You recollect my Nugee dress-coat, with the brass buttons and canary silk lining, that the author of the "Spirit of the Age" used to envy? I never confessed it, but I was in agonies when I wore that coat. I was girthed in (inwardly) so tight that I thought every day after the third *entrée* apoplexy would ensue; and had my name and address written most legibly in the breast-flap, so that I might be carried home in case I was found speechless in the street on my return from dinner. A smiling face often hides an aching heart; I promise you mine did in that coat—and not my heart only, but other regions. There is a skeleton in every house, and mine—no, I wasn't exactly a skeleton in that garment, but suffered secret torments in it, to which, as I take it, those of the Inquisition were trifles.

I put it on t'other day to dine with Bucksheesh Pasha at Grand Cairo—I could have buttoned the breast over to the two buttons behind. My dear Sir, I looked like a perfect Guy. I am wasted away—a fading flower; I don't weigh above sixteen and a half now. Eastern travel has done it; and all my fat friends may read this and consider it.

It is something at least to know. Byron (one of *us*) took vinegar and starved himself to get down the disagreeable plenitude. Vinegar? nonsense! try Eastern travel. I am bound to say, however, that it don't answer in all cases. Waddilove, for instance, with whom I have been making the journey, has bulged out in the sun like a pumpkin, and at dinner you see his coat and waistcoat buttons split violently off his garments—no longer able to bear the confinement there. One of them hit Colonel Sourcillon plump on the nose, on which the Frenchman * * * But to return to my own case. A man always speaks most naturally and truly of that which occurs to himself.

I attribute the diminution in my size not to my want of appetite, which has been uniformly good. Pale ale is to be found universally throughout Turkey, Syria, Greece, and Egypt; and after a couple of foaming bottles of Bass, a man could eat a crocodile (we had some at Bucksheesh Pasha's fattened in the tanks of his country villa of El Muddee, on the Nile, but tough—very fishy and tough). The appetite, I say, I have found to be generally good in these regions; and attribute the corporeal diminution solely TO WANT OF SLEEP.

I give you my word of honour as a gentleman *that for seven weeks I have never slept a single wink.* It is my belief that nobody does in the East. You get to do without it perfectly. It may be said of these countries, they are so hospitable you are never alone. You have always friends to come and pass the night with you, and keep you alive with their cheerful, innocent gambols. At Constantinople, at Athens, Malta, Cairo, Gibraltar, it is all the same. Your watchful friends persist in paying you attention. The frisky and agile flea, the slow but steady-purposed bug, the fairy mosquito, with his mellow-sounding horn, rush to welcome the stranger to their shores—and never leave him during his stay. At first, and before you are used to the manners of the country, the attention is rather annoying.

Man is a creature of habit. I did not at first like giving up my sleep; I had been used to it in England. I occasionally repined as my friends persisted in calling my attention to them, grew sulky and peevish, wished myself in bed in

London—nay, in the worst bed in the most frequented, old, mouldy, musty, wooden-galleried coach inn in Aldgate or Holborn. I recollect a night at the "Bull," in poor dear old Mrs. Nelson's time—well, well, it is nothing to the East. What a country would this be for Tiffin, and what a noble field for his labours!

Though I am used to it now, I can't say but it is probable that when I get back to England I shall return to my old habits. Here, on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's magnificent steamship *Burrumpooter*, I thought of trying whether I could sleep any more. I had got the sweetest little cabin in the world; the berths rather small and tight for a man of still considerable proportions, but everything as neat, sweet, fresh, and elegant as the most fastidious amateur of the nightcap might desire. I hugged the idea of having the little palace all to myself. I placed a neat white nightgown and my favourite pink silk cap on the top berth ready. The sea was as clear as glass; the breeze came cool and refreshing through the port-hole; the towers of Alexandria faded away as our ship sailed westward. My Egyptian friends were left behind. It would soon be sunset. I longed for that calm hour, and meanwhile went to enjoy myself at dinner with a hundred and forty passengers from Suez, who laughed and joked, drank champagne and the exhilarating Hodgson, and brought the latest news from Dumdum or Futtyghur.

I happened to sit next at table to the French gentleman before mentioned, Colonel Sourcillon, in the service of the Rajah of Lahore, returning to Europe on leave of absence. The Colonel is six feet high, of a grim and yellow physiognomy, with a red ribbon at his button-hole of course, and large black mustachios curling up to his eyes—to one eye, that is; the other was put out in mortal combat, which has likewise left a furious purple gash down one cheek, a respectable but terrible sight.

"Vous regardez ma cicatrice," said the Colonel, perceiving that I eyed him with interest. "Je l'ai reçue en Espagne, Monsieur, à la bataille de Vittoria, que nous avons gagnée sur vous. J'ai tué de ma main le grrredin de Feldmaréchal Anglais qui m'a donné cette noble blessure. Elle n'est pas

la seule, Monsieur. Je possède encore soixante-quatorze cicatrices sur le corps. Mais j'ai fait sonner partout le grrrand nom de la Frrance. Vous êtes militaire, Monsieur? Non?—Passez-moi le poivre-rouge, s'il vous plaît."

The Colonel emptied the cayenne-pepper cruet over his fish, and directed his conversation entirely to me. He told me that ours was a perfidious nation; that he esteemed some individuals, but detested the country, which he hoped to see *écrrrasé un jour*. He said I spoke French with remarkable purity; that on board all our steamers there was an infamous conspiracy to insult every person bearing the name of Frenchman; that he would call out the captain directly they came ashore; that he could not even get a cabin—had I one? On my affirmative reply, he said I was a person of such amiable manners, and so unlike my countrymen, that he would share my cabin with me; and instantly shouted to the steward to put his trunks into number 202.

What could I do? When I went on deck to smoke a cigar, the Colonel retired, pretending a *petite santé*, suffering a horrible *mal de mer*, and dreadful shooting pains in thirty-seven of his wounds. What, I say, could I do? I had not the cabin to myself. He had a right to sleep there; at any rate, I had the best berth, and if he did not snore, my rest would not be disturbed.

But ah, my dear friends, when I thought I would go down and sleep—the first sleep after seven weeks—fancy what I saw: he was asleep in my berth!

His sword, gun, and pistol-cases blocked up the other sleeping-place; his bags, trunks, pipes, cloaks, and portmanteaus, every corner of the little room.

"QUI VA LÀ?" roared the monster, with a terrific oath, as I entered the cabin. "Ah! c'est vous, Monsieur; pourquoi diable faites-vous tant de bruit? J'ai une petite santé; laissez-moi dormir en paix."

I went upon deck. I shan't sleep till I get back to England again. I paid my passage all the way home; but I stopped, and am in quarantine at Malta. I couldn't make the voyage with that Frenchman. I have no money; send me some, and relieve the miseries of him who was once

THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE PROSPECTS OF PUNCH IN THE EAST.

To the Editor of "Punch" (confidential).

My dear Sir,—In my last letter (which was intended for the public eye) I was too much affected by the recollection of what I may be permitted to call the Arabian Nights' Entertainments to allow me for the moment to commit to paper that useful information, in the imparting of which your Journal—*our* Journal—the world's Journal—yields to none, and which the British public will naturally expect from all who contribute to your columns. I address myself therefore privately to you, so that you may deal with the facts I may communicate as you shall think best for the general welfare.

What I wish to point out especially to your notice is, the astonishing progress of *Punch* in the East. Moving, according to your orders, in strict incognito, it has been a source of wonder and delight to me to hear how often the name of the noble Miscellany was in the mouths of British men. At Gibraltar its jokes passed among the midshipmen, merchants, Jews, etc., assembled at the hotel table (and quite unconscious how sweetly their words sounded on the ear of a silent guest at the board) as current, ay, much more current, than the coin of the realm. At Malta, the first greeting between Captain Tagus and some other Captain in anchor buttons, who came to hail him when we entered harbour, related to *Punch*. "What's the news?" exclaimed the other Captain. "Here's *Punch*," was the immediate reply of Tagus, handing it out; and the other Captain's face was suffused with instant smiles as his enraptured eye glanced over some of the beauteous designs of Leech. At Athens, Mr. Smith, second cousin of the respected vice-consul, who came to our inn, said to me mysteriously, "I'm told we've got Punch on board." I took him aside, and pointed him out (in confidence) Mr. Waddilove, the stupidest man of all our party, as the author in question.

Somewhat to my annoyance (for I was compelled to maintain my privacy), Mr. W. was asked to a splendid dinner in

consequence—a dinner which ought by rights to have fallen to my share. It was a consolation to me, however, to think, as I ate my solitary repast at one of the dearest and worst inns I ever entered, that though *I* might be overlooked, *Punch* was respected in the land of Socrates and Pericles.

At the Piræus we took on board four young gentlemen from Oxford, who had been visiting the scenes consecrated to them by the delightful associations of the Little Go; and as they paced the deck and looked at the lambent stars that twinkled on the bay once thronged with the galleys of Themistocles, what, sir, do you think was the song they chanted in chorus? Was it a lay of burning Sappho? Was it a thrilling ode of Alcæus? No; it was—

> "Had I an ass averse to speed,
> Deem ye I'd strike him? no, indeed," etc.,

which you had immortalized, I recollect, in your Vol. 6! (Donkeys, it must be premised, are most numerous and flourishing in Attica, commonly bestridden by the modern Greeks, and no doubt extensively popular among the ancients—unless human nature has very much changed since their time.) Thus we find that *Punch* is respected at Oxford as well as in Athens, and I trust at Cambridge likewise.

As we sailed through the blue Bosphorus at midnight, the Health of *Punch* was enthusiastically drunk in the delicious beverage which shares his respectable name; and the ghosts of Hero and Leander must have been startled at hearing songs appropriate to the toast, and very different from those with which I have no doubt they amused each other in times so affectingly described in Lemprière's delightful Dictionary. I did not see the Golden Horn at Constantinople, nor hear it blown, probably on account of the fog; but this I can declare, that *Punch* was on the table at Misseri's Hotel, Pera, the spirited proprietor of which little knew that one of its humblest contributors ate his pilaff. Pilaff, by the way, is very good; kabobs are also excellent; my friend, Mehemet Effendi, who keeps the kabob shop, close by the rope-bazaar in Constantinople, sells as good as any in town. At the Armenian shops, too, you get a sort of raisin wine at two

piastres a bottle, over which a man can spend an agreeable half-hour. I did not hear what the Sultan Abdul Medjid thinks of *Punch*, but of wine he is said to be uncommonly fond.

At Alexandria, there lay the picture of the dear and venerable old face on the table of the British hotel; and the 140 passengers from Burrumtollah, Chowringhee, etc. (now on their way to England per *Burrumpooter*) rushed upon it—it was the July number, with my paper, which you may remember made such a sensation—even more eagerly than on pale ale. I made cautious inquiries amongst them (never breaking the incognito) regarding the influence of *Punch* in our vast Indian territories. They say that from Cape Comorin to the Sutlej, and from the Sutlej to the borders of Thibet, nothing is talked of but *Punch*. Dost Mahommed never misses a single number; and the Tharawaddie knows the figure of Lord Brougham and his Scotch trousers as well as that of his favourite vizier. *Punch*, my informant states, has rendered his lordship so popular throughout our Eastern possessions, that were he to be sent out to India as Governor, the whole army and people would shout with joyful recognition. I throw out this for the consideration of Government at home.

I asked Bucksheesh Pasha (with whom I had the honour of dining at Cairo) what his august Master thought of *Punch*. And at the Pyramids—but of these in another letter. You have here enough to show you how kingly the diadem, boundless the sway, of *Punch* is in the East. By it we are enabled to counterbalance the influence of the French in Egypt; by it we are enabled to spread civilization over the vast Indian continent, to soothe the irritated feelings of the Sikhs, and keep the Burmese in good-humour. By means of *Punch* it has been our privilege to expose the designs of Russia more effectually than Urquhart ever did, and to this Sir Stratford Canning can testify. A proud and noble post is that which you, Sir, hold over the Intellect of the World; a tremendous power you exercise. May you ever wield it wisely and gently as now! "Subjectis parcere, superbos debellare," be your motto! I forget whether I mentioned in my last that I was without funds in quarantine at Fort Manuel, Malta, and

shall anxiously expect the favour of a communication from you—*poste restante*—at that town.

With assurances of the highest consideration,
Believe me to be, Sir,
Your most faithful Servant and Correspondent,
THE F—— CONTRIBUTOR.

P.S.—We touched at Smyrna, where I purchased a *real Smyrna sponge*, which trifle I hope your lady will accept for her toilette; some *real Turkey rhubarb* for your dear children; and a friend going to Syria has promised to procure for me *some real Jerusalem artichokes*, which I hope to see flourishing in your garden at ——.

[This letter was addressed "strictly private and confidential" to us; but at a moment when all men's minds are turned towards the East, and every information regarding "the cradle of civilization" is anxiously looked for, we have deemed it our duty to submit our Correspondent's letter to *the public*. The news which it contains are so important and startling—our Correspondent's views of Eastern affairs so novel and remarkable—that they *must* make an impression in Europe. We beg the *Observer*, the *Times*, etc., to have the goodness to acknowledge their authority, if they avail themselves of our facts. And for *us*, it cannot but be a matter of pride and gratification to think—on the testimony of a Correspondent who has never deceived us yet—that our efforts for the good of mankind are appreciated by such vast and various portions of the human race, and that our sphere of usefulness is so prodigiously on the increase. Were it not that dinner has been announced (and consequently is getting cold), we would add more. For the present, let us content ourselves by stating that the intelligence conveyed to us is most welcome as it is most surprising, the occasion of heartfelt joy, and we hope of deep future meditation.—EDITOR.]

CHAPTER III.

ATHENS.

I WAS not a brilliant boy at school—the only prize I ever remember to have got was in a kind of lottery in which I was obliged to subscribe with seventeen other competitors, and of which the prize was a flogging. That I won. But I don't think I carried off any other. Possibly from laziness, or if you please from incapacity, but I certainly was rather

inclined to be of the side of the dunces. Sir Walter Scott, it will be recollected, was of the same species. Many young plants sprouted up round about both of us, I dare say, with astonishing rapidity; but they have gone to seed ere this, or were never worth the cultivation. Great genius is of slower growth.

I always had my doubts about the classics. When I saw a brute of a schoolmaster, whose mind was as coarse-grained as any ploughboy's in Christendom; whose manners were those of the most insufferable of Heaven's creatures—the English snob trying to turn gentleman; whose lips, when they were not mouthing Greek or grammar, were yelling out the most brutal abuse of poor little cowering gentlemen standing before him: when I saw this kind of man (and the instructors of our youth are selected very frequently indeed out of this favoured class), and heard him roar out praises of, and pump himself up into enthusiasm for, certain Greek poetry, I say I had my doubts about the genuineness of the article. A man may well thump you or call you names because you won't learn, but I never could take to the proffered delicacy; the fingers that offered it were so dirty. Fancy the brutality of a man who began a Greek grammar with "τύπτω, I thrash!" We were all made to begin it in that way.

When, then, I came to Athens, and saw that it was a humbug, I hailed the fact with a sort of gloomy joy. I stood in the Royal Square and cursed the country which has made thousands of little boys miserable. They have blue stripes on the new Greek flag; I thought bitterly of my own. I wished that my schoolmaster had been in the place, that we might have fought there for the right, and that I might have immolated him as a sacrifice to the manes of little boys flogged into premature Hades, or pining away and sickening under the destiny of that infernal Greek grammar. I have often thought that those little cherubs who are carved on tombstones, and are represented as possessing a head and wings only, are designed to console little children—usher and beadle-belaboured—and say "there is no flogging where we are." From their conformation, it is impossible. Woe to the man who has harshly treated one of them!

Of the ancient buildings in this beggarly town it is not my

business to speak. Between ourselves, it must be acknowledged that there was some merit in the Heathens who constructed them. But of the Temple of Jupiter, of which some columns still remain, I declare with confidence that not one of them is taller than our own glorious Monument on Fish Street Hill, which I heartily wish to see again, whereas upon the columns of Jupiter I never more desire to set eyes. On the Acropolis and its temples and towers I shall also touch briefly. The frieze of the Parthenon is well known in England, the famous *chevaux de frieze* being carried off by Lord Elgin, and now in the British Museum, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. The Erechtheum is another building, which I suppose has taken its name from the genteel club in London at a corner of St. James's Square. It is likewise called the Temple of Minerva Polias—a capital name for a club in London certainly. Fancy gentlemen writing on their cards, "Mr. Jones, Temple-of-Minerva-Polias Club." Our country is surely the most classical of islands.

As for the architecture of that temple, if it be not entirely stolen from St. Pancras Church, New Road, or *vice versâ*, I am a Dutchman. "The Tower of the Winds" may be seen any day at Edinburgh; and the Lantern of Demosthenes is at this very minute perched on the top of the church in Regent Street, within a hundred yards of the lantern of Mr. Drummond. Only in London you have them all in much better preservation—the noses of the New Road Caryatides are not broken as those of their sisters here. The temple of the Scotch winds I am pleased to say I have never seen, but I have no doubt it is worthy of the Modern Athens; and as for the Choragic temple of Lysicrates, erroneously called Demosthenes' Lantern, from Waterloo Place you can see it well—whereas here it is a ruin in the midst of a huddle of dirty huts, whence you try in vain to get a good view of it.

When I say of the temple of Theseus (quoting Murray's Guide-book) that "it is a peripteral hexastyle with a pronaos, a posticum and two columns between the antæ," the commonest capacity may perfectly imagine the place. Fancy it upon an irregular ground of copper-coloured herbage, with black goats feeding on it, and the sound of perpetual donkeys braying round about. Fancy to the south-east the purple

rocks and towers of the Acropolis meeting the eye—to the south-east the hilly islands and the blue Ægean. Fancy the cobalt sky above, and the temple itself (built of Pentelic marble) of the exact colour and mouldiness of a ripe Stilton cheese, and you have the view before you as well as if you had been there.

The King's German Guards (Σπιτζβουβοι) have left him perforce; he is now attended by petticoated Albanians, and I saw one of the palace sentries, as the sun was shining on his sentry-box, wisely couched *behind* it.

The Chambers were about to sit when we arrived. The Deputies were thronging to the capital. One of them had come as a third-class passenger of an English steamer, took a first-class place, and threatened to blow out the brains of the steward who remonstrated with him on the irregularity. It is quite needless to say that he kept his place; and as the honourable deputy could not read, of course he could not be expected to understand the regulations imposed by the avaricious proprietors of the boat in question. Happy is the country to have such makers of laws, and to enjoy the liberty consequent upon the representative system!

Besides Otho's palace in the great square, there is another house and an hotel; a fountain is going to be erected, and roads even are to be made. At present the King drives up and down over the mangy plain before mentioned, and the grand officers of state go up to the palace on donkeys.

As for the Hotel Royal—the Folkestone Hotel might take a lesson from it—they charge five shillings sterling (the coin of the country is the gamma, lambda, and delta, which I never could calculate) for a bed in a double-bedded room; and our poor young friend Scratchley, with whom I was travelling, was compelled to leave his and sit for safety on a chair, on a table in the middle of the room.

As for me—but I will not relate my own paltry sufferings. The post goes out in half an hour, and I had thought ere its departure to have described to you Constantinople and my interview with the Sultan there, his splendid offers, the Princess Badroulbadour, the order of the Nisham, the Pashalic with three tails, and my firm but indignant rejec-

tion. I had thought to describe Cairo—interview with Mehemet Ali—proposals of that Prince—splendid feast at the house of my dear friend Bucksheesh Pasha—dancing-girls and magicians after dinner, and their extraordinary disclosures. But I should fill volumes at this rate; and I can't, like Mr. James, write a volume between breakfast and luncheon.

I have only time rapidly to jot down my great ADVENTURE AT THE PYRAMIDS, and *Punch's* enthronization there.

CHAPTER IV.

PUNCH AT THE PYRAMIDS.

THE 19th day of October, 1844 (the seventh day of the month Hudjmudj, and the 1229th year of the Mohammedan Hejira, corresponding with the 16,769th anniversary of the 48th incarnation of Veeshnoo), is a day that ought hereafter to be considered eternally famous in the climes of the East and West. I forget what was the day of General Bonaparte's battle of the Pyramids; I think it was in the month Quintidi of the year Nivôse of the French Republic; and he told his soldiers that forty centuries looked down upon them from the summit of those buildings—a statement which I very much doubt. But I say THE 19TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1844, is the most important era in the modern world's history. It unites the modern with the ancient civilization; it couples the brethren of Watt and Cobden with the dusky family of Pharaoh and Sesostris; it fuses Herodotus with Thomas Babington Macaulay; it intertwines the piston of the blond Anglo-Saxon steam-engine with the needle of the Abyssinian Cleopatra; it weds the tunnel of the subaqueous Brunel with the mystic edifice of Cheops. Strange play of wayward fancy! Ascending the Pyramid, I could not but think of Waterloo Bridge in my dear native London—a building as vast and as magnificent, as beautiful, as useless, and as lonely. Forty centuries have not as yet passed over the latter structure, 'tis true; scarcely an equal number of hackney coaches have crossed it. But I doubt whether the individuals who con-

tributed to raise it are likely to receive a better dividend for their capital than the swarthy shareholders in the Pyramid speculation, whose dust has long since been trampled over by countless generations of their sons.

If I use in the above sentence the longest words I can find, it is because the occasion is great and demands the finest phrases the dictionary can supply; it is because I have not read Tom Macaulay in vain; it is because I wish to show I am a dab in history, as the above dates will testify; it is because I have seen the Reverend Mr. Milman preach in a black gown at Saint Margaret's, whereas at the Coronation he wore a gold cope. The 19th of October was *Punch's Coronation;* I officiated at the august ceremony. To be brief—as illiterate readers may not understand a syllable of the above piece of ornamental eloquence—ON THE 19TH OF OCTOBER, 1844, I PASTED THE GREAT PLACARD OF PUNCH ON THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS. I did it. The Fat Contributor did it. If I die, it could not be undone. If I perish, I have not lived in vain.

If the forty centuries *are* on the summit of the Pyramids, as Bonaparte remarks, all I can say is, *I* did not see them. But *Punch* has really been there; this I swear. One placard I pasted on the first landing-place (who knows how long Arab rapacity will respect the sacred hieroglyphic?). One I placed under a great stone on the summit; one I waved in air, as my Arabs raised a mighty cheer round the peaceful victorious banner; and I flung it towards the sky, which the Pyramid almost touches, and left it to its fate, to mount into the azure vault and take its place among the constellations; to light on the eternal Desert, and mingle with its golden sands; or to flutter and drop into the purple waters of the neighbouring Nile, to swell its fructifying inundations, and mingle with the rich vivifying influence which shoots into the tall palm-trees on its banks, and generates the waving corn.

I wonder were there any signs or omens in London when that event occurred? Did an earthquake take place? Did Stocks or the Barometer preternaturally rise or fall? It matters little. Let it suffice that the thing has been done, and forms an event in History by the side of those other

facts to which these prodigious monuments bear testimony. Now to narrate briefly the circumstances of the day.

Horses of the Mosaic Arab breed—I mean those animals called Jerusalem ponies by some in England, by others denominated donkeys—are the common means of transport employed by the subjects of Mehemet Ali. My excellent friend Bucksheesh Pasha would have mounted me either on his favourite horse, or his best dromedary. But I declined those proffers. If I fall, I like better to fall from a short distance than a high one. I have tried tumbling in both ways, and recommend the former as by far the pleasantest and safest. I chose the Mosaic Arab then—one for the dragoman, one for the requisites of refreshment, and two for myself—not that I proposed to ride two at once, but a person of a certain dimension had best have a couple of animals in case of accident.

I left Cairo on the afternoon of October 18, never hinting to a single person the mighty purpose of my journey. The waters were out, and we had to cross them thrice—twice in track-boats, once on the shoulders of abominable Arabs, who take a pleasure in slipping and in making believe to plunge you in the stream. When in the midst of it, the brutes stop and demand money of you—you are alarmed the savages may drop you if you do not give—you promise that you will do so. The half-naked ruffians who conduct you up the Pyramid, when they have got you panting to the most steep, dangerous, and lonely stone, make the same demand, pointing downwards while they beg, as if they would fling you in that direction on refusal. As soon as you have breath, you promise more money; it is the best way. You are a fool if you give it when you come down.

The journey I find briefly set down in my pocket-book as thus:—Cairo Gardens—Mosquitoes—Women dressed in blue—Children dressed in nothing—Old Cairo—Nile, dirty water, ferry-boat—Town—Palm-trees, ferry-boat, canal, palm-trees, town—Rice-fields—Maize-fields—Fellows on dromedaries—Donkey down—Over his head—Pick up pieces—More palm-trees—More rice-fields—Water-courses—Howling Arabs—Donkey tumbles down again—Inundations—Herons or cranes—Broken bridges—Sands—Pyramids. If a man

cannot make a landscape out of *that* he has no imagination. Let him paint the skies very blue—the sands very yellow—the plains very flat and green—the dromedaries and palm-trees very tall—the women very brown, some with veils, some with nose-rings, some tattooed, and none with stays—and the picture is complete. You may shut your eyes and fancy yourself there. It is the pleasantest way, *entre nous*.

CHAPTER V.

PUNCH AT THE PYRAMIDS (*concluded*).

It is all very well to talk of sleeping in the tombs: *that* question has been settled in a former paper, where I have stated my belief that people do not sleep at all in Egypt. I thought to have had some tremendous visions under the shadow of those enormous Pyramids reposing under the stars. Pharaoh or Cleopatra, I thought, might appear to me in a dream. But how could they, as I didn't go to sleep? I hoped for high thoughts, and secret communings with the Spirit of Poesy; I hoped to have let off a sonnet at least, as gentlemen do on visiting the spot; but how could I hunt for rhymes, being occupied all night in hunting for something else? If this remonstrance will deter a single person from going to the Pyramids, my purpose is fully answered.

But *my* case was different. I had a duty to perform. I had to introduce Punch to Cheops—I had vowed to leave his card at the gates of History—I had a mission, in a word. I roused at sunrise the snoring dragoman from his lair. I summoned the four Arabs who had engaged to assist me in the ascent, and in the undertaking. We lighted a fire of camels' dung at the north-east corner of the Pyramid, just as the god of day rose over Cairo. The embers began to glow; water was put into the tin pot; the pot was put on the fire: 'twas a glorious, a thrilling moment!

At 46 minutes past 6 a.m. (by one of Dollond's chronometers) *the water began to boil.*

At 47 minutes the flour was put gradually into the water; it was stirred with the butt-end of the brush brought for

the purpose; and Schmaklek Beg, an Arab, peeping over the pot too curiously, I poked the brush into his mouth at 11 minutes before 7 a.m.

At 7 THE PASTE WAS MADE. Doubting whether it was thick enough, Schmaklek tried it with his finger. It was pronounced to be satisfactory.

At 11 minutes past 7 I turned round in a majestic attitude to the four Arabs, and said, "Let us mount." I suggest this scene, this moment, this attitude, to the Committee of the Fine Arts as a proper subject for the Houses of Parliament —PUNCH pointing to the Pyramids, and introducing civilization to Egypt. I merely throw it out as a suggestion. What a grand thing the Messieurs Foggo would make of it!

Having given the signal, the Sheik of the Arabs seized my right arm, and his brother the left. Two volunteer Arabs pushed me (quite unnecessarily) behind. The other two preceded—one with a water-bottle for refreshment; the other with the posters, the pot, the paint-brush, and the paste. Away we went—away!

I was blown at the third step. They are exceedingly lofty—about five feet high each, I should think. But the ardent spirit will break his heart to win the goal; besides, I could not go back if I would. The two Arabs dragged me forward by the arms; the volunteers pushed me up from behind. It was in vain I remonstrated with the latter, kicking violently as occasion offered; they still went on pushing. We arrived at the first landing-place.

I drew out the poster; how it fluttered in the breeze! With a trembling hand I popped the brush into the paste-pot, and smeared the back of the placard; then I pasted up the standard of our glorious leader—at 19 minutes past 7, by the clock of the great minaret at Cairo, which was clearly visible through my refracting telescope. My heart throbbed when the deed was done. My eyes filled with tears—I am not at liberty to state here all the emotions of triumph and joy which rose in my bosom, so exquisitely overpowering were they. There was PUNCH—familiar old PUNCH—his back to the desert, his beaming face turned towards the Nile.

"Bless him!" I exclaimed, embracing him; and almost choking, gave the signal to the Arabs to move on.

These savage creatures are only too ready to obey an order of this nature. They spin a man along, be his size never so considerable. They rattled up to the second landing so swiftly that I thought I should be broken-winded for ever. But they gave us little time to halt. Yallah! Again we mount; 'tis the last and most arduous ascent. The limbs quiver, the pulses beat, the eyes shoot out of the head, the brain reels, the knees tremble and totter, and you are on the summit! I don't know how many hundred thousand feet it is above the level of the sea, but I wonder after that tremendous exercise that I am not a roarer to my dying hour.

When consciousness and lungs regained their play, another copy of the placard was placed under a stone, a third was launched into air in the manner before described, and we gave three immense cheers for PUNCH, which astonished the undiscovered mummies that lie darkling in tomb-chambers, and must have disturbed the broken-nosed old Sphinx who has been couched for thousands of years in the desert hard by. This done, we made our descent from the Pyramid.

And if, my dear Sir, you ask me whether it is worth a man's while to mount up those enormous stones, I will say, in confidence, that thousands of people went to see the Bottle Conjurer, and that we hear of gentlemen becoming Freemasons every day.

(*August*, 1844, *to February*, 1845.)

BRIGHTON.

BY "PUNCH'S" COMMISSIONER.

As there are some consumptive travellers who, by dodging about to Italy, to Malta, to Madeira, manage to cheat the winter, and for whose lungs a perpetual warmth is necessary; so there are people to whom, in like manner, London is a necessity of existence, and who follow it all the year round. Such individuals, when London goes out of town, follow it to Brighton, which is, at this season, London *plus* prawns for breakfast and the sea air. Blessings on the sea air, which gives you an appetite to eat them!

You may get a decent bedroom and sitting-room here for a guinea a day. Our friends the Botibols have three rooms, and a bedstead disguised like a chest of drawers in the drawing-room, for which they pay something less than a hundred pounds a month. I could not understand last night why the old gentleman, who usually goes to bed early, kept yawning and fidgeting in the drawing-room after tea; until, with some hesitation, he made the confession that the apartment in question was his bedroom, and revealed the mystery of the artful chest of drawers. Botibol's house in Bedford Square is as spacious as an Italian palace; the second-floor front, in which the worthy man sleeps, would accommodate a regiment; and here they squeeze him into a *chiffonnière!* How Mrs. B. and the four delightful girls can be stowed away in the back room, I tremble to think; what bachelor has a right to ask? But the air of the sea makes up for the closeness of the lodgings. I have just seen them on the Cliff; mother and daughters were all blooming like crimson double dahlias!

You meet everybody on that Cliff. For a small charge you may hire the very fly I engaged, with the very horse and the very postilion, in a pink striped chintz jacket—which may have been the cover of an armchair once—and straight whity-brown hair, and little wash-leather inexpressibles: the cheapest little caricature of a post-boy eyes have ever lighted on. I seldom used to select his carriage, for the horse and vehicle looked feeble, and unequal to bearing a person of weight; but last Sunday I saw an Israelitish family of distinction ensconced in the poor little carriage—the ladies with the most flaming polkas, and flounces all the way up; the gent in velvet waistcoat, with pins in his breast big enough once to have surmounted the door of his native pawnbroker's shop, and a complement of hook-nosed children, magnificent in attire. Their number and magnificence did not break the carriage down; the little postilion bumped up and down as usual, as the old horse went his usual pace. How they spread out, and basked, and shone, and were happy in the sun there—those honest people! The Mosaic Arabs abound here; and they rejoice and are idle with a grave and solemn pleasure, as becomes their Eastern origin.

If you don't mind the expense, hire a ground-floor window on the Cliff, and examine the stream of human nature which passes by. That stream is a league in length: it pours from Brunswick Terrace to Kemp Town, and then tumbles back again; and so rolls, and as it rolls perpetually, keeps rolling on from three o'clock till dinner-time.

Ha! what a crowd of well-known London faces you behold here! only the sallow countenances look pink now, and devoid of care. I have seen, this very day, at least——

Forty-nine Railroad Directors, who would have been at Baden-Baden but for the lines in progress; and who, though breathing the fresh air, are within an hour and a half of the City.

Thirteen barristers, of more or less repute, including the Solicitor-General himself, whose open and jovial countenance beamed with benevolence upon the cheerful scene.

A Hebrew dentist driving a curricle.

At least twelve well-known actors or actresses. It went to my heart to see the most fashionable of them driving about in a little four-wheeled pony-chaise, the like of which might be hired for five shillings.

Then you have tight-laced dragoons, trotting up and down with solemn, handsome, stupid faces, and huge yellow mustachios. Myriads of flies, laden with happy cockneys; pathetic invalid-chairs trail along, looking too much like coffins already, in which poor people are brought out to catch a glimpse of the sun. Grand equipages are scarce: I saw Lady Wilhelmina Wiggins's lovely nose and auburn ringlets peeping out of a cab, hired at half a crown an hour, between her ladyship and her sister, the Princess Oysterowski.

* * * * *

The old gentleman who began to take lessons when we were here three years ago, at the Tepid Swimming Bath with the conical top, I am given to understand is still there, and may be seen in the water from nine till five.

(*October*, 1845.)

A BRIGHTON NIGHT ENTERTAINMENT.

BY "PUNCH'S" COMMISSIONER.

I HAVE always had a taste for the second-rate in life. Second-rate poetry, for instance, is an uncommon deal pleasanter to my fancy than your great thundering first-rate epic poems. Your Miltons and Dantes are magnificent—but a bore; whereas an ode of Horace or a song of Tommy Moore is always fresh, sparkling, and welcome. Second-rate claret, again, is notoriously better than first-rate wine: you get the former genuine, whereas the latter is a loaded and artificial composition that cloys the palate and bothers the reason.

Second-rate beauty in women is likewise, I maintain, more agreeable than first-rate charms. Your first-rate Beauty is grand, severe, awful—a faultless, frigid angel of five feet nine; superb to behold at church, or in the park, or at a drawing-room, but ah, how inferior to a sweet little second-rate creature, with smiling eyes, and a little second-rate *nez retroussé*, with which you fall in love in a minute!

Second-rate novels I also assert to be superior to the best works of fiction. They give you no trouble to read, excite no painful emotions; you go through them with a gentle, languid, agreeable interest. Mr. James's romances are perfect in this way. The *ne plus ultra* of indolence may be enjoyed during their perusal.

For the same reason, I like second-rate theatrical entertainments—a good little company in a provincial town, acting good old stupid stock comedies and farces; where nobody comes to the theatre, and you may lie at ease in the pit, and get a sort of intimacy with each actor and actress, and know every bar of the music that the three or four fiddlers of the little orchestra play throughout the season.

The Brighton Theatre would be admirable but for one thing: Mr. Hooper, the manager, will persist in having Stars down from London—blazing Macreadys, resplendent Miss Cushmans, fiery Wallacks, and the like. On these occasions it is very possible that the house may be filled and the manager's purpose answered; but where does all your

comfort go then? You can't loll over four benches in the pit; you are squeezed and hustled in an inconvenient crowd there; you are fatigued by the perpetual struggles of the apple-and-ginger-beer boy, who *will* pass down your row. And for what do you undergo this labour? To see "Hamlet" and "Lady Macbeth," forsooth! as if everybody had not seen them a thousand times. No, on such star nights "The Commissioner" prefers a walk on the Cliff to the charms of the Brighton Theatre. I can have first-rate tragedy in London: in the country give me good old country fare—the good old comedies and farces, the dear, good old melodramas.

We had one the other day in perfection. We were, I think, about four of us in the pit; the ginger-beer boy might wander about quite at his ease. There was a respectable family in a private box, and some pleasant fellows in the gallery; and we saw, with leisure and delectation, that famous old melodrama "The Warlock of the Glen."

In a pasteboard cottage, on the banks of the Atlantic Ocean, there lived once a fisherman, who had a little canvas boat, in which it is a wonder he was never swamped, for the boat was not above three feet long. And I was astonished at his dwelling in the cottage, too; for though a two-storied one, it was not above five feet high, and I am sure the fisherman was six feet without his shoes.

As he was standing at the door of his cot, looking at some young persons of the neighbourhood who were dancing a reel, a scream was heard, as issuing from the neighbouring forest, and a lady with dishevelled hair, and a beautiful infant in her hand, rushed in. What meant that scream? We were longing to know; but the gallery insisted on the reel over again, and the poor injured lady had to wait until the dance was done before she could explain her unfortunate case.

It was briefly this:—She was no other than Adela, Countess of Glencairn; the boy in her hand was Glencairn's only child. Three years since her gallant husband had fallen in fight, or, worse still, by the hand of the assassin.

He had left a brother, Clanronald. What was the conduct of that surviving relative? Was it fraternal towards the

widowed Adela? Was it avuncular to the orphan boy? Ah, no! For three years he had locked her up in his castle, under pretence that she was mad, pursuing her all the while with his odious addresses. But she loathed his suit; and refusing to become Mrs. (or Lady) Clanronald, took this opportunity to escape and fling herself on the protection of the loyal vassals of her lord.

She had hardly told her pathetic tale when voices were heard without. Cries of "Follow, follow!" resounded through the wildwood; the gentlemen and ladies engaged in the reel fled, and the Countess and her child, stepping into the skiff, disappeared down a slope, to the rage and disappointment of Clanronald, who now arrived—a savage-looking nobleman indeed! and followed by two ruffians, of most ferocious aspect, and having in their girdles a pair of those little notched dumpy swords, with round iron hilts to guard the knuckles, by which I knew that a combat would probably take place ere long. And the result proved that I was right.

Flying along the wild margent of the sea, in the next act, the poor Adela was pursued by Clanronald; but though she jumped into the waves to avoid him, the unhappy lady was rescued from the briny element, and carried back to her prison—Clanronald swearing a dreadful oath that she should marry him that very day.

He meanwhile gave orders to his two ruffians, Murdoch and Hamish, to pursue the little boy into the wood, and there—there *murder* him.

But there is always a power in melodramas that watches over innocence, and these two wretched ones were protected by The Warlock of the Glen.

All through their misfortunes this mysterious being watched them with a tender interest. When the two ruffians were about to murder the child, he and the fisherman rescued him: their battle-swords (after a brief combat of four) sank powerless before his wizard staff, and they fled in terror.

Haste we to the Castle of Glencairn. What ceremony is about to take place? What has assembled those two noblemen, and those three ladies in calico trains? A marriage! But what a union! The Lady Adela is dragged to the chapel door by the truculent Clanronald. "Lady," he says,

"you are mine. Resistance is unavailing. Submit with good grace. Henceforth, what power on earth can separate you from me?"

"MINE CAN," cries the Warlock of the Glen, rushing in. "Tyrant and assassin of thy brother! know that Glencairn—Glencairn, thy brother and lord, whom thy bravos were commissioned to slay—know that for three years a solemn vow (sworn to the villain that spared his life and expired yesterday) bound him never to reveal his existence; know that he is near at hand; and repent, while yet there is time."

The Lady Adela's emotion may be guessed when she heard this news; but Clanronald received it with contemptuous scepticism. "And where *is* this dead man come alive?" laughed he.

"HE IS HERE," shouted the Warlock of the Glen; and to fling away his staff, to dash off his sham beard and black gown, to appear in a red dress, with tights and yellow boots, as became Glencairn's Earl, was the work of a moment. The Countess recognized him with a scream of joy. Clanronald retired, led off by two soldiers; and the joy of the Earl and Countess was completed by the arrival of their only son (a clever little girl of the Hebrew persuasion) in the arms of the fisherman.

The curtain fell on this happy scene. The fiddlers had ere this disappeared; the ginger-beer boy went home to a virtuous family that was probably looking out for him; the respectable family in the boxes went off in a fly; the little audience spread abroad, and were lost in the labyrinths of the city; the lamps of the Theatre Royal were extinguished; and all—all was still.

(*October*, 1845.)

MEDITATIONS OVER BRIGHTON.

BY "PUNCH'S" COMMISSIONER.

(*From the Devil's Dyke.*)

WHEN the exultant and long-eared animal described in the fable revelled madly in the frog-pond, dashing about his tail

and hoof among the unfortunate inhabitants of that piece of water, it is stated that the frogs remonstrated, exclaiming, "Why, O donkey, do you come kicking about in our habitation? It may be good fun to you to lash out, and plunge, and kick in this absurd manner, but it is death to us." On which the good-natured quadruped agreed to discontinue his gambols, and left the frogs to bury their dead and rest henceforth undisturbed in their pool.

The inhabitants of Brighton are the frogs, and I dare say they will agree as to the applicability of the rest of the simile. It might be good fun to *me* to "mark their manners, and their ways survey;" but could it be altogether agreeable to them? I am sorry to confess it has not proved so, having received at least three hundred letters of pathetic remonstrance, furious complaint, angry swagger, and threatening omens, entreating me to leave the Brightonians alone. The lodging-house keepers are up in arms. Mrs. Screw says *she* never let her lodgings at a guinea a day, and invites me to occupy her drawing- and bed-room for five guineas a week. Mr. Squeezer swears that a guinea a day is an atrocious calumny. He would turn his wife, his children, and his bedridden mother-in-law out of doors if he could get such a sum for the rooms they occupy; but this, I suspect, is a pretext of Squeezer's to get rid of his mother-in-law, in which project I wish him luck. Mrs. Slop hopes she may never again cut a slice out of a lodger's joint (the cannibal!), if she won't be ready at the most crowdedest of seasons to let her first-floor for six pounds; and, finally, Mr. Skiver writes:—"Sir,—Your ill-advised publication has passed like a whirlwind over the lodging-houses of Brighton. You have rendered our families desolate, and prematurely closed our season. As you have destroyed the lodging-houses, couldn't you, now, walk into the boarding-houses, and say a kind word to ruin the hotels?"

And is it so? Is the power of the Commissioner's eye so fatal that it withers the object on which it falls? Is the condition of his life so dreadful that he destroys all whom he comes near? Have I made a post-boy wretched—five thousand lodging-house keepers furious—twenty thousand Jews unhappy? If so, and I really possess a power so terrible, I had best come out in the tragic line.

I went, pursuant to orders, to the Swiss Cottage, at Shoreham, where the first object that struck my eye was the following scene, in the green lake there, which I am credibly informed is made of pea-soup. Two honest girls were rowing about their friend on this enchanting water. There was a cloudless sky overhead; rich treats were advertised for the six frequenters of the gardens; a variety of entertainments was announced in the Hall of Amusement.—Mr. and Mrs. Aminadab (here, too, the Hebrews have penetrated) were advertised as about to sing some of their most favourite comic songs and——

But *no;* I will not describe the place. Why should my fatal glance bring a curse upon it? The pea-soup lake would dry up, leaving its bed a vacant tureen—the leaves would drop from the scorched trees—the pretty flowers would wither and fade—the rockets would not rise at night, nor the rebel wheels go round—the money-taker at the door would grow mouldy and die in his moss-grown and deserted cell—Aminadab would lose his engagement. Why should these things be, and this ruin occur? James, pack the portmanteau and tell the landlord to bring the bill; order horses immediately. This day I will quit Brighton.

Other appalling facts have come to notice, all showing more or less the excitement created by my publication.

The officers of the 150th Hussars, accused of looking handsome, solemn, and stupid, have had a meeting in the messroom, where the two final epithets have been rescinded in a string of resolutions.

But it is the poor yellow-breeched postilion who has most suffered. When the picture of him came out, crowds flocked to see him. He was mobbed all the way down the Cliff; wherever he drove his little phaeton, people laughed, and pointed with the finger, and said, "That is he." The poor child was thus made the subject of public laughter by my interference; and what has been the consequence? In order to disguise him as much as possible, *his master has bought him a hat.*

The children of Israel are in a fury too. They do not like to ride in flies, since my masterly representation of them a fortnight since. They are giving up their houses daily.

You read in the Brighton papers, among the departures, "—— Nebuzaradan, Esquire, and family for London;" or, "Solomon Ramothgilead, Esquire, has quitted his mansion in Marine Crescent, circumstances having induced him to shorten his stay among us;" and so on. The people emigrate by hundreds; they can't bear to be made the object of remark in the public walks and drives, and they are flying from a city of which they might have made a new Jerusalem.

(*October*, 1845.)

BRIGHTON IN 1847.

CHAPTER I.

HAVE the kindness, my dear Pugsby, to dispatch me a line when they have done painting the smoking-room at the Megatherium, that I may come back to town. After suffering as we have all the year, not so much from the bad ventilation of the room, as from the suffocating dullness of Wheezer, Snoozer, and Whiffler, who frequent it, I had hoped for quiet by the seashore here, and that our three abominable acquaintances had quitted England.

I had scarcely been ten minutes in the place, my ever-dear Pugsby, when I met old Snoozer walking with young De Bosky, of the Tatters-and-Starvation Club, on the opposite side of our square, and ogling the girls on the Cliff, the old wretch, as if he had not a wife and half a dozen daughters of his own in Pocklington Square. He hooked on to my arm as if he had been the Old Man of the Sea, and I found myself introduced to young De Bosky, a man whom I have carefully avoided as an odious and disreputable tiger, the tuft on whose chin has been always particularly disagreeable to me, and who is besides a Captain, or Commodore, or some such thing, in the Bundelcund Cavalry. The clink and glitter of his spurs is perfectly abominable; he is screwed so tight in his waistband that I wish it could render him speechless (for when he *does* speak he is so stupid that he sends you to sleep while actually walking with him); and as

for his chest, which he bulges out against the shoulders of all the passers-by, I am sure that he carries a part of his wardrobe in it, and that he is wadded with stockings and linen as if he were a walking carpet-bag.

This fellow saluted two-thirds of the carriages which passed with a knowing nod and a military swagger so arrogant that I feel continually the greatest desire to throttle him.

Well, Sir, before we had got from the Tepid Swimming Bath to Mutton's the pastrycook's, whom should we meet but Wheezer, to be sure—Wheezer, driving up and down the Cliff at half a crown an hour, with his hideous family, Mrs. Wheezer, the Miss Wheezers in fur tippets and drawn bonnets with spring-flowers in them, a huddle and squeeze of little Wheezers sprawling and struggling on the back seat of the carriage, and that horrible boy whom Wheezer brings to the Club sometimes, actually seated on the box of the fly, and ready to drive, if the coachman should be intoxicated or inclined to relinquish his duty.

Wheezer sprang out of the vehicle with a cordiality that made me shudder. "Hullo, my boy!" said he, seizing my trembling hand. "What! *you* here? Hang me if the whole Club isn't here. I'm at 56 Horse Marine Parade. Where are you lodging? We're out for a holiday, and will make a jolly time of it."

The benighted, the conceited old wretch! He would not let go my hand until I told him where I resided—at Mrs. Muggeridge's in Black Lion Street, where I have a tolerable view of the sea, if I risk the loss of my equilibrium and the breakage of my back by stretching three-quarters of my body out of the drawing-room window.

As he stopped to speak to me his carriage of course stopped likewise, forcing all the vehicles in front and behind him to halt or to precipitate themselves over the railings on to the shingles and the sea. The cabs, the flies, the shandrydans, the sedan-chairs with the poor old invalids inside; the old maids', the dowagers' chariots, out of which you see countenances scarcely less deathlike; the stupendous cabs, out of which the whiskered heroes of the gallant Onety-oneth look down on us people on foot; the hacks mounted by

young ladies from the equestrian schools, by whose sides the riding-masters canter confidentially — everybody stopped. There was a perfect strangury in the street; and I should have liked not only to throttle De Bosky, but to massacre Wheezer too.

The wretched though unconscious being insisted on nailing me for dinner before he would leave me; and I heard him say (that is, by the expression of his countenance, and the glances which his wife and children cast at me, I *knew* he said), "That is the young and dashing Folkstone Canterbury, the celebrated contributor to *Punch*."

The crowd, Sir, on the Cliff was perfectly frightful. It is my belief nobody goes abroad any more. Everybody is at Brighton. I met three hundred at least of our acquaintances in the course of a quarter of an hour; and before we could reach Brunswick Square I met dandies, City men, Members of Parliament. I met my tailor walking with his wife, with a geranium blooming in his wretched button-hole, as if money wasn't tight in the City, and everybody had paid him everything everybody owed him. I turned and sickened at the sight of that man. "Snoozer," said I, "I will go on the Pier."

I went, and to find what? Whiffler, by all that is unmerciful—Whiffler, whom we see every day, in the same chair, at the Megatherium—Whiffler, whom not to see is to make all the good fellows at the Club happy. I have seen him every day and many times a day since. At the moment of our first rencontre I was so *saisi*, so utterly overcome by rage and despair, that I would have flung myself into the azure waves sparkling calmly around me, but for the chains of the Pier.

I did not take that aqueous suicidal plunge—I resolved to live; and why, my dear Pugsby? Who do you think approached us? Were you not at one of his parties last season? I have polked in his saloons. I have nestled under the mahogany of his dining-room at least one hundred and twenty thousand times. It was Mr. Goldmore, the East India Director, with Mrs. G. on his arm, and—oh, heavens! —Florence and Violet Goldmore, with pink parasols, walking behind their parents.

"What! *you* here?" said the good and hospitable man,

holding out his hand, and giving a slap on the boards (or deck, I may say) with his bamboo; "hang it, every one's here. Come and dine at seven. Brunswick Square."

I looked in Violet's eyes. Florence is rather an old bird, and wears spectacles, so that looking in *her* eyes is out of the question. I looked in Violet's eyes, and said I'd come with the greatest pleasure.

"As for you, De Bosky" (I forget whether I mentioned that the whiskered Bundelcund buck had come with me on to the Pier, whither Snoozer would not follow us, declining to pay the twopence)—"as for *you*, De Bosky, you may come, or not, as you like."

"Won't I?" said he, grinning, with a dandified Bundelcund nod, and wagging his odious head.

I could have wrenched it off and flung it in the ocean. But I restrained my propensity; and we agreed that, for the sake of economy, we would go to Mr. Goldmore's in the same fly.

CHAPTER II.

THE very first spoonful of the clear soup at the Director's told me that my excellent friend Paradol (the *chef* who came to Mr. Goldmore, Portland Place, when Guttlebury House was shut up by the lamented levanting of the noble Earl) was established among the furnaces below. A clear brown soup—none of your filthy, spiced, English hell-broths, but light, brisk, and delicate—always sets me off for the evening: it invigorates and enlivens me, my dear Pugsby—I give you my honour it does; and when I am in a *good* humour, I am, I flatter myself—what shall I say?—well, *not disagreeable*.

On this day, Sir, I was delightful. Although that booby De Bosky conducted Miss Violet Goldmore downstairs, yet the wretch, absorbed in his victuals, and naturally of an unutterable dullness, did not make a single remark during dinner, whereas I literally blazed with wit. Sir, I even made one of the footmen laugh—a perilous joke for the poor fellow, who, I dare say, will be turned off in consequence. I talked sentiment to Florence (women in spec-

tacles are almost always sentimental); cookery to Sir Harcourt Gulph, who particularly asked my address, and I have no doubt intends to invite me to his dinners in town; military affairs with Major Bangles of the Onety-oneth Hussars, who was with the regiment at Aliwal and Ferozeshah, and drives about a prodigious cab at Brighton, with a captured Sikh behind, disguised as a tiger; to Mrs. Goldmore I abused Lady Toddle-Rowdy's new carriages and absurd appearance (she is seventy-four, if she is a day, and she wears a white muslin frock and frilled trousers, with a wig curling down her old back, and I do believe puts on a pinafore, and has a little knife and fork and silver mug at home, so girlish is she): I say, in a word—and I believe without fear of contradiction—that I delighted everybody.

"Delightful man!" said Mrs. Bangles to my excellent friend Mrs. Goldmore.

"Extraordinary creature; so odd, isn't he?" replied that admirable woman.

"What a flow of spirits he has!" cried the charming Violet.

"And yet sorrows repose under that smiling mask, and those outbreaks of laughter perhaps conceal the groans of smouldering passion and the shrieks of withering despair," sighed Florence. "It is always so: the wretched *seem* to be most joyous. If I didn't think that man miserable, I couldn't be happy," she added, and lapsed into silence. Little Mrs. Diggs told me every word of the conversation, when I came up, the first of the gentlemen, to tea.

"Clever fellow that," said (as I am given to understand) Sir Harcourt Gulph. "I liked that notion of his about *croquignoles à la pouffarde;* I will speak to Moufflon to try it."

"I really shall mention in the Bank parlour to-morrow," the Director remarked, "what he said about the present crisis, and his project for a cast-iron currency: that man is by no means the trifler he pretends to be."

"Where did he serve?" asked Bangles. "If he can manœuvre an army as well as he talks about it, demmy, he ought to be Commander-in-Chief. Did you hear, Captain De Bosky, what he said about pontooning the echelons, and

operating with our reserve upon the right bank of the river at Ferozeshah? Gad, Sir, if that manœuvre had been performed, not a man of the Sikh army would have escaped." In which case, of course, Major Bangles would have lost the black tiger behind his cab; but De Bosky did not make this remark. The great, stupid, hulking wretch remarked nothing; he gorged himself with meat and wine, and when quite replete with claret, strutted up to the drawing-room, to show his chest and his white waistcoat there.

I was pouring into Violet's ear (to the discomfiture of Florence, who was knocking about the tea-things madly) some of those delightful nothings with which a well-bred man in society entertains a female. I spoke to her about the last balls in London—about Fanny Finch's elopement with Tom Parrot, who had nothing but his place in the Foreign Office—about the people who were at Brighton—about Mr. Midge's delightful sermon at church last Sunday—about the last fashions, and the next—*que sais-je?*—when that brute De Bosky swaggered up.

"Ah, hum, haw," said he, "were you out *raiding* to-day, Miss Goldmaw?"

Determined to crush this odious and impertinent blunderer, who has no more wit than the horses he bestrides, I resolved to meet him on his own ground, and to beat him even on the subject of horses.

I am sorry to say, my dear Pugsby, I did not confine myself strictly to truth; but I described how I had passed three months in the Desert with an Arab tribe; how I had a mare, during that period, descended from Boorawk, the mare of the Prophet, which I afterwards sold for 50,000 piastres to Mahomet Ali; and how, being at Trebizond, smoking with the sanguinary Pasha of that place, I had bitted, saddled, and broke to carry a lady a grey Turkoman horse of his which had killed fourteen of his grooms, and bit off the nose of his Kislar Aga.

"Do join us in our ride to-morrow," cried Violet; "the Downs are delightful."

"Fairest lady, to hear is to obey," answered I, with a triumphant glance at De Bosky. I had done *his* business, at any rate.

Well, Sir, I came at two o'clock, mounted on one of Jiggot's hacks—an animal that I know, and that goes as easy as a sedan-chair—and found the party assembling before the Director's house, in Brunswick Square. There was young Goldmore, the lovely Violet, in a habit that showed her form to admiration, and a perfectly ravishing Spanish tuft in her riding-hat, with a little gold whip and a little pair of gauntlets—*à croquer*, in a word. Major Bangles and lady were also of the party: in fact, we were "a gallant company of cavaliers," as James says in his novels; and with my heels well down, and one of my elbows stuck out, I looked, Sir, like the Marquis of Anglesea. I had the honour of holding Violet's little foot in my hand, as she jumped into her saddle. She sprang into it like a fairy.

Last of all, the stupid De Bosky came up. He came up moaning and groaning. "I have had a kick in the back from a horse in the livery-stables," says he. "I can't hold this horse; will you ride him, Canterbury?" His horse was a black, wicked-looking beast as ever I saw, with bloodshot eyes and a demoniacal expression.

What could I do, after the stories about Boorawk and the Pasha of Trebizond? Sir, I was obliged to get off my sedan-chair and mount the Captain's Purgatory, as I call him —a disgusting brute, and worthy of his master.

Well, Sir, off we set—Purgatory jumping from this side of the road to t'other, shying at Miss Pogson, who passed in her carriage (as well he might at so hideous a phenomenon); plunging at an apple-woman and stall; going so wild at a baker's cart that I thought he would have jumped into the hall door where the man was delivering a pie for dinner; and flinging his head backwards, so as to endanger my own nose every moment. It was all I could do to keep him in. I tugged at both bridles till I tore his jaws into a fury, I suppose.

Just as we were passing under the viaduct, whir came the steaming train with a bang, and a shriek, and a whiz. The brute would hold in no longer: he ran away with me.

I stuck my feet tight down in the stirrups, and thought of my mother with inexpressible agony. I clutched hold of all the reins and a great deal of the mane of the brute. I

saw trees, milestones, houses, villages, pass away from me—away, away, away—away by the cornfields—away by the wolds—away by the eternal hills—away by the woods and precipices; the woods, the rocks, the villages flashed by me. O Pugsby, how I longed for the Megatherium during that ride!

It lasted, as it seemed to me, about nine hours, during which I went over, as I should think, about five hundred and forty miles of ground. I didn't come off—my hat did, a new Lincoln and Bennett, but I didn't—and at length the infuriate brute paused in his mad career, with an instinctive respect for the law, at a turnpike gate. I little knew the blessing of a turnpike until then.

In a minute Bangles came up, bursting with laughter. "You can't manage that horse, I think," said the Major, with his infernal good-nature. "Shall I ride him? Mine is a quiet beast."

I was off Purgatory's back in a minute, and as I mounted on Bangles' hackney, felt as if I was getting into bed, so easy, so soft, so downy he seemed to me.

He said, though I never can believe it, that we had only come about a mile and a half; and at this moment the two ladies and De Bosky rode up.

"Is that the way you broke the Pasha of Trebizond's horse?" Violet said. I gave a laugh, but it was one of despair. I should have liked to plunge a dagger in De Bosky's side.

I shall come to town directly, I think. This Brighton is a miserable Cockney place.

(*October*, 1847.)

VERSES

VERSES.

THE FLYING DUKE.

"Say, whose can yonder chariot be
That thunders on so fast?
And who was he that sat within?
I marked him as he past."

"'Twas Arthur, Duke of Wellington,
Who in that chariot sat,
All in his martial cloak, and in
His proudly-plumed cocked hat."

"Not Arthur, Duke of Wellington,
That poster fierce could be,
Nor yet a living nobleman:
Some Demon Duke is he."

"'Twas he—to Folkestone he is bound,
To town by rail to wend;
Wherefrom to Windsor he must hie,
A Council to attend."

With whiz and whistle, snort and puff,
The Duke is borne to town,
Nor stops until near London Bridge
The train hath set him down.

There waits a Brougham on Wellington:
To Apsley House he flies;

Whereat a messenger in red
Doth meet his Grace's eyes.

"How now, thou scarlet messenger?
Thy tidings briefly tell."
"The Queen invites your Grace to dine
To-morrow."—"Very well."

To Paddington by cab, to Slough
By steam—away, away!
To Windsor, thence, he goes by fly;
But there he must not stay—

For that his Grace at Walmer hath
A tryst this night to keep,
And he hath warned his serving-men
He shall be back to sleep.

The Council's o'er; back posts his Grace,
As fast as fast might be.
Hurrah! hurrah! well speeds the Duke—
He'll be in time for tea.

The morrow comes; again away
The noble Duke is gone
To Folkestone, and to London Bridge,
And thence to Paddington.

"Away, away to Paddington,
As fast as ye can drive;
'Twixt eight and nine the Queen doth dine;
Be there by half-past five."

Fast have they fled, right fleetly sped,
And Paddington is won.
"How, office-swain, about the train?"
"'Tis just this instant gone."

"Your Grace, we just have missed the train,
It grieveth me to say."

"To Apsley House!" then cried the Duke,
"As quickly as you may."

The loud halloo of "Go it, you!"
Beneath the gas-light's glare,
O'er wood and stone they rattle on,
As fast as they can tear.

On, on they went, with hue and cry,
Until the Duke got home,
The axle-trees on fire well-nigh,
The horses in a foam.

Out stepped the Duke, serene and cool,
And calmly went upstairs,
And donned the dress, the which, at Court,
He generally wears.

"Windsor I may not reach in time
To make my toilet there;
So thus the hour I will employ,
Which I, perforce, must spare.

"What is't o'clock?" "Your Grace, near seven."
Then bear me hence again;
And mark me—this time take good care
You do not miss the train."

Off, off again the coachman drives,
With fury fierce and fell,
'Mid whoop and shout from rabble rout,
And oath, and scream, and yell.

To right and left a way they cleft
Amid the bustling throng;
While, meteor-like, the carriage lamps
Flashed as they flew along.

Hurrah! hurrah! the station's nigh.
"What ho, there! Shout amain!
Here comes the Duke—he's going down;
Give word to stop the train."

The engineer and stoker hear;
Duke Arthur takes his place;
Behold him now, on way to Slough,
Borne at a whirlwind's pace.

"At Slough who stops?" His Grace out pops:
His ticket is resigned.
"To Windsor haste, like felon chased,
Or I shall be behind."

Off bounds the hack, while, far aback,
The night-hawk plies his wing.
The race is run, the Castle's won—
"Come, this is just the thing."

At half-past eight, for Queens don't wait,
The noble guests appear
In banquet-hall; and of them all
The Duke brings up the rear.

MORAL.

"'Tis money," as the proverb says,
"That makes the mare to go."
The Duke has cash to cut a dash;
Would we could all do so!

(*November*, 1843.)

MR. SMITH AND MOSES.

A VETERAN gent, just stepped out of a boat,
In a tattered old hat and a ragged pea-coat,
Appeared at a shop whither many folks run,
And that was the Palace of Moses and Son.

A respectable dame with the mariner went,
Most likely the wife of this veteran gent,
And the eyes of the pair were excited with wonder on seeing the mansion of Moses and Son.

"I've looked upon many a palace before,
But splendour like this, love, I never yet sor!"
This party exclaimed. "What a great sum of money it sure must have cost Messrs. Moses and Son!"

In the language of France his good lady replied,
"This house is well known through the universe wide:
And you, my dear Philip, to seed having run,
Had better refit with E. Moses and Son."

E. Moses stepped forth with a bow full of grace,
Inviting the couple to enter his place:
He thought they were poor; but the poor are not done,
And the rich are not fleeced by E. Moses and Son.

"What clothes can I serve you to-day, my good man?"
E. Moses exclaimed. "You shall pay what you can.
The peer or the peasant, we suit every one;
Republicans true are E. Moses and Son."

The pea-coated gent at that word made a start,
And looked nervously round at the goods of our mart:
"A vest, coat, and trousers, as soon as they're done,
I want, *s'il vous plaît*, Messieurs Moses and Son.

"I once was a king, like the monarch of Room,
But was forced from my throne, and came off in a Br—m;
And in such a great hurry, from P-r-s I run,
I forgot my portmanteau, dear Moses and Son."

"Dear sir," we exclaimed, "what a lucky escape!"
So one brought the patterns, another the tape;
And while with our patterns his "peepers" we stun,
The gent is quick measured by Moses and Son.

The clothes when complete we direct in a hurry—
"— Smith, Esquire, at Prince Leopold's, Claremont, in Surrey."
The cloth was first-rate and the fit such a one
As only is furnished by Moses and Son.

As he paces the valley or roams in the grove,
All cry, "What a very respectable cove!"
How changed in appearance from him who late run
From Paris to refuge with Moses and Son.

Now who was this "veteran gent," sirs, E. Moses,
Although he may "guess," yet he never discloses.
Do you wish to know more, gents? If you do, why then
run
To Aldgate and ask of E. Moses and Son.

(*March*, 1848.)

THE FRODDYLENT BUTLER.

Mr. PUNCH, Sir,—The abuv is the below ritten Pome, on a subjec of grate delicasy, wich as a butler I feel it a disgrase to the cloth that any man calling hisself a butler should go for to get wind on false pretences, and such wind (as reported in the papers of Tuesday last) from Richmond; and in justice to self and feller servants, have expressed my feelins in potry, wich as you ave prevously admitted to your entertainin columns pomes by a futman (and also a pleaceman), I think you ave a right to find a plaice for a pome by a butler, wich I beg to subscribe myself your constant reder,

JOHN CORKS.

14 *Lushington Place West, Belgravy.*

IT'S all of one John George Montresor
And Briggs, Esquire, his master kind;
This retch, all for his privat plesure,
Did froddylently order wind.

To Mister Ellis, Richmond, Surrey,
Were Briggs, Esquire, he did reside,
This wicked John druv in a urry,
On June the fust and tenth beside.

And then this mene and shabby feller
To Mister Ellis did remark,

Briggs ad gone out and took the cellar
Kee away across the Park ;

And cumpny comeng on a suddent,
Ad stayed to dine with Missis B.,
Whereby in course the butler cooden't
Get out the wind without the kee.

So Missis B. she would be werry
Much obliged if e'd send in
Arf a dozen best brown sherry,
And single bottel 'Ollans gin.

But this was nothink but a story as
This wicked butler went and told,
Whereby for nothink to get glorious,
Wich so he did, and grew more bold.

Until, at last grown more audashus,
He goes and orders—wat d'ye think ?
He goes and orders, goodness grashus,
Marsaly, wind no gent can drink.

It wasn't for his private drinkin—
For that he'd Briggses wine enuff—
But wen the sherry bins was sinkin,
He filled 'em with this *nasty stough.*

And Briggs, Esquire, at is own tabel
(To rite such things my art offends)
Might ave to drink, if he was abul,
Marsaly wind, hisself and frends !

But praps John ne'er to tabel brort it,
And used it in the *negus* line ;
Or praps the raskal, when he bort it,
Knew Briggs was not a judge of wind.

At all ewents, all thro' the seson
This villin plaid these orrid games.

For butlers to commit such treson,
I'm sure it is the wust of shames.

But masters, tho soft, has there senses,
And roges, tho sharp, are cotcht at last;
So Briggs, Esquire, at last commenses
To find his wine goes werry fast.

Once, when the famly gev a party,
Shampain, in course, the bankwet crowned;
And Briggs, Esquire, so kind and arty,
He ordered John to and it round.

No wind in general's drunk more quicker,
But now his glass no gent would drane;
When Briggs, on tastin, found the licker
Was British arf-a-crown Shampain!

That they'd not drink it was no wunder;
A dredful look did Briggs assoom,
And ordered, with a voice of thunder,
The retched butler from the room.

Then rushin edlong to the cellar,
Regardless if he broke is shins,
He found wot tricks the wicked feller
Had been a-playin with the binns.

Of all his prime old sherry raelly
There wasent none to speke of there,
And Mr. Ellis's Marsaly
Was in the place the sherry were.

Soon after that the wicked feller's
Crimes was diskivered clear and clene,
By the small akount of Mr. Ellis,
For lickers, twenty pound fifteen.

And not content with thus embezzlin
His master's wind, the skoundrel had

The Richmond tradesmen all been chizzlin,
An' a-doin' every think that's bad.

Whereby on Toosday, Janwry thirty,
As is reported in the *Times*,
He wor ad up for his conduc dirty,
And dooly punished for his crimes.

So masters, who from such base fellers
Would keep your wind upon your shelves,
This int accept: If you ave cellars,
Always to mind the kee yourselves.

(*February*, 1849.)

"SNOB" AND "PROSER" PAPERS.

(*Not Previously Reprinted.*)

"SNOB" AND "PROSER" PAPERS

(Not Previously Reprinted).

ON LITERARY SNOBS.

IN A LETTER FROM "ONE OF THEMSELVES" TO MR. SMITH, THE CELEBRATED PENNY-A-LINER.

My dear Smith,—Of the many indignant remonstrants who have written regarding the opinion expressed in the last lecture, that there were no Snobs in the Literary Profession, I have thought it best to address you personally, and, through you, the many gentlemen who are good enough to point out instances of literary characters who they are pleased to think have the best claim to the rank of Snob. "Have you read poor Theodore Crook's Life, as given in the *Quarterly?*" asks one; "and does any one merit the title of Snob more than that poor fellow?" "What do you say to Mrs. Cruor's novels, and Mrs. Wollop's works of fashionable fiction?" writes some misogynist. "Was not Tom Macau a Snob when he dated from Windsor Castle?" asks a third. A fourth—who is evidently angry on a personal matter, and has met with a slight from Tom Fustian since he has come into his fortune—begs us to show up that celebrated literary man. "What do you say to Crawley Spoker, the man who doesn't know where Bloomsbury Square is—the Marquis of Borgia's friend?" writes an angry patriot, with the Great Russell Street postmark. "What do you say to Bendigo de Minories?" demands another curious inquirer.

I think poor Crook's Life a wholesome one. It teaches you not to put your trust in great people—in great, splendid, and titled Snobs. It shows what the relations between the poor Snob and the rich Snob are. Go to a great man's table, dear Smith, and know your place there. Cut jokes, make songs, grin and chatter for him as his monkey does, and amuse him, and eat your victuals, and elbow a Duchess, and be thankful, you rogue! Isn't it pleasant to read your name among the fashionables in the papers—Lord Hookham, Lord Charles Snivey, Mr. Smith?

Mrs. Cruor's works and Mrs. Wollop's novels are also wholesome if not pleasant reading. For these ladies, moving at the tip-top of fashion, as they undoubtedly do, and giving accurate pictures of the genteel, serve to warn many honest people who might otherwise be taken in, and show fashionable life to be so utterly stupid, mean, tedious, drivelling, and vulgar, as to reconcile spirits otherwise discontented to mutton and Bloomsbury Square.

As for the Right Honourable Mr. Macau, I perfectly well recollect the noise which was made about that Right Honourable gentleman's audacity in writing a letter from Windsor Castle, and think—that he was a Snob for putting such an address to his letter? No; only that the Public was a Snob for making such a pother about it—the public, that looks at Windsor Castle with terror, and thinks it blasphemy to speak familiarly about it.

In the first place, Mr. Macau was there, and therefore could not be anywhere else. Why should he, then, being at one place, date his letter from any other? Then, I conceive, he has as good a right to be in Windsor Castle as the Royal Albert himself. Her Majesty (be it spoken with the respect that so awful a theme merits!) is the august housekeeper of that public residence. Part of her royal duty is a gracious hospitality and reception of the chief officers of the nation; therefore I opine that Mr. Macau had as good a right to his apartment at Windsor Castle as to his red box in Downing Street, and had no call to go to Windsor in secret, or to be ashamed of going thither, or to conceal his residence there.

As for honest Tom Fustian, who has cut "Libertas," "Libertas" must suffer under the calamity—until Tom pub-

lishes another novel; about a month before which time, Libertas, as critic of the *Weekly Tomahawk*, will probably receive a most affectionate invitation to Fustianville Lodge. About this time Mrs. Fustian will call upon Mrs. Libertas (in her yellow chariot lined with pink, and a green hammercloth) and make the tenderest inquiries about the dear little children. All this is very well, but Libertas should understand his place in the world. An author is made use of when wanted, and then dropped; he must consent to mix with the genteel world upon these conditions, and Fustian belongs to the world now that he has a yellow chariot and pink lining.

All the world cannot be expected to be so generous as the Marquis of Borgia, Spoker's friend. That *was* a generous and high-minded nobleman—a real patron, if not of letters, at least of literary men. My Lord left Spoker almost as much money as he left to Centsuisse, his valet—forty or fifty thousand pounds apiece to *both* of the honest fellows. And they deserved it. There are some things, dear Smith, that Spoker knows; though he *doesn't* know where Bloomsbury Square is—and some very queer places too.

And finally, concerning young Ben de Minories. What right have I to hold up that famous literary man as a specimen of the great Britannic Literary Snob? Mr. De Minories is not only a man of genius (as you are, my dear Smith, though your washerwoman duns you for her little bill), but he has achieved those advantages of wealth which you have not, and we should respect him as our chief and representative in the circles of the fashion. When the Choctaw Indians were here some time ago, who was the individual whose self and house were selected to be shown to those amiable foreigners as models of the establishment and the person of "an English gentleman"? Of all England, De Minories was the man that was selected by Government as the representative of the British aristocracy. I know it's true—I saw it in the papers; and a nation never paid a higher compliment to a literary man.

And I like to see him in his public position—a quill-driver, like one of us—I like to see him because he makes our profession *respected*. For what do we admire Shakespeare

so much as for his wondrous versatility? He must have *been* everything he describes—Falstaff, Miranda, Caliban, Marc Antony, Ophelia, Justice Shallow; and so I say De Minories must know more of politics than any man, for he has been (or has offered to be) everything. In the morning of life Joseph and Daniel were sponsors for the blushing young neophyte, and held him up at the font of freedom. It would make a pretty picture! Circumstances occasioned him to quarrel with the most venerable of his godfathers, and to modify the opinions advanced on the generosity of his youth. Would he have disliked a place under the Whigs? Even with them, it is said, the young patriot was ready to serve his country. Where would Peel be now had he known his value? I turn from the harrowing theme, and depict to myself the disgust of the Romans when Coriolanus encamped before the Porto del Popolo, and the mortification of Francis the First when he saw the Constable Bourbon opposite to him at Pavia. "Raro antecedentem, etc., deseruit pede Pœna claudo" (as a certain poet remarks); and I declare I know nothing more terrible than Peel, at the catastrophe of a sinister career—Peel writhing in torture, with Nemesis de Minories down upon him!

I know nothing in Lemprière's Dictionary itself more terrific than that picture of godlike vengeance. What! Peel thought to murder Canning, did he? and to escape because the murder was done twenty years ago? No, no. What! Peel thought to repeal the Corn laws, did he? In the first place, before Corn bills or Irish bills are settled, let us know who was it that killed Lord George Bentinck's "relative"? Let Peel answer for that murder to the country, to the weeping and innocent Lord George, and to Nemesis de Minories, his champion.

I call his interference real chivalry. I regard Lord George's affection for his uncle-in-law as the most elegant and amiable of the qualities of that bereaved young nobleman, and I am proud, dear Smith, to think that it is a man of letters who backs him in his disinterested feud; that if Lord George is the head of the great English country party, it is a man of letters who is viceroy over him. Happy country, to have such a pair of saviours! Happy Lord

George, to have such a friend and patron! happy men of letters, to have a man out of their ranks the chief and saviour of the nation!

(*June*, 1846.)

ON SOME POLITICAL SNOBS.

I DON'T know where the Snob Amateur finds more specimens of his favourite species than in the political world. Whig Snobs, Tory and Radical Snobs, Conservative and Young England Snobs, Official and Parliamentary Snobs, Diplomatic Snobs, and About-the-Court Snobs present themselves to the imagination in numberless and graceful varieties, so that I scarcely know which to show up first.

My private friends are aware that I have an aunt who is a Duchess, and, as such, Lady of the Powder-Closet; and that my cousin, Lord Peter, is Pewter-Stick-in-Waiting and Groom of the Dust-Pan. Had these dear relatives been about to hold their positions, nothing would have induced me to be savage upon that dismal branch of the political Snobs to which they belong; but Her Grace and Lord Peter are going out with the present administration, and perhaps it will alleviate the bitterness occasioned by their own resignation if we have a little fun and abuse of their successors.

This is written before the ministerial changes are avowed; but I hear in the best society (indeed Tom Spiffle told me at the Baron de Houndsditch's *déjeûner* at Twickenham last week) that Lionel Rampant succeeds to my cousin Peter's Pewter-Stick; Toffy is next to certain of the Dust-Pan; whilst the Powder-Closet has been positively promised to Lady Gules.

What the deuce can her Ladyship want with such a place? is a question which suggests itself to my simple mind. If I had thirty thousand a year, if I had gouty feet (though this is a profound secret), and an amiable epileptic husband at home like Lord Gules, and a choice of town and country houses, parks, castles, villas, books, cooks, carriages, and other enjoyments and amusements, would I become a sort-

of-a-kind of a what-d'ye-call-'em—of an upper servant, in fact—to a personage ever so illustrious and beloved? Would I forsake my natural rest, my home and society, my husband, family, and independence, to take charge of any powder-puff in any establishment; to speak under my breath, to stand up for hours before any young Prince, however exalted? Would I consent to ride backwards in a carriage when the delicacy of my constitution rendered that mode of transit peculiarly odious to me, because there was a scutcheon, surmounted by an imperial crown, on the panels, of which the chief was a field or with three lions gules? No. I would yield in affection for my Institutions to none; but I would cultivate my loyalty, and respect my crown *de loin*. For, say what you will, there is always something ludicrous and mean in the character of a flunky. About a neat-handed Phillis, who lays your table and brushes your carpet without pretension; a common servant who brushes your boots and waits behind your chair in his natural and badly-made black coat, there is no absurdity or incongruity: but when you get to a glorified flunky in lace, plush, and aiguillettes, wearing a bouquet that nobody wears, a powdered head that nobody wears, a gilt cocked hat only fit for a baboon, I say the well-constituted man can't help grinning at this foolish, monstrous, useless, shameful caricature of a man which Snobbishness has set up to worship it—to straddle behind its carriage with preternatural calves; to carry its prayer-book to church in a velvet bag; to hand it little three-cornered notes, bowing solemnly over a silver tea-tray, etc. There is something shameful and foolish, I say, in John as at present constituted.

We can't be men and brothers as long as that poor devil is made to antic before us in his present fashion—as long as the unfortunate wretch is not allowed to see the insult passed upon him by that ridiculous splendour. This reform must be done. We have abolished negro slavery. John must now be *emancipated from plush*. And I expect that flunkies unborn will thank and bless PUNCH; and if he has not a niche beside William Wilberforce in the Palace of Westminster, at least he ought to have a statue in the waiting-room where the servants assemble.

And if John is ridiculous, is not a Pewter-Stick-in-Waiting? If John in his yellow plush inexpressibles, dangling behind my lady's carriage, or sauntering up and down before St. James's Palace while his mistress is spreading out her train at the Drawing-room, is an object of the saddest contempt, poor fellow, of the most ludicrous splendour—one of the most insane and foolish live caricatures which this present age exhibits—is my Lord Peter, the Pewter-Stick, far behind him? And do you think, my dear sir, that the public will bear this kind of thing for many centuries longer? How long do you suppose Court Circulars will last, and those tawdry old-world humiliating ceremonials which they chronicle? When I see a body of beef-eaters in laced scarlet; a parcel of tradesmen dressed up as soldiers, and calling themselves Gentlemen Pensioners and what not; a theatre manager (though this I acknowledge, by the way, is seldom enough) grinning before Majesty with a pair of candles, and walking backwards in a Tom-Fool's coat, with a sword entangling his wretched legs; a bevy of pompous officers of the household bustling and strutting and clearing the way—am I filled with awe at the august ceremony? Ought it to inspire respect? It is no more genuine than the long faces of mutes at a funeral—no more real than Lord George Bentinck's grief about Mr. Canning, let us say. What is it makes us all laugh at the picture in the last number (which picture is alone worth the price of the volume), of "PUNCH Presenting y^e^ Tenth Volume to y^e^ Queene"? The admirable manner in which the Gothic art and ceremony is ridiculed; the delightful absurdity and stiffness; the outrageous aping of decorum; the cumbrous, ludicrous, nonsensical splendour. Well, the real pageant is scarcely less absurd; the Chancellor's wig and mace almost as old and foolish as the Jester's cap and bauble. Why is any Chancellor, any stage-manager, any Pewter-Stick, any John called upon to dress himself in any fancy dress, or to wear any badge? I respect my Bishop of London, my Right Reverend Charles James, just as much since he left off a wig as I did when he wore one. I should believe in the sincerity of his piety, even though a John in purple raiment (looking like a sort of half-pay Cardinal) *didn't* carry his lordship's prayer-books in a bag after him to the Chapel

Royal; nor do I think Royalty would suffer, or Loyalty be diminished, if Gold, Silver, and Pewter-Sticks were melted, and if the *Grandes Charges à la Cour*—Ladies of the Powder Closet, Mistresses of the Pattens, and the like—were abolished *in sæcula sæculorum*.

And I would lay a wager that by the time PUNCH has published his eightieth volume, the ceremonies whereof we have here been treating will be as dead as the Corn Laws, and the nation will bless PUNCH and Peel for destroying both.

(*July*, 1846.)

ON WHIG SNOBS.

WE don't know—we are too modest to calculate (every man who sends in his contributions to Mr. PUNCH'S broad sheet *is* modest)—the effect of our works, and the influence which they may have on society and the world.

Two instances, *à propos* of the above statement of opinion, occurred last week. My dear friend and fellow-contributor Jones (I shall *call* him Jones, though his patronymic is one of the most distinguished in this Empire) wrote a paper entitled "Black Monday," in which the claims of the Whigs to office were impartially set forth, and their title to heaven-born statesmanship rather sceptically questioned. The *sic vos non vobis* was Jones's argument. The Whigs don't roam the fields and buzz from flower to flower, as the industrious bees do, but they take possession of the hives and the honey. The Whigs don't build the nests like the feathered songsters of the grove, but they come in for those nests and the eggs which they contain. They magnanimously reap what the nation sows, and are perfectly contented with their mode of practice, and think the country ought to love and admire them excessively for condescending to take advantage of its labour.

This was Jones's argument. "You let Cobden do all the work," says he, "and having done it, you appropriate the proceeds calmly to yourselves, and offer him a fifteenth-rate place in your sublime corps." Jones was speaking of the first and abortive attempt of the Whigs to take office last year, when

they really offered Richard Cobden a place something better than that of a Downing Street Messenger, and actually were good enough to propose that he should enjoy some such official dignity as that of carrying Lord Tom Noddy's red box.

What ensued last week when Peel gave in his adhesion to Free Trade, and meekly resigning his place and emoluments, walked naked out of office into private life? John Russell and Company stepped in to assume those garments which, according to that illustrious English gentleman, the Member for Shrewsbury, the Right Honourable Baronet had originally "conveyed" from the Whigs, but which (according to Jones and every contributor to *Punch*) the Whigs themselves had abstracted from Richard Cobden, Charles Villiers, John Bright, and others. What, I say, ensued? Dare you come forward, O Whigs? Jones exclaimed. O Whig Snobs, I cry out with all my heart, you put Richard Cobden and his fellows into the rear rank, and claim the victory which was won by other and better swords than your puny, twiddling court blades ever were! Do you mean to say that *you* are to rule, and Cobden is to be held of no account? It was thus that at a contest for Shrewsbury, more severe than any Mr. B. Disraeli ever encountered, one Falstaff came forward and claimed to have slain Hotspur, when the noble Harry had run him through. It was thus in France that some dandified representatives of the people looked on when Hoche or Bonaparte won the victories of the Republic.

What took place in consequence of *Punch's* remonstrance? *The Whigs offered a seat in the Cabinet to Richard Cobden.* With humble pride I say, as a member of the *Punch* administration, that a greater compliment was never offered to our legislatorial body.

And now with respect to my own little endeavour to advance our country's weal. Those who remember the last week's remarks on Political Snobs, must recollect the similitude into which perforce we entered—the comparison of the British Flunky with the Court Flunky, the great official Household Snob. Poor John in his outrageous plush and cocked hat, with his absurd uniform, facings, aiguillettes; with his cocked hat, bag-wig and powder; with his amazing

nosegay in his bosom, was compared to the First Lord of the Dustpan, or the Head Groom of the Pantry, and the motto enforced on the mind was, "Am I not a man and a brother?"

The result of this good-humoured and elegant piece of satire is to be found in the *Times* newspaper of Saturday, the 4th July :—

"We understand that situations in the Household have been offered to His Grace the Duke of Stilton, and His Grace the Duke of Doublegloucester. Their Graces have declined the honour which was proposed to them, but have nevertheless signified their intention of supporting publicly the new administration."

Could a public writer have a greater triumph? I make no manner of doubt that the Dukes alluded to have, upon perusal and consideration of the last chapter of Snobs, determined that they will wear no livery however august, that they will take no service however majestic, but content themselves with the modesty of their independence, and endeavour to live reputably upon five hundred or a thousand pounds *per diem*. If *Punch* has been able to effect these reforms in a single week; to bring the great Whig party to acknowledge that there are, after all, as great, nay, better men than they in this wicked world; to induce the great Whig magnates to see that servitude—servitude to the greatest Prince out of the smallest and most illustrious court in Deutschland—does not become their station,—why, we are balked of the best part of our article on Whig Snobs. The paper is already written.

Perhaps the race is extinct (or on the verge of extinction), with its progeny of puny philosophers, and dandy patriots, and polite philanthropists, and fond believers in House of Commons traditions. Perhaps My Lord and Sir Thomas will condescend, from their parks and halls, to issue manifestoes to the towns and villages, and say, "We approve of the wishes of the people to be represented. We think that their grievances are not without foundation, and we place ourselves at their head in our infinite wisdom, in order to overcome the Tories, their enemies and our own." Perhaps, I say, the magnificent Whigs have at last discovered that

without a regiment, volunteer officers, ever so bedizened with gold lace, are not particularly efficient; that without a ladder even the most aspiring Whigs cannot climb to eminence; that the nation, in a word, no more cares for the Whigs than it cares for the Stuart dynasty, or for the Heptarchy, or for George Canning, who passed away some few hundred years afterwards, or for any collapsed tradition. The Whigs? Charles Fox was a great man in his time, and so were the archers with their long-bows at Agincourt. But gunpowder is better. The world keeps moving. The great time-stream rushes onward; and just now a few little Whigling heads and bodies are bobbing and kicking on the surface.

My dearest friend, the period of submersion comes, and down they go—down among the dead men; and what need have we to act as humanity-men, and hook out their poor little bodies?

A paper about Whig Snobs is therefore absurd!

(*July*, 1846.)

ON CONSERVATIVE OR COUNTRY-PARTY SNOBS.

In the whole Court of King Charles there was no more chivalrous and loyal a Conservative than Sir Geoffrey Hudson, Knight; who, though not much bigger than a puppy dog, was as brave as the biggest lion, and was ready to fight anybody of any stature. Of the same valour and intrepidity was the ingenious hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha, who would level his lance, cry his war-cry, and gallop at a windmill, if he mistook it for a giant or any other nuisance; and though nobody ever said that the Don's wits were of the sound order, every one acknowledged his courage and constancy, his gentle bearing, and purity of purpose.

We all of us have a compassionate sweetness of temper for all half-witted persons; for all ludicrous poor dwarfs engaged in enterprises utterly beyond their ability; for all poor, blind, cracked, honest idiots, who fancy that they are heroes or commanders or emperors or champions, when

they are only a little way removed from a strait-waistcoat, and barely tolerated at large.

In regard of Political Snobs, the more I consider them the more this feeling of compassion predominates, until, were all the papers upon Snobs to be written in the same key, we should have, instead of a lively and facetious series of essays, a collection that would draw tears even from undertakers, and would be about as jovial as Dr. Dodd's "Prison Thoughts" or Law's "Serious Call." We cannot afford (I think) to scorn and laugh at Political Snobs—only to pity them. There is Peel. If ever there was a Political Snob, a dealer in cant and commonplaces, an upholder of shams and a pompous declaimer of humbugs, Heaven knows *he* was a Snob. But he repents and shows signs of grace; he comes down on his knees and confesses his errors so meekly, that we are melted at once. We take him into our arms and say, "Bobby, my boy, let bygones be bygones; it is never too late to repent. Come and join us, and don't make Latin quotations, or vent claptraps about your own virtue and consistency, or steal anybody's clothes any more. We receive him, and protect him from the Snobs, his ex-companions, who are howling without, and he is as safe in Judy's arms as in his mamma's.

Then there are the Whigs. They rejoice in power; they have got what they panted for—that possession in Downing Street for which, to hear some of them, you would have fancied they were destined by Heaven. Well—now they are in place—to do them justice, they are comporting themselves with much meekness. They are giving a share of their good things to Catholics as well as Protestants. They don't say, "No Irish need apply," but enliven the Cabinet with a tolerable sprinkling of the brogue. Lord John comes before his constituents with a humble and contrite air, and seems to say, "Gentlemen, although the Whigs are great, there is something, after all, greater—I mean the People, whose servants we have the honour to be, and for whose welfare we promise to work zealously." Under such dispositions, who can be angry with Whig Snobs? Only a misanthropic ruffian who never took in a drop of the milk of human kindness.

Finally, there are the Conservative, or—as the poor devils call themselves now—the Country-party Snobs. Can any-

body be angry with *them?* Can any one consider Don Quixote an accountable being, or feel alarmed by Geoffrey Hudson's demeanour when he arms in a fury and threatens to run you through?

I had gone down last week (for the purpose of meditating, at ease and in fresh air, upon our great subject of Snobs) to a secluded spot called the Trafalgar Hotel, at Greenwich, when, interrupted by the arrival of many scores of most wholesome-looking men, in red faces and the fairest of linen, I asked Augustus Frederick, the waiter, what this multitude was that was come down to create a scarcity amongst white-bait. "Don't you know, sir?" says he. "It's THE COUNTRY-PARTY." And so it was. The real, original, unbending, no surrender aristocrats; the men of the soil; our old, old leaders; our Plantagenets, our Somersets, our Disraelis, our Hudsons, and our Stanleys. They have turned out in force, and for another struggle; they have taken "the Rupert of debate," Geoffrey Stanley, for leader, and set up their standard of "no surrender" on Whitebait Hill.

As long as we have Cromwell and the Ironsides, the honest Country-Party are always welcome to Rupert and the Cavaliers. Besides, hasn't the member for Pontefract * come over to us? and isn't it all up with the good old cause now he has left it?

My heart then, far from indulging in rancour towards those poor creatures, indulged only in the softest emotions in their behalf; I blessed them as they entered the dinner-room by twos and threes, as they consigned their hats to the waiters with preternatural solemnity, and rushed in to conspire. Worthy, chivalrous, and mistaken Snobs, I said mentally, "Go and reclaim your rights over bowls of water-souchy; up with your silver forks and chivalry of England, and pin to earth the manufacturing caitiffs who would rob you of your birthrights. Down with all Cotton-spinners! Saint George for the Country-Party! A Geoffrey to the rescue!" I respect the delusion of those poor souls. What! repeal the repeal of the Corn Laws? Bring us back the good old Tory times? No, no. Humpty-Dumpty has had a

* The late Lord Houghton, as Mr. Monckton Milnes, was at this time member for Pontefract.

great fall, and all the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men can't put Humpty-Dumpty straight again.

Let the honest creatures cry out "No Surrender!" and let us laugh as we are winning, and listen to them in good humour. We know what "No Surrender" means—any time these fifteen years. "It is the nature of the popular *bellua*," says the dear old *Quarterly Review*, with its usual grace and polite felicity of illustration, "never to be sated, and to increase in voracity and audacity by every sop that is thrown to it." Bit by bit, day by day, ever since the Reform Bill, the poor devils whom the old *Quarterly* represents have had to feed the popular *bellua*, as anybody may see who reads the periodical in question. "No Surrender!" bellows the *Quarterly*, but *Bellua* demands a Catholic Emancipation Act, and bolts it, and is not satisfied, a Reform Act, a Corporation and Test Act, a Free-Trade Act. *Bellua* swallows all. O horror of horrors! O poor dear bewildered old *Quarterly!* O Mrs. Gamp! O Mrs. Harris! When everything is given up, and while you are still shrieking "No Surrender!" *Bellua* will be hungry still, and end by swallowing up the Conservative party too.

And shall we be angry with the poor victim? Have you ever seen the *bellua* called a cat with a mouse in preserve? "No Surrender!" pipes the poor little long-tailed creature, scudding from corner to corner. *Bellua* advances, pats him good-humouredly on the shoulder, tosses him about quite playfully, and—gobbles him at the proper season.

Brother Snobs of England! that is why we let off the Conservative and Country-Party Snob so easily.

(*July*, 1846.)

ARE THERE ANY WHIG SNOBS?

FORTUNATELY this is going to be quite a little chapter. I am not going, like Thomas of Finsbury, to put ugly questions to Government, or obstruct in any way the march of the Great Liberal Administration. The best thing we can do is not to ask questions at all, but to trust the Whigs implicitly, and rely on their superior wisdom. They are wiser than we

are. A kind Providence ordained that they should govern us, and endowed them with universal knowledge. Other people change their opinions; they never do. For instance, Peel avows that his opinions on the Corn Laws have gone right round. The Whigs have never changed: they have always held the Free-Trade doctrines; they have always been wise and perfect. We didn't know it, but it's the fact—Lord John says so. And the great Whig chiefs go down to their constituents, and congratulate themselves and the world that Commercial Freedom is the Law of the Empire, and bless Heaven for creating Whigs to expound this great truth to the world. Free Trade! Heaven bless you! the Whigs invented Free Trade—and everything else that ever *has* been invented. Some day or other, when the Irish Church goes by the board; when, perhaps, the State Church follows it; when Household Suffrage becomes an acknowledged truth; when education actually does become National; when even the Five Points of Thomas of Finsbury come to be visible to the naked eye—you will see the Whigs always *were* advocates for Household Suffrage; that *they* invented National Education; that *they* were the boys who settled the Church Question; and that they had themselves originated the Five Points, of which Feargus O'Connor was trying to take the credit. Where there's Perfection there can't be Snobbishness. The Whigs have known and done, know and do, will know and do everything.

And again, you can't expect reasonably to find many Snobs among them. There are so few of them. A fellow who writes a book about the Aristocracy of England, and calls himself Hampden Junior (and who is as much like John Hampden as Mr. PUNCH is like the Apollo Belvedere), enumerates a whole host of trades, and names of Englishmen who have been successful in them, and finds that the aristocracy has produced no good tin-men, let us say, or lawyers, or tailors, or artists, or divines, or dancers on the tight-rope, or persons of other callings; whereas out of the People have sprung numbers more or less who have distinguished themselves in the above professions. The inference of which is, that the aristocracy is the inferior, the people the superior race. This is rather hard of Hampden

Junior, and not quite a fair argument against the infamous and idiotic aristocracy; for it is manifest that a lord cannot play upon the fiddle, or paint pictures by a natural gift and without practice; that men adopt professions in order to live, and if they have large and comfortable means of livelihood are, not uncommonly, idle. The sham Hampden, I say, does not consider that their Lordships have no call to take upon themselves the exercise of the above-named professions: and, above all, omits to mention that the people are as forty thousand to one to the nobility; and hence, that the latter could hardly be expected to produce so many distinguished characters as are to be found in the ranks of the former.

In like manner (I am willing to confess the above illustration is confoundedly long, but in a work on Snobs, a Radical Snob may have a passing word as well as another), I say, there can't be many Snobs among Whigs; there are so very few Whigs among men.

I take it, there are not above one hundred real downright live Whigs in the world—some five-and-twenty, we will say, holding office; the remainder ready to take it. You can't expect to find many of the sort for which we are seeking in such a small company. How rare it is to meet a real acknowledged Whig! Do you know one? Do you know what it is to be a Whig? I can understand a man being anxious for this measure or that, wishing to do away with the sugar duties, or the corn duties, or the Jewish disabilities, or what you will; but in that case, if Peel will do my business and get rid of the nuisance for me, he answers my purpose just as well as anybody else with any other name. I want my house set in order, my room made clean; I do not make particular inquiries about the broom and the dust-pan.

To be a Whig you must be a reformer—as much or little of this as you like—and something more. You must believe not only that the Corn Laws must be repealed, but that the Whigs must be in office: not only that Ireland must be tranquil, but that the Whigs must be in Downing Street. If the people will have reforms, why of course you can't help it; but remember, the Whigs are to have the credit. I believe that the world is the Whigs', and that everything they give us is a blessing. When Lord John the other day

blessed the people at Guildhall, and told us all how the Whigs had got the Corn Bill for us, I declare I think we both believed it. It wasn't Cobden and Villiers and the people that got it; it was the Whigs, somehow, that *octroyéd* the measure to us.

They *are* our superiors, and that's the fact. There *is* what Thomas of Finsbury almost blasphemously called "A Whig Dodge," and beats all other dodges. I am not a Whig myself (perhaps it is as unnecessary to say so as to say I'm not King Pippin in a golden coach, or King Hudson, or Miss Burdett Coutts)—I'm not a Whig; but, oh, how I should like to be one!

(*July*, 1846.)

ON THE SNOB CIVILIAN.

NOTHING can be more disgusting or atrocious than the exhibition of incendiary ignorance, malevolent conceit, and cowardly ill-will, which has been exhibited by the Pekins of the public press, and a great body of Civilian Snobs in the country, towards the most beloved of our Institutions,—that Institution the health of which is always drunk after the Church at public dinners—the British Army. I myself, when I wrote a slight dissertation upon Military Snobs—called upon to do so by a strict line of duty—treated them with a tenderness and elegant politeness which I am given to understand was admired and appreciated in the warlike clubs, in messes, and other *soldatesque* societies: but to suppose that criticism should go so far as it has done during the last ten days; that every uneducated Cockney should presume to have a judgment; that civilians at taverns and clubs should cry shame; that patriots in the grocery or linendrapery line should venture to object; that even ignorant women and mothers of families, instead of superintending the tea and bread and butter at breakfast, should read the newspapers, forsooth, and utter *their* shrill cries of horror at the account of the Floggings at Hounslow *—to suppose, I say, that society should

* Much excitement had been caused by the death of a private of the 7th Hussars, in consequence of a severe flogging to which he was sentenced for striking his sergeant.

make such a hubbub as it has done for the last fortnight, and that perhaps at every table in England there should be a cry of indignation—this is too much; the audacity of Civilian Snobs is too great, and must be put an end to at once. I take part against the Pekins, and am authorized to say, after a conversation with Mr. PUNCH, that that gentleman shares in my opinion that *the Army must be protected.*

The answer which is always to be made to the Civilian Snob when he raises objections against military punishments, promotions, purchases, or what not, is invariable.—He knows nothing about it. How the deuce can *you* speculate about the army, Pekin, who don't know the difference between a firelock and a fusee?

This point I have seen urged, with great effect, in the military papers, and most cordially agree that it is an admirable and unanswerable argument. A particular genius, a profound study, an education specially military, are requisite, before a man can judge upon so complicated a matter as the army; and these, it is manifest, few civilians can have enjoyed. But any man who has had the supreme satisfaction of making the acquaintance of Ensign and Lieutenant Grigg of the Guards, Captain Famish of the Hottentot Buffs, or hundreds of young gentlemen of their calling, must acknowledge that the army is safe under the supervision of men like these. Their education is brilliant, their time is passed in laborious military studies; the conversation of mess-rooms is generally known to be philosophical, and the pursuits of officers to be severely scientific. So ardent in the acquisition of knowledge in youth, what must be their wisdom in old age? By the time Grigg is a Colonel (and, to be sure, knowledge grows much more rapidly in the Guard regiments, and a young veteran may be a Colonel at five-and-twenty), and Famish has reached the same rank, these are the men who are more fitted than ever for the conduct of the army; and how can any civilian know as much about it as they? These are the men whose opinions the civilians dare to impugn; and I can conceive nothing more dangerous, insolent —Snobbish, in a word—than such an opposition.

When men such as these, and the very highest authorities in the army, are of opinion that flogging is requisite for the

British soldier, it is manifestly absurd of the civilian to interfere. Do you know as much about the army and the wants of the soldier as Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington? If the Great Captain of the Age considers flogging is one of the wants of the army, what business have *you* to object? *You're* not flogged. You are a Pekin. To lash fellow-creatures like hounds may be contrary to your ideas of decency, morals, and justice; to submit Christian men to punishments brutal, savage, degrading, ineffectual, may be revolting to you: but to suppose that such an eminent philanthropist as the Great Captain of the Age would allow such penalties to be inflicted on the troops if they could be done away with, is absurd. A word from the Chiefs of the army, and the Cat might have taken its place as an historical weapon in the Tower, along with the boots and the thumb-screws of the Spanish Armada. But, say you, very likely the Great Captain of *his* Age, the Duke of Alva, might have considered thumb-screws and boots just as necessary for discipline as the Cat is supposed to be now. Pekin! Don't meddle with subjects quite beyond the sphere of your knowledge. Respect the Articles of War, and remember that the majority of officers of the British army, from His Grace down to Ensign Grigg, are of opinion that flogging can't be done away with.

You can't suppose that they are inhumane. When that wretched poor fellow was lashed to the ladder at Hounslow, and as the farriers whirled the Cat over him, not only men but officers, it is stated, turned sick and fainted at the horrible spectacle. At every military punishment, I am told that men so drop down. Nature itself gives way, making, as it were, a dying protest against that disgusting scene of torture. Nature? Yes! But the army is not a natural profession. It is out of common life altogether. Drilling—red coats, all of the same pattern, with the same number of buttons—flogging—marching with the same leg foremost—are not natural. Put a bayonet into a man's hand: he would not naturally thrust it into the belly of a Frenchman. Very few men, of their own natural choice, would wear, by way of hat, such a cap as Colonel Whyte and his regiment wear every day—a muff, with a red worsted bag dangling down behind it, and a shaving-brush stuck by way of ornament in front. The whole

system is something egregious—artificial. The civilian, who lives out of it, can't understand it. It is not like the other professions, which require intelligence. A man one degree removed from idiocy, with brains just sufficient to direct his powers of mischief or endurance, may make a distinguished soldier. A boy may be set over a veteran: we see it every day. A lad with a few thousand pounds may purchase a right to command which the most skilful and scientific soldier may never gain. Look at the way Ensign Grigg, just come from school, touches his cap to the enormous old private who salutes him—the gladiator of five-and-twenty campaigns.

And if the condition of the officer is wonderful and anomalous, think of that of the men! There is as much social difference between Ensign Grigg and the big gladiator as there is between a gang of convicts working in the hulks and the keepers in charge of them. Hundreds of thousands of men eat, march, sleep, and are driven hither and thither in gangs all over the world—Grigg and his clan riding by and superintending; they get the word of command to advance or fall back, and they do it; they are told to strip, and they do it; or to flog, and they do it; to murder or be murdered, and they obey—for their food and clothing, and twopence a day for beer and tobacco. For nothing more. No hope, no ambition, no chance for old days, but Chelsea Hospital. How many of these men in time of war, when their labour is most needed and best paid, escape out of their slavery! Between the soldier and the officer there is such a gulf fixed that to cross it is next to a miracle. There was *one* Mameluke escaped when Mehemet Ali ordered the destruction of the whole troop of them; so certainly a stray officer or two *may* have come from the ranks, but he is a wonder. No; such an Institution as this is a mystery, which all civilians, I suppose, had best look at in silent wonder, and of which we must leave the management to its professional chiefs. Their care for their subordinates is no doubt amiable, and the gratitude of these to their superiors must be proportionately great. When the tipsy young Lieutenant of the 4th Dragoons cut at his Adjutant with a sabre, he was reprimanded and returned back to his duty, and does it, no doubt, very well;

when the tipsy private struck his corporal, he was flogged, and died after the flogging. There must be a line drawn, look you, otherwise the poor private might have been forgiven too, by the Great Captain of the Age, who pardoned the gentleman-offender. There must be distinctions and differences, and mysteries which are beyond the comprehension of the civilian, and this paper is written as a warning to all such not to meddle with affairs that are quite out of their sphere.

But then there is a word, Mr. PUNCH declares, to be said to other great Commanders and Field-Marshals besides the historic Conqueror of Assaye, Vittoria, and Waterloo. We have among us, thank Heaven, a Field-Marshal whose baton has been waved over fields of triumph the least sanguinary that ever the world has known. We have an august Family Field-Marshal, so to speak, and to him we desire humbly to speak :—

"Your Royal Highness," we say—"Your Royal Highness (who has the ear of the Head of the Army), pour into that gracious ear the supplications of a nation. Say that as a nation we entreat and implore that no English Christian man should any longer suffer the infernal torture of the Cat. Say that we had rather lose a battle than flog a soldier, and that the courage of the Englishman will not suffer by the loss. And if Your Royal Highness Prince Albert will deign to listen to this petition, we venture to say that you will be the most beloved of Field-Marshals, and that you will have rendered a greater service to the British people, and the British army, than ever was rendered by any Field-Marshal since the days of Malbrook."

(*August*, 1846.)

ON RADICAL SNOBS.

As the principles of *Punch* are eminently Conservative, it might be thought that anything we could say about Radical Snobs would bear an impress of prejudice and bigotry, and I had thought of letting off the poor Radical Snobs altogether;

for persecution they had enough in former days, Heaven knows, when to be a Radical was to be considered a Snob, and every flunky who could use his pen was accustomed to prate about "the great unwashed," and give himself airs at the expense of "the greasy multitude." But the multitude have the laugh on their side of late years, and can listen to these pretty jokes with good-humour.

Perhaps, after all, there is no better friend to Conservatism than your outrageous Radical Snob. When a man preaches to you that all noblemen are tyrants, that all clergymen are hypocrites and liars, that all capitalists are scoundrels banded together in an infamous conspiracy to deprive the people of their rights, he creates a wholesome revulsion of feeling in favour of the abused parties, and a sense of fair play leads the generous heart to take a side with the object of unjust oppression.

For instance, although I hate military flogging as the most brutal and odious relic we have left of the wicked torturing old times, and have a private opinion that officers of crack dragoon regiments are not of necessity the very wisest of human creatures, yet when I see Quackley the Coroner giving himself sham airs of patriotism, and attacking the men for the crime of the system (of which you and I are as much guilty as Colonel Whyte, unless we do our utmost to get it repealed), I find myself led over to the browbeaten side, and inclined to take arms against Quackley. Yesterday, a fellow was bawling by my windows an account of the trial at Hounslow, and "the hinfamous tyranny of a brootle and savidge Kurnal, hall to be ad for the small charge of Won Apny." Was that fellow a Radical patriot, think you, or a Radical Snob; and which was it that he wanted—to put down flogging or to get money?

What was it that made Sir Robert Peel so popular of late days in the country? I have no question but that it was the attacks of certain gentlemen in the House of Commons. Now they have left off abusing him, somehow we are leaving off loving him. Nay, he made a speech last week about the immorality of lotteries and the wickedness of Art Unions, which caused some kind friends to say, "Why, the man is just as fond of humbug and solemn cant as ever."

This is the use that Radical Snobs, or all political Snobs, are made for—to cause honest folks to rally over to the persecuted side; and I often think that if the world goes on at its present rate—the people carrying all before them; the aristocracy always being beaten after the ignominious *simulacrum* of a battle; the Church bowled down; the revolution triumphant; and (who knows?) the monarchy shaken—I often think old PUNCH will find himself in opposition as usual, and deploring the good old days and the advent of Radicalism along with poor old Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris.

Perhaps the most dangerous specimen of the Radical Snob to be found in the three kingdoms is that branch of Snobs called Young Ireland, who have been making a huge pother within the last fortnight, and who have found a good deal of favour in this country of late years.

I don't know why we have been so fond of this race; except that it wrote pretty poems, and murdered the Saxons in melodious iambics, and got a character for being honest somehow, in opposition to old Mr. O'Connell, to whom the English prejudice denied that useful quality. We are fond of anything strange here, and perhaps our taste is not very classical. We like Tom Thumb; we like the Yankee melodists; we like the American Indians; and we like the Irish howl. Young Ireland has howled to considerable effect in this country, and the Shan Van Voght and the men of '98 have been decidedly popular. If the O'Brien, and the O'Toole, and the O'Dowd, and the O'Whack, and the Mulholligan would take St. James's Theatre, the war-cry of Aodh O'Nyal, and the Battle of the Blackwater, and the Galloglass Chorus might bring in a little audience even in the hot weather.

But this I know, that if any party ever fulfilled the condition of Snobs, Young Ireland has. Is ludicrous conceit Snobbishness? Is absurd arrogance, peevish ill-temper, utter weakness accompanied by tremendous braggadocity, Snobbishness? Is Tibbs a Snob, or not? When the little creature threatens to thrash Tom Crib, and when Tom, laughing over his great broad shoulders, walks good-humouredly away, is Tibbs a Snob, who stands yelling after him and abusing him, or a hero, as he fancies himself to be?

A martyr without any persecutors is an utter Snob; a frantic dwarf who snaps his fingers (as close as he can lift them) under the nose of a peaceable giant is a Snob; and the creature becomes a most wicked and dangerous Snob when he gets the ear of people more ignorant than himself, inflames them with lies, and misleads them into ruin. Young Ireland shrieking piteously with nobody hurting him, or waving his battle-axed hand on his battlemented wall, and bellowing his war-cry of Bug-Aboo—and roaring out melodramatic tom-foolery—and fancying himself a champion and a hero, is only a ludicrous little humbug; but when he finds people to believe his stories—that the liberated Americans are ready to rally round the green banner of Erin, that the battalioned invincibility of France is hastening to succour the enemy of the Saxon—he becomes a Snob so dangerous and malevolent that Mr. PUNCH loses his usual jocularity in regarding him, and would see him handed over to proper authorities without any ill-timed compassion.

It was this braggart violence of soul that roused the Punchine wrath against Mr. O'Connell, when, mustering his millions upon the green hills of Erin, he uttered those boasts and menaces which he is now proceeding, rather demurely, to swallow. And as for pitying the Young Irelanders any longer because they are so honest, because they write such pretty verses, because they would go to the scaffold for their opinions—our hearts are not tender enough for this kind of commiseration. A set of young gentlemen might choose to publish a paper advocating arson, or pointing out the utility of murder—a regard for our throats and our property would lead us not to pity these interesting young patriots too tenderly; and we have no more love for Young Ireland and her leaders and their schemes, than for regenerate England under the martyrs Thistlewood and Ings.

(*August*, 1846.)

TRAVELS IN LONDON.

HE had appointed me in St. James's Park, under the Duke of York's Column, on Guy Fawkes's day; and I found the

venerable man at the hour, and at the place assigned, looking exceedingly sweet upon the gambols of some children—who were accompanied, by the way, by a very comely young woman as a nursery-maid. He left the little ones with a glance of kindness, and hooking his little arm into mine, my excellent and revered friend Mr. PUNCH and I paced the Mall for a while together.

I had matters of deep importance (in my mind, at least) to communicate to my revered patron and benefactor. The fact is, I have travelled as Mr. PUNCH's Commissioner in various countries; and having, like all persons of inquiring mind, from Ulysses downwards, a perpetual desire for locomotion, I went to propose to our beloved chief a new tour. I set before him eloquently the advantages of a trip to China; or, now that the fighting was over, a journey to Mexico I thought might be agreeable; or why not travel in the United States, I asked, where PUNCH's Commissioner would be sure of a welcome, and where the natives have such a taste for humorous description?

"My dear Spec," said the sage, in reply to a long speech of mine, "you are, judging from your appearance, five-and-twenty years old, and consequently arrived at the estate of man. You have written for my publication a number of articles, which, good, bad, and indifferent as they are, make me suppose that you have some knowledge of the world. Have you lived so long in this our country as not to know that Britons do not care a fig for foreign affairs? Who takes any heed of the Spanish marriages now? of the Mexican wars? of the row in Switzerland? Do you know whether a Vorort is a gentleman, or a legislative body, or a village in the Canton of Uri? Do you know a man who reads the Spanish and Portuguese correspondence in the newspapers? Sir, I grow sick at the sight of the name of Bomfin, and shudder at the idea of Costa Cabral!" And he yawned so portentously as he spoke that I saw all my hopes of a tour were over. Recovered from that spasm, the Good and Wise one continued: "You are fond of dabbling in the fine arts, Mr. Spec; now pray, sir, tell me, which department of the Exhibition is most popular?"

I unhesitatingly admitted that it was the portraits the

British public most liked to witness. Even when I exhibited my great picture of Heliogabalus, I owned that nobody——

"Exactly—that nobody looked at it; whereas every one examines the portraits with interest, and you hear people exclaim, 'Law, ma! if it ain't a portrait of Mrs. Jones, in a white satin and a tiara;' or, 'Mercy me! here's Alderman Blogg in a thunderstorm,' etc., etc. The British public like to see representations of what they have seen before. Do you mark me, Spec? In print as in art, sir, they like to recognize Alderman Blogg." He paused, for we had by this time mounted the Duke of York's Steps, and, panting a little, pointed to the noble vista before us with his cane. We could see the street thronged with life; the little children gathered round the column; the omnibuses whirling past the Drummond Light; the carriages and flunkies gathered round Howell and James's; the image of Britannia presiding over the County Fire Office in the Quadrant, and indeed over the scene in general.

"You want to travel?" said he, whisking his bamboo. "Go and travel there, sir. Begin your journey this moment. I give you my commission. Travel in London, and bring me an account of your tour. Describe me yonder beggar's impudence, sir, or yonder footman's calves, or my Lord Bishop's cob and apron (my Lord Bishop, how do you do?). Describe anything — anybody. Consider your journey is begun from this moment, and, left foot forward—March!" So speaking, my benefactor gave me a playful push in the back, in the direction of Waterloo Place, and turned into the Athenæum, in company with my Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy, whose cob had just pulled up at the door, and I walked away alone into the immensity of London, which my Great Master had bidden me to explore.

I staggered before the vastness of that prospect. Not naturally a modest man, yet I asked myself mentally, How am I to grapple with a subject so tremendous? Every man and woman I met was invested with an awful character, and to be examined as a riddle to be read henceforth. The street-sweeper at the crossing gave me a leer and a wink and a patronizing request for a little trifle, which made me turn

away from him and push rapidly forward. "How do I know, my boy," thought I inwardly, "but that in the course of my travels I may be called upon to examine *you;* to follow you home to your lodgings and back into your early years; to turn your existence inside out, and explain the mystery of your life? How am I to get the clue to that secret?" He luckily spun away towards Waterloo Place with a rapid flourish of his broom, to accost the Honourable Member for Muffborough, just arrived in town, and who gave the sweeper a gratuity of twopence; and I passed over the crossing to the United Service Club side. Admiral Boarder and Colonel Charger were seated in the second window from the corner, reading the paper—the Admiral, bald-headed and jolly-faced, reading with his spectacles; the Colonel, in a rich, curly, dark purple wig, holding the *Standard* as far off as possible from his eyes, and making believe to read without glasses. Other persons were waiting at the gate. Mrs. General Cutandthrust's little carriage was at the door, waiting for the General, while the young ladies were on the back seat of the carriage, entertained by Major Slasher, who had his hand on the button. I ran away as if guilty. "Slasher, Boarder, Charger, Cutandthrust, the young ladies, and their mother with the chestnut front—there is not one of you," thought I, "but may come under my hands professionally, and I must show up all your histories at the stern mandate of Mr. PUNCH."

I rushed up that long and dreary passage which skirts the back of the Opera, and where the mysterious barbers and boot shops are. The Frenchman who was walking up and down there, the very dummies in the hairdressers' windows, seemed to look at me with a new and dreadful significance. A fast-looking little fellow in check trousers and glossy boots, who was sucking the end of his stick and his cigar alternately, while bestriding a cigar chest in Mr. Alvarez's shop; Mr. A. himself, that stately and courteous merchant who offers you an Havanna as if you were a Grandee of the first class—everybody, I say, struck me with fright. "Not one of these," says I, "but next week you may be called upon to copy him down;" and I did not even look at the fast young man on the chest, further than to observe that a small carrot sprouted

from his chin, and that he wore a shirt painted in scarlet arabesques.

I passed down St. Albans Place, where the noble H. P. officers have lodgings, without ever peeping into any one of their parlours, and the Haymarket, brilliant with gin shops, brawling with cabmen, and thronged with lobsters. At the end towards the Quadrant the poor dirty foreigners were sauntering about greasily; the hansoms were rattling; the omnibuses cutting in and out; my Lord Tomnoddy's cab with the enormous white horse was locked in with Dr. Bullfrog's purple brougham and a cartful of window frames and shop fronts. Part of the pavement of course was up, and pitch-caldrons reeking in the midst; omnibus cads bawling out "Now then, stoopid!" over all. "Am I to describe all these, I thought; to unravel this writhing perplexity; to set sail into this boundless ocean of life? What does my master mean by setting me so cruel a task; and how the deuce am I to travel in London?" I felt dazzled, amazed, and confounded, like stout Cortes, when with eagle's eyes he stared at the Pacific in a wild surprise, silent upon a peak in What-d'ye-call-'em. And I wandered on and on.

"Well met," said a man, accosting me. "What is the matter, Spec? Is your banker broke?"

I looked down. It was little Frank Whitestock, the Curate of St. Timothy's, treading gingerly over the mud.

I explained to Frank my mission and its tremendous nature, my modest fears as to my competency, my perplexity where to begin.

The little fellow's eyes twinkled roguishly. "Mr. PUNCH is right," said he. "If you want to travel, my poor Spec, you should not be trusted very far beyond Islington. It is certain that you can describe a tea-kettle better than a pyramid."

"Tea-kettle, tea-kettle yourself," says I. "How to begin is the question."

"Begin?" says he; "begin this instant. Come in here with me;" and he pulled at one of four bells at an old-fashioned door by which we were standing. SPEC.

(*November*, 1847.)

[Several papers appeared between the above and the following paper.]

TRAVELS IN LONDON.

A CLUB IN AN UPROAR.

THE appearance of a London Club at a time of great excitement is well worthy the remark of a traveller in this city. The Megatherium has been in a monstrous state of frenzy during the past days. What a queer book it would be which should chronicle all the stories which have been told or all the opinions which have been uttered there!

As a Revolution brings out into light of day, and into the streets of the convulsed capital, swarms of people who are invisible but in such times of agitation, and retreat into their obscurity as soon as the earthquake is over, so you may remark in Clubs that the stirring of any great news brings forth the most wonderful and hitherto unheard-of members, of whose faces not the *habitués*, not even the hall-porters, have any knowledge. The excitement over, they vanish, and are seen no more until the next turmoil calls them forth.

During the past week, our beloved Megatherium has been as crowded as they say Her Majesty's Palace of Pimlico at present is, where distressed foreigners, fugitives, and other Coburgs are crowded two or three in a room; and where it has been reported during the whole of the past week that Louis-Philippe himself, in disguise, was quartered in the famous garden pavilion, and plates of dinner sent out to him from Her Majesty's table. I had the story from Bowyer of the Megatherium, who had seen and recognized the ex-King as he was looking into the palace garden from a house in Grosvenor Place opposite. We have had other wonderful stories too, whereof it is our present purpose to say a word or two.

The Club, in fact, has been in a state of perfect uproar, to the disgust of the coffee-room *habitués*, of the quiet library arm-chair occupiers, and of the newspaper-room students, who could not get their accustomed broad-sheets. Old Doctor Pokey (who is in the habit of secreting newspapers about his person, and going off to peruse them in recondite corners of the building) has been wandering about, in vain

endeavouring to seize hold of a few. They say that a *Morning Chronicle* was actually pulled from under his arm during the last week's excitement. The rush for second editions and evening papers is terrific. Members pounce on the newsboys and rob them. Decorum is overcome.

All the decencies of society are forgotten during this excitement. Men speak to each other without being introduced. I saw a man in ill-made trousers, and with strong red whiskers and a strong northern accent, go up to Colonel the Honourable Otto Dillwater of the Guards, and make some dreadful remark about Louis Feelip, which caused the Colonel to turn pale with anger. I saw a Bishop, an Under Secretary of State, and General de Boots, listening with the utmost gravity and eagerness to little Bob Noddy, who pretended to have brought some news from the City, where they say he is a Clerk in a Fire Office.

I saw all sorts of portents and wonders. On the great Saturday night (the 26th ult.) when the news was rifest, and messenger after messenger came rushing in with wild rumours, men were seen up at midnight who were always known to go to bed at ten. A man dined in the Club who is married, and who has never been allowed to eat there for eighteen years. On Sunday, old Mr. Pugh himself, who moved that the house should be shut, no papers taken in, and the waiters marched to church under the inspection of the steward, actually came down and was seen reading the *Observer*, so eager was the curiosity which the great events excited.

In the smoking-room of the establishment, where you ordinarily meet a very small and silent party, there was hardly any seeing for the smoke, any sitting for the crowd, or any hearing in consequence of the prodigious bawling and disputing. The men uttered the most furious contradictory statements there. Young Biffin was praying that the rascally mob might be cut down to a man; while Gullet was bellowing out that the safety of France required the re-establishment of the guillotine, and that four heads must be had, or that the Revolution was not complete.

In the card-room, on the great night in question, there was only one whist-table, and at that even they were obliged

to have a dummy. Captain Trumpington could not be brought to play that night, and Pamm himself trumped his partner's lead and the best heart; such was the agitation which the great European events excited. When Dicky Cuff came in from His Excellency Lord Pilgrimstone's evening party, a rush was made upon him for news, as if he had come from battle. Even the waiters appeared to be interested, and seemed to try to overhear the conversation.

Every man had his story and his private information, and several of these tales I took down.

"*Saturday, five o'clock.*—Jawkins has just come from the City. The French Rothschild has arrived. He escaped in a water-butt as far as Amiens, whence he went on in a coffin. A *fourgon* containing two hundred and twenty-two thousand two hundred sovereigns, and nine and fourpence in silver, was upset in the Rue Saint-Denis. The coin was picked up, and the whole sum, with the exception of the fourpenny piece, was paid over to the Commissioners at the Hôtel de Ville.

"Some say it was a quarter-franc. It was found sticking, afterwards, to the *sabot* of an Auvergnat, and brought in safety to the Provisional Government.

"Blankley comes in. He made his fortune last year by the railroads, has realized, and is in a frantic state of terror. 'The miscreants!' he says. 'The whole population is in arms. They are pouring down to the English coast; the *sans-culottes* will be upon us to-morrow, and we shall have them upon—upon my estate in Sussex, by Jove! Cobden was in a league with the Revolutionary government when he said there would be no war—laying a trap to lull us into security, and so give free ingress to the infernal revolutionary villains. There are not a thousand men in the country to resist them, and we shall all be butchered before a week is out—butchered, and our property confiscated. Cobden ought to be impeached and hanged. Lord John Russell ought to be impeached and hanged. Hopes Guizot will be guillotined for not having used cannon, and slaughtered the ruffians before the Revolution came to a head.' *N.B.*—Blankley was a Liberal before he made his money, and had a picture of Tom Paine in his study.

"Towzer arrives. A messenger has just come to the Foreign Office wounded in three places, and in the disguise of a fishwoman. Paris is in flames in twenty-four quarters—the mob and pikemen raging through it. Lamartine has been beheaded. The forts have declared for the King, and are bombarding the town. All the English have been massacred.

"Captain Shindy says, 'Nonsense! no such thing.' A messenger has come to the French Embassy. The King and Family are at Versailles. The two Chambers have followed them thither, and Marshal Bugeaud has rallied a hundred and twenty thousand men. The Parisians have three days' warning; and if at the end of that time they do not yield, seven hundred guns will open on the dogs, and the whole *canaille* will be hurled to perdition.

"Pipkinson arrives. The English in Paris are congregated in the Protestant Churches; a guard is placed over them. It is with the greatest difficulty that the rabble are prevented from massacring them. Lady Lunchington only escaped by writing 'Veuve d'O'Connell' on her door. It is perfectly certain that Guizot is killed. Lamartine and the rest of the Provisional Government have but a few days to live; the Communists will destroy them infallibly; and universal blood, terror, and anarchy will prevail over France, over Europe, over the world.

"Bouncer—on the best authority. Thirty thousand French entered Brussels under Lamoricière. No harm has been done to Leopold. The united French and Belgian army march on the Rhine on Monday. Rhenish Prussia is declared to form a part of the Republic. A division under General Bedeau will enter Savoy, and penetrate into Lombardy. The Pope abdicates his temporal authority. The Russians will cross the Prussian frontier with four hundred thousand men.

"Bowyer has just come from Mivart's, and says that rooms are taken there for the Pope, who has fled from his dominions; for the Countess of Landsfeld; for the King of Bavaria, who is sure to follow immediately; and for all the French Princes, and their suite and families."

It was in this way that Rumour was chattering last week,

while the great events were pending. But oh, my friends, wild and strange as these stories were, were they so wonderful as the truth?—as an army of a hundred thousand men subdued by a rising of bare-handed mechanics; as a great monarch, a minister notorious for wisdom, and a great monarchy blown into annihilation by a blast of national breath; as a magnificent dynasty slinking out of existence in a cab; as a gallant prince, with an army at his back, never so much as drawing a sword, but at a summons from a citizen of the National Guard turning tail and sneaking away; as a poet braving the pikes which had scared away a family of kings and princes, and standing forward, wise, brave, sensible, and merciful, undismayed on the tottering pinnacle of popular power? Was there ever a day since the beginning of history where small men were so great, and great ones so little? What satirist could ever have dared to invent such a story as that of the brave and famous race of Orleans flying, with nobody at their backs; of wives and husbands separating, and the deuce take the hindmost; of Ulysses shaving his whiskers off, and flinging away even his wig? It is the shamefullest chapter in history—a consummation too base for ridicule.

One can't laugh at anything so miserably mean. All the Courts in Europe ought to go into mourning or wear sackcloth. The catastrophe is too degrading. It sullies the cause of all kings, as the misconduct of a regiment does an army. It tarnishes all crowns. And if it points no other moral, and indicates no future consequences, why, Progress is a mere humbug; Railroads lead to nothing, and Signs point nowhere; and there is no To-morrow for the world.

SPEC.

(*March*, 1848.)

TRAVELS IN LONDON.

A ROUNDABOUT RIDE.

YOUNG Hengist having kindly offered to lend me a pony, I went out for a ride with him this morning; and, being now

mercifully restored to my arm-chair at home, I write down, with a rapid and faithful pen, the events of the day.

Hengist lives in the Tyburn district, that great rival, and sometime, as 'twas thought, conqueror of Belgravia, where squares, cathedrals, terraces, spring up in a night, as it were—where, as you wandered yesterday, you saw a green strip of meadow, with a washerwoman's cottage and a tea-garden: and to-day you look up, and lo! you see a portly row of whity-brown bow-windowed houses, with plate-glass windows, through the clear panes of which you may see bald-headed, comfortable old fogies reading the *Morning Herald*. Butlers loll at the doors (by the way, the Tyburnian footmen are by no means so large or so powdery as the Mayfair and Belgravian gentry); the road is always freshly laid down with sharp large flint-stones. Missis's neat little brougham with two bay horses, and the page by the coachman's side, is creaking over the flints. The apothecary is driving here and there in a gig; the broad flag-stones are dotted about with a good number of tartan jackets and hats, enclosing wholesome-looking little children. A brand-new fishmonger's shop is just open, with great large white-bellied turbots, looking very cool and helpless on the marble slabs. A genteel stucco-faced public-house is run up for the accommodation of the grooms, and the domestics, and the hodmen of the neighbourhood; and a great bar is placed at the end of the street, beyond which is a chaos of bricks, wheelbarrows, mounds of chalk with milky-looking pools beside them, scaffoldings and brown skeletons of houses, through which the daylight shines, and you can see patches of green land beyond, which are to be swallowed up presently by the great devouring City.

This quarter, my dear friends, is what Baker Street was in the days of our youth. I make no doubt that some of the best and stupidest dinners in London are given hereabouts—dinners where you meet a Baronet, a Knight, and a snuffy little old General; and where the master of the house, the big bald man, leads Lady Barbara Macraw downstairs, the Earl of Strathbungo's daughter, and godmother to his seventh child. A little more furniture would make the rooms look more comfortable, but they are very handsome as it is. The silver dish-covers are splendaceous. I wish the butler would

put a little more wine into the glasses, and come round rather oftener. You are the only poor man in the room. Those awful grave fellows give each other dinners round. Their daughters come solemnly in the evening. The young fellow of the house has been at Oxford, and smokes cigars, but not in the house, and dines a good deal out at his club.

I don't wonder. I once dined with young Hengist at his father's, Major-General Sir Hercules Hengist, K.C.B., and of all the—— But hospitality forbids me to reveal the secrets of the mahogany.

Having partaken there of a slight refreshment of a sponge-cake from a former dessert (and a more pretentious, stuck-up, tasteless, seedy cake than a sponge-cake I don't know), and a glass of wine, we mounted our horses and rode out on a great exploring journey. We had heard of Bethnal Green and Spitalfields; we wished to see those regions; and we rode forth then like two cavaliers out of Mr. James's novels —the one was young, with curly chestnut ringlets, and a blonde moustache just shading his upper lip, etc.—we rode forth out of Tyburnia and down the long row of terraces to which two Universities have given their names.

At the end of Oxford Terrace, the Edgware Road cuts rapidly in, and the genteel district is over. It expires at that barrier of twopenny omnibuses. We are nearly cut in two by one of those disgusting vehicles, as we pass rapidly through the odious cordon.

We now behold a dreary district of mud, and houses on either side, that have a decayed and slatternly look, as if they had become insolvent, and subsequently taken to drinking and evil courses in their old age. There is a corner house not very far from the commencement of the New Road which is such a picture of broken-windowed bankruptcy as is only to be seen when a house is in Chancery or in Ireland. I think the very ghosts must be mildewed that haunt that most desolate spot.

As they rode on, the two cavaliers peeped over the board of the tea-garden at the Yorkshire Stingo. The pillars of the damp arbours and the legs of the tables were reflected in the mud.

In sooth 'tis a dismal quarter. What are those whity-brown

small houses with black gardens fronting, and cards of lodgings wafered into the rickety bow-windows? Would not the very idea that you have to pass over that damp and reeking strip of ground prevent any man from taking those hopeless apartments? Look at the shabby children paddling through the slush; and lo! the red-haired maid-of-all-work, coming out with yesterday's paper and her mistress's beer-jug in her hand, through the creaking little garden door, on which the name of "Sulsh" is written on a dirty brass plate.

Who is Sulsh? Why do I want to know that he lives there? Ha! there is the Lying-in Hospital, which always looks so comfortable that we feel as if we should like to be in an interesting—fiddlestick! Here is Milksop Terrace. It looks like a dowager. It has seen better days, but it holds its head up still, and has nothing to do with Marylebone workhouse, opposite, that looks as cheerful as a cheeseparing.

We rise in respectability: we come upon tall brown houses, and can look up long vistas of brick. Off with your hat. That is Baker Street; jolly little Upper Baker Street stretches away Regent's Parkward; we pass by Glum Street, Great Gaunt Street, Upper Hatchment Street, Tressel Place, and Pall Street—dark, tragic, and respectable abodes of worthy people. Their names should be printed in a black book, instead of a red book, however. I think they must have been built by an architect and undertaker.

How the omnibuses cut through the mud City-wards, and the rapid cabs with canvas-backed trunks on the top rush towards the Great Western Railway. Yonder it lies, beyond the odious line of twopenny buses.

See, we are at Park Crescent. Portland Place is like a Pyramid, and has resisted time. It still looks as if Aldermen lived there, and very beneficed clergymen came to them to dine. The footmen are generally fat in Portland Place, I have remarked—fat and in red plush breeches—different from the Belgravian gents, from the Tyburnian. Every quarter has its own expression of plush, as flowers bloom differently in different climates.

Chariots with lozenges on the panels, and elderly ladies inside, are driving through the iron gates to take the cheerful

round of Regent's Park. When all Nature smiles and the skies are intolerably bright and blue, the Regency Park seems to me to have this advantage, that a cooling and agreeable mist always lies over it, and keeps off the glare.

Do people still continue to go to the Diorama? It is an entertainment congenial to the respectability of the neighbourhood. I know nothing more charming than to sit in a black room there, silent and frightened, and with a dim sense that you are turning round; and then to see the view of the Church of Saint Rawhead by moonlight, while a distant barrel-organ plays the dead march in Saul almost inaudibly.

Yoicks! We have passed the long defile of Albany Street; we cross the road of Tottenham—on either side of us the cheerful factories with ready-made tombstones and funeral urns, or great zinc slipper-baths and chimney-pots that look like the helmets of the Castle of Otranto. Extremely small cigar-shops, and dentists; one or two bug-destroyers, and coffee-shops that look by no means inviting, are remarked by self and Hengist as our rapid steeds gallop swiftly onwards—onwards through the Square of Euston—onwards where the towers of Pancridge rise before us—rapidly, rapidly.

Ha! he is down; is he hurt? He is up again. It is a cab-horse on ahead, not one of ours. It is the wood-pavement. Let us turn aside and avoid the dangerous path.

SPEC.

(*March*, 1848.)

THE PROSER:

ESSAYS AND DISCOURSES BY DR. SOLOMON PACIFICO.

ON AN INTERESTING FRENCH EXILE.

As he walks the streets of London in this present season, everybody must have remarked the constant appearance, in all thoroughfares and public places, of very many well-dressed foreigners. With comely beards, variegated neck-cloths, and varnished little boots, with guide-books in their hands, or a shabby guide or conductor accompanying a smart little squad of half a dozen of them, these honest

Continentals march through the city and its environs, examine Nelson on his indescribable pillar, the Duke of York impaled between the Athenæum and the United Service Clubs—*les docks*, *le tunnel* (*monument du génie Français*), Greenwich *avec son parc et ses whites-bates*, *les monuments de la cité*, *les Squarrs du West End*, etc. The sight of these peaceful invaders is a very pleasant one. One would like to hear their comments upon our city and institutions, and to be judged by that living posterity; and I have often thought that an ingenious young Englishman, such as there are many now among us, possessing the two languages perfectly, would do very well to let his beard grow, and to travel to Paris, for the purpose of returning thence with a company of excursionists, who arrive to pass *une semaine à Londres*, and of chronicling the doings and opinions of the party. His Excellency the Nepaulese Ambassador, and Lieutenant Futty Jung, know almost as much about our country as many of those other foreigners who live but four hours' distance from us, and who are transported to England and back again at the cost of a couple of hundred francs. They are conducted to our theatres, courts of justice, houses of parliament, churches—not understanding, for the most part, one syllable of what they hear; their eager imaginations fancy an oration or a dialogue, which supplies the words delivered by the English speakers, and replaces them by figures and sentiments of their own *façon;* and they believe, no doubt, that their reports are pretty accurate, and that they have actually heard and understood something.

To see the faces of these good folks of a Sunday—their dreary bewilderment and puzzled demeanour as they walk the blank streets (if they have not the means of flight to Richemont or Amstedd, or some other pretty environs of the town where *gazon* is plentiful and ale cheap)—is always a most queer and comic sight. Has not one seen that peculiar puzzled look in certain little amusing manikins at the Zoological Gardens and elsewhere, when presented with a nut which they can't crack, or examining a looking-glass of which they can't understand the mystery—that look so delightfully piteous and ludicrous? I do not mean to say that all Frenchmen are like the active and ingenious animals

alluded to, and make a simious comparison odious to a mighty nation; this, in the present delicate condition of the diplomatic relations between the two countries, and while Lord Stanley's questions are pending respecting papers which have reference to the affairs of a celebrated namesake of mine,* would be a dangerous and unkind simile; but that, as our proverbial dullness and ferocity often shows itself in the resemblance between the countenances of our people and our *boules-dogues*, so the figure and motions of the Frenchman bear an occasional likeness to the lively ring-tail, or the brisk and interesting marmoset. They can't crack any of our nuts; an impenetrable shell guards them from our friends' teeth. I saw last year, at Paris, a little play called "Une Semaine à Londres," intended to ridicule the amusements of the excursionists, and no doubt to satirize the manners of the English. Very likely the author had come to see London; so had M. Gautier; so had M. Valentino—the first of whom saw "vases chiselled by Benvenuto" in the pot from which Mrs. Jones at Clapham poured out the poet's tea; the second, from a conversation in English, of which he didn't understand a syllable, with a young man in Messrs. Hunt and Roskell's shop, found out that the shopman was a Red Republican, and that he and most of his fellows were groaning under the tyranny of the aristocracy. Very likely, we say, the author of "Une Semaine à Londres" had travelled hither. There is no knowing what he did not see: he saw the barge of the Queen pulling to Greenwich, whither Her Majesty was going to *manger un excellent sandwidg;* he saw the *bateaux* of the *blanchisseuses* on the river; and with these and a hundred similar traits he strove to paint our manners in behalf of his countrymen.

I was led into the above, and indeed the ensuing reflections, by reading an article in the *Times* newspaper last week, on citizen Ledru Rollin's work on the decadence of this unhappy country; and by a subsequent reference to the work itself. That great citizen protests that he has cracked the British nut, and having broken his grinders at it, pronounces the kernel utterly poisonous, bitter, and rotten. No

* A Jew named Pacifico, who claimed compensation for damage done to his property in a riot at Athens in 1847.

man, since the days of Pittetcobourg, has probably cursed us with a more hearty ill-will; not O'Connell himself (whom the ex-tribune heartily curses and abuses too) abused us more in his best days. An enthusiastic malevolence, a happy instinct for blundering, an eye that naturally distorts the objects which its bloodshot glances rest upon, and a fine natural ignorance, distinguish the prophet who came among us when his own country was too hot to hold him, and who bellows out to us his predictions of hatred and ruin. England is an assassin and corrupter (roars our friend): it has nailed Ireland to the cross (this is a favourite image of the orator; he said, two years ago in Paris, that *he* was nailed to the cross for the purpose of saving the nation!); that while in France the press is an apostleship, in England it is a business; that the Church is a vast aristocratic corruption, the Prelate of Canterbury having three million francs of revenue, and the Bishop of Hawkins having died worth six millions two hundred and fifty thousand; that the commercial aristocracy is an accursed power, making "Rule Britannia" resound in distant seas, from the height of its victorious masts: and so forth. I am not going to enter into an argument or quarrel with the accuracy of details so curious; my purpose in writing is that of friendly negotiator and interposer of good offices, and my object eminently pacific.

But though a man paints an odious picture, and writes beneath it, as the boys do, "This is England," that is no reason that the portrait should be like. Mr. Spec, for instance, who tried to draw Erminia as a figure-head for the Proser of last week, made a face which was no more like hers than it was like mine; and how should he, being himself but a wretched performer, and having only once seen the young lady, at an Exhibition, where I pointed her out? As with Spec and Erminia, so with Ledru and Britannia. I doubt whether the Frenchman has ever seen at all the dear old country of ours which he reviles, and curses, and abuses.

How is Ledru to see England? We may wager that he does not know a word of the language, any more than nine hundred and ninety-nine of a thousand Frenchmen. What do they want with Jordan when they have Abana and

Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, which they consider to be the finest and most cleansing waters of the world? In the readers' acquaintance with Frenchmen, how many does he know who can speak our language decently? I have, for my part, and for example, seen many of the refugees whom the troubles of '48 sent over among us, and not met one who, in the couple of years' residence, has taken the trouble to learn our language tolerably, who can understand it accurately when spoken, much more express himself in it with any fluency. And without any knowledge of Mr. Rollin, who blunders in every page of his book, who does not make the least allusion to our literature, one may pretty surely argue that this interesting exile does not know our language, and could not construe, without enormous errors, any half a dozen sentences in the *Times*. When Macaulay was busy with his great chapters on King William, he thoroughly learned Dutch, in order to understand, and have at first-hand, the dispatches of the Prince of Orange. Have you heard of many Frenchmen swallowing a language or two before they thought of producing a history? Can Thiers read a page of Napier? No more than Ledru can, or communicate in our native language with any Englishman, of any party, from Lord John Manners to Mr. Julian Harney.

How many houses has Ledru visited of the ruffian aristocrats who are plundering the people, of the priests who are cheating them, of the middle classes who are leagued with the aristocracy, or of the people themselves? Is he intimate with any three English families? with any single nobleman, with any one parson, tradesman, or working-man? He quotes a great mass of evidence against England from the *Morning Chronicle;* did he translate from the *Chronicle* himself, or get a secretary? Can he translate? If he will, without the aid of a dictionary, sit down in our office, and translate this paper fairly into French, he shall have the last volume of *Punch*, gilt, and presented to him gratis.

The chances are that this exile never sees our society at all; that he gets his dinner at a French *table d'hôte*, where other unfortunates of his nation meet and eat—and grumble; that he goes to a French *café*, or coffee-shop used by French-

men, to read the French newspapers; that he buys his cigars at a French house; that he takes his walk between the Quadrant and Leicester Square; that he takes his amusement at the French play, or at an hotel in Leicester Place where there is a billiard and a smoking room, and where the whiskered Red men can meet and curse *l'infâme Angleterre.*

Marius sitting in the ruins of Carthage, and scowling on his pursuers, is a grand figure enough; but a French tribune looking upon *our* Carthage, standing alone, we may fancy, against the desolate statue yonder in Leicester Square, is the most dismal, absurd, ludicrous image imaginable. "Thou hireling soldier" (says he, folding his arms against the statue, and knitting his brows with an awful air), "thou shuddering Cimbrian slave, tell thy master that thou hast seen Caius Marius, banished and a fugitive, seated on the ruins of," etc. The minion of despots whom he addresses does not care in the least about his scowls, or his folded arms, or his speech—not he; Policeman X points with his staff, thinks within himself that it's only a Frenchman, and tells him to move on.

To an exile of this sort what a daily humiliation London must be! How small he appears amongst the two millions! Who the deuce cares for him? The Government does not even pay him the compliment of the slightest persecution, or set so much as a spy or a policeman as a guard of honour at his door. Every man he meets of the two millions has his own business to mind. Yonder man can't attend to Marius: he is Chowler, and has got to "chaw up" Peel. The next can't listen: he is Cobden, who is so pressed that he cannot even receive Captain Aaron Smith, who has something particular to say to him. A third is engaged: it is Lord Ashley, who has the bettering of the working classes at heart, and the model houses to visit. A fourth gives Marius a little sympathy, but must pass on: it is Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, Author of "The Mysteries of London" and "The People's Instructor," who is going to beard Lord John at the Meeting, and ask his lordship what his lordship is going to do for the millions? One and all they have their own affairs to mind. Who cares about Marius? Get along,

Marius, and play a pool at billiards, and smoke a cigar, and curse England to the other braves. Move on, Marius, and don't block up the way.

(*June*, 1850.)

ON AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

As you sit in the great drawing-room at the Megatherium, or any other club, I dare say you will remark that as each man passes the great mirror in the middle room, be he ever so handsome or homely, so well or ill-dressed, so hurried or busy, he nevertheless has time for a good survey of himself in the glass, and a deliberate examination of his clothes and person. He is anxious to know what the glass thinks of him. We are anxious to know what all reflective persons think of us. Hence our constant pleasure in reading books of travel by foreigners: by Hadji Babas and Persian Princes; by Ledru Rollins or German philosophers; by Americans who come to England; and the like. If the black gentleman in St. Paul's Churchyard, who was called away from his broom the other day, and lifted up into the Nepaulese General's carriage in the quality of interpreter, writes his account of London life, its crossings and sweepings, I have no doubt we shall all read it; and as for the Americans, I think a smart publisher might bring over a traveller from the States every season, at least, so constant is our curiosity regarding ourselves, so pleased are we to hear ourselves spoken of, of such an unfailing interest are We to Us.

Thus, after reading Ledru Rollin's book the other day, and taking the dismal view supplied of ourselves by that cracked, and warped, and dingy old Estaminet looking-glass, I, for one, was glad to survey my person in such a bright and elegant New York mirror as that of Mr. Parker Willis, and seized eagerly, at a railway station, upon a new volume by that gentleman, bearing the fascinating title of "People I have Met." Parker Willis is no other than that famous and clever N. P. Willis of former days, whose reminiscences have delighted so many of us, and in whose company one is always sure to find amusement of some sort or the other. Some-

times it is amusement at the writer's wit and smartness, his brilliant descriptions, and wondrous flow and rattle of spirits: sometimes it is wicked amusement, and, it must be confessed, at Willis's own expense—amusement at the immensity of N. P.'s blunders, amusement at the prodigiousness of his self-esteem; amusement always, with him or at him; with or at Willis the poet, Willis the man, Willis the dandy, Willis the lover—now the Broadway Crichton, once the ruler of fashion, and heart-enslaver of Bond Street, and the Boulevard, and the Corso and the Chiaja, and the Constantinople Bazaar. It is well for the general peace of families that the world does not produce many such men; there would be no keeping our wives and daughters in their senses were such fascinators to make frequent apparitions amongst us: but it is comfortable that there should have been a Willis; and (since the appearance of the Proser) a literary man myself, and anxious for the honour of that profession, I am proud to think that a man of our calling should have come, should have seen, should have conquered, as Willis has done.

"There is more or less of truth," he nobly says, "in every one of the stories" which he narrates here in "People I have Met;" more or less, to be sure there is, and it is on account of this more or less of truth that I, for my part, love and applaud this hero and poet so, and recommend every man who reads *Punch* to lay out a shilling and read Willis. We live in our country and don't know it: Willis walks into it and dominates it at once. To know a Duchess, for instance, is given to very few of us. He sees things that are not given to us to see. We see the Duchess pass by in her carriage, and gaze with much reverence on the strawberry leaves on the panels and her Grace within; whereas the odds are that that lovely Duchess has had at one time or the other a desperate flirtation with Willis the Conqueror: perhaps she is thinking of him at this very minute as her jewelled hand presses her perfumed cambric handkerchief to her fair and coroneted brow, and she languidly stops to purchase a ruby bracelet at Gunter's, or to sip an ice at Howell and James's. He must have whole mattresses stuffed with the blonde, or raven, or auburn memories of England's fairest daughters.

When the female English aristocracy read this title of "People I have Met," I can fancy the whole female peerage of Willis's time in a shudder, and the melancholy Marchioness, and the abandoned Countess, and the heart-stricken Baroness trembling as each gets the volume, and asking of her guilty conscience, "Gracious goodness! is the monster going to show up *me?*"

"The greater number of his stories," Willis says, "embody such passages in the personal history of the eminent men and women of Europe as the author came to the knowledge of by conversance with the circles in which they moved;" and this is the point, rather than their own liveliness, elegance of style, and intrinsic merit, which makes them so valuable to English readers. We can't hope for the facilities accorded to him. As at Paris, by merely exhibiting his passport, a foreigner will walk straight into an exhibition, which is only visible to a native on certain days in the year; so with English aristocratic society—to be admitted into that Elysium you had best be a stranger. Indeed, how should it be otherwise? A lady of fashion, however benevolently disposed, can't ask everybody to her house in Grosvenor Square or Carlton Gardens. Say there are five hundred thousand people in London (a moderate calculation) who have heard of Lady P.'s Saturday evening parties and would like to attend them: where could her Ladyship put the thousandth part of them? We on the outside must be content to hear at second hand of the pleasures which the initiated enjoy.

With strangers it is different, and they claim and get admittance as strangers. Here, for instance, is an account of one Brown, an American (though, under that modest mask of Brown, I can't help fancying that I see the features of an N. P. W. himself): Brown arrived in London with a budget of introductions like the postman's bag on Valentine's Day; he "began with a most noble Duke" (the sly rogue), and, of course, was quickly "on the dinner-list of most of the patricians of Mayfair."

"As I was calling myself to account, the other day, over my breakfast," said Brown, filling his glass, and pushing the bottle, "it occurred to me that my round of engagements required some little variation. There's a *toujours perdrix*, even among lords and ladies, particularly

when you belong as much to their sphere, and are as likely to become a part of it, as the fly revolving in aristocratic dust on the wheel of my lord's carriage. I thought, perhaps, I had better see some other sort of people.

"I had, under a *presse-papier* on the table, about a hundred letters of introduction—the condemned remainder, after the selection, by advice, of four or five only. I determined to cut this heap like a pack of cards and follow up the trump.

"JOHN MIMPSON, Esq., *House of* Mimpson *and* Phipps, *Mark Lane, London.*"

The gods had devoted me to the acquaintance of Mr. (and probably Mrs.) John Mimpson.

After a "dialogue of accost," Brown produced his introductory letter to Mimpson, whom he finely describes as having that "*highly-washed look* peculiar to London City men;" and Mimpson asked Brown to lunch and sleep at his villa at Hampstead the next day, whither the American accordingly went in a "poshay" with "a pair of Newman's posters." Brown might, as he owns, have performed this journey in an omnibus for sixpence, whereas the chaise would cost four dollars at least; but the stranger preferred the more costly and obsolete contrivance.

Mrs. Mimpson was in the garden. The dashing footman who gave me the information led me through a superb drawing-room, and out at a glass door upon the lawn, and left me to make my own way to the lady's presence.

It was a delicious spot, and I should have been very glad to ramble about by myself till dinner; but, at a turn in the grand walk, I came suddenly upon two ladies.

I made my bow, and begged leave to introduce myself as "Mr. Brown."

With a very slight inclination of the head, and no smile whatever, one of the ladies asked me if I had walked from town, and begged her companion (without introducing me to her) to show me in to lunch. The spokester was a stout and tall woman, who had rather an aristocratic nose, and was not handsome; but, to give her her due, she had made a narrow escape of it. She was dressed very showily, and evidently had great pretensions; but that she was not at all glad to see Mr. Brown was as apparent as was at all necessary. As the other and younger lady who was to accompany me, however, was very pretty, though dressed very plainly, and had, withal, a look in her eye which assured me she was amused with my unwelcome apparition, I determined, as I should not otherwise have done, to stay it out, and accepted her convoy with submissive civility—very much inclined, however, to be impudent to somebody, somehow.

The lunch was on a tray in a side room, and I rang the bell and ordered a bottle of champagne. The servant looked surprised, but brought it, and meantime I was getting through the weather, and the other commonplaces ; and the lady, saying little, was watching me very calmly. I liked her looks, however, and was sure she was not a Mimpson.

"Hand this to Miss Armstrong," said I to the footman, pouring out a glass of champagne.

"Miss Bellamy, you mean, sir."

I rose and bowed, and, with as grave a curtsy as I could command, expressed my pleasure at my first introduction to Miss Bellamy—through Thomas the footman ! Miss Bellamy burst into a laugh, and was pleased to compliment my American manners, and in ten minutes we were a very merry pair of friends, and she accepted my arm for a stroll through the grounds, carefully avoiding the frigid neighbourhood of Mrs. Mimpson.

There's a rascal for you ! He enters a house, is received coolly by the mistress (and if Mrs. Mimpson had to receive every Brown in London, ye gods ! what was she to do ?), walks into chicken fixings in a side room, and, not content with Mimpson's sherry, calls for a bottle of champagne—not for a glass of champagne, but for a bottle ; he catches hold of it and pours out for himself, the rogue, and for Miss Bellamy, to whom Thomas introduces him. And this upon an introduction of five years' date, from one mercantile man to another ; upon an introduction, one of a thousand which lucky Brown possesses, and on the strength of which Brown sneers at Mimpson, sneers at Mrs. M., sneers at M.'s sherry, makes a footman introduce him to a lady, and consumes a bottle of champagne ! Come, Brown ! you are a stranger, and on the dinner-list of most of the patricians of Mayfair ; but isn't this *un peu fort*, my boy ? If Mrs. Mimpson, who is described as a haughty lady, fourth cousin of a Scotch Earl, and marrying M. for his money merely, had suspicions regarding the conduct of her husband's friends, don't you see that this sort of behaviour on your part, my dear Brown, was not likely to do away with Mrs. M.'s little prejudices ? I should not like a stranger to enter my house, pooh-pooh my Marsala, order my servant about, and desire an introduction to my daughter through him ; and deferentially think, Brown, that you had no right to be impudent somehow to somebody, as in this instance you certainly were.

The upshot of the story is, that Mrs. M. was dying to take

her daughter to Almack's, for which place of entertainment Brown, through one of the patronesses, Lady X., "the best friend he has," could get as many tickets as he wished: and that, to punish Mrs. Mimpson for her rudeness, and reward Miss Bellamy for her kindness, Brown got tickets for Miss Bellamy and *her* mamma, but would get never a ticket for Miss Mimpson and hers—a wonderful story, truly, and with a wonderful moral.

(*July*, 1850.)

THE ENGLISH HUMORISTS

OF THE

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE ENGLISH HUMORISTS

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EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

SWIFT.

IN treating of the English humorists of the past age, it is of the men and of their lives, rather than of their books, that I ask permission to speak to you; and in doing so, you are aware that I cannot hope to entertain you with a merely humorous or facetious story. Harlequin without his mask is known to present a very sober countenance, and was himself, the story goes, the melancholy patient whom the Doctor advised to go and see Harlequin*—a man full of cares and perplexities like the rest of us, whose Self must always be serious to him, under whatever mask or disguise or uniform he presents it to the public. And as all of you here must needs be grave when you think of your own past and present, you will not look to find, in the histories of those whose lives and feelings I am going to try and describe to you, a story that is otherwise than serious, and often very sad. If Humour only meant laughter, you would scarcely feel more interest about humorous writers than about the private life of poor Harlequin just mentioned, who possesses in common with these the power of making you laugh. But the men regarding whose lives and stories your kind presence here shows that you have curiosity and sympathy, appeal to a great number of our other faculties, besides our mere sense

* The anecdote is frequently told of our performer RICH.

of ridicule. The humorous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness; your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture; your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his means and ability he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost. He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak. Accordingly, as he finds, and speaks, and feels the truth best, we regard him, esteem him—sometimes love him. And as his business is to mark other people's lives and peculiarities, we moralize upon *his* life when he is gone, and yesterday's preacher becomes the text for to-day's sermon.

Of English parents, and of a good English family of clergymen,* Swift was born in Dublin in 1667, seven months after the death of his father, who had come to practise there as a lawyer. The boy went to school at Kilkenny, and afterwards to Trinity College, Dublin, where he got a degree with difficulty, and was wild, and witty, and poor. In 1688, by the recommendation of his mother, Swift was received into the family of Sir William Temple, who had known Mrs. Swift in Ireland. He left his patron in 1694, and the next year took orders in Dublin. But he threw up the small Irish preferment which he got, and returned to Temple, in whose family

* He was from a younger branch of the Swifts of Yorkshire. His grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Swift, vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, suffered for his loyalty in Charles I.'s time. That gentleman married Elizabeth Dryden, a member of the family of the poet. Sir Walter Scott gives, with his characteristic minuteness in such points, the exact relationship between these famous men. Swift was "the son of Dryden's second cousin." Swift, too, was the enemy of Dryden's reputation. Witness the "Battle of the Books." "The difference was greatest among the horse," says he of the moderns, "where every private trooper pretended to the command, from Tasso and Milton to Dryden and Withers." And in "Poetry, a Rhapsody," he advises the poetaster to—

> "Read all the Prefaces of Dryden,
> For these our critics much confide in,
> Though merely writ, at first for filling,
> To raise the volume's price a shilling."

"Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet," was the phrase of Dryden to his kinsman, which remained alive in a memory tenacious of such matters.

he remained until Sir William's death in 1699. His hopes of advancement in England failing, Swift returned to Ireland, and took the living of Laracor. Hither he invited Hester Johnson,* Temple's natural daughter, with whom he had contracted a tender friendship, while they were both dependants of Temple's. And with an occasional visit to England, Swift now passed nine years at home.

In 1709 he came to England, and, with a brief visit to Ireland, during which he took possession of his deanery of St. Patrick, he now passed five years in England, taking the most distinguished part in the political transactions which terminated with the death of Queen Anne. After her death, his party disgraced, and his hopes of ambition over, Swift returned to Dublin, where he remained twelve years. In this time he wrote the famous "Drapier's Letters" and "Gulliver's Travels." He married Hester Johnson, Stella, and buried Esther Vanhomrigh, Vanessa, who had followed him to Ireland from London, where she had contracted a violent passion for him. In 1726 and 1727 Swift was in England, which he quitted for the last time on hearing of his wife's illness. Stella died in January 1728, and Swift not until 1745, having passed the last five of the seventy-eight years of his life with an impaired intellect and keepers to watch him.†

You know, of course, that Swift has had many biographers; his life has been told by the kindest and most good-natured

* "Miss Hetty" she was called in the family, where her face, and her dress, and Sir William's treatment of her, all made the real fact about her birth plain enough. Sir William left her a thousand pounds.

† Sometimes, during his mental affliction, he continued walking about the house for many consecutive hours; sometimes he remained in a kind of torpor. At times he would seem to struggle to bring into distinct consciousness, and shape into expression, the intellect that lay smothering under gloomy obstruction in him. A pier-glass falling by accident nearly fell on him. He said he wished it had! He once repeated slowly several times, "I am what I am." The last thing he wrote was an epigram on the building of a magazine for arms and stores, which was pointed out to him as he went abroad during his mental disease:—

"Behold a proof of Irish sense;
Here Irish wit is seen;
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
They build a magazine!"

of men, Scott, who admires but can't bring himself to love him; and by stout old Johnson,* who, forced to admit him into the company of poets, receives the famous Irishman, and takes off his hat to him with a bow of surly recognition, scans him from head to foot, and passes over to the other side of the street. Dr. Wilde of Dublin,† who has written a most interesting volume on the closing years of Swift's life, calls Johnson "the most malignant of his biographers:" it is not easy for an English critic to please Irishmen—perhaps to try and please them. And yet Johnson truly admires Swift: Johnson does not quarrel with Swift's change of politics, or doubt his sincerity of religion; about the famous Stella and Vanessa controversy the Doctor does not bear very hardly on Swift. But he could not give the Dean that honest hand of his; the stout old man puts it into his breast, and moves off from him.‡

* Besides these famous books of Scott's and Johnson's, there is a copious "Life" by Thomas Sheridan (Dr. Johnson's "Sherry"), father of Richard Brinsley, and son of that good-natured, clever Irish Dr. Thomas Sheridan, Swift's intimate, who lost his chaplaincy by so unluckily choosing for a text on the King's birthday, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof!" Not to mention less important works, there is also the "Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift," by that polite and dignified writer the Earl of Orrery. His lordship is said to have striven for literary renown, chiefly that he might make up for the slight passed on him by his father, who left his library away from him. It is to be feared that the ink he used to wash out that stain only made it look bigger. He had, however, known Swift, and corresponded with people who knew him. His work (which appeared in 1751) provoked a good deal of controversy, calling out, among other *brochures*, the interesting "Observations on Lord Orrery's Remarks," etc., of Dr. Delany.

† Dr. Wilde's book was written on the occasion of the remains of Swift and Stella being brought to the light of day—a thing which happened in 1835, when certain works going on in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, afforded an opportunity of their being examined. One hears with surprise of these skulls "going the rounds" of houses, and being made the objects of *dilettante* curiosity. The larynx of Swift was actually carried off! Phrenologists had a low opinion of his intellect from the observations they took.

Dr. Wilde traces the symptoms of ill-health in Swift as detailed in his writings from time to time. He observes, likewise, that the skull gave evidence of "diseased action" of the brain during life—such as would be produced by an increasing tendency to "cerebral congestion."

‡ "He [Dr. Johnson] seemed to me to have an unaccountable prej-

Would we have liked to live with him? That is a question which, in dealing with these people's works, and thinking of their lives and peculiarities, every reader of biographies must put to himself. Would you have liked to be a friend of the great Dean? I should like to have been Shakespeare's shoeblack—just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him—to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet, serene face. I should like, as a young man, to have lived on Fielding's staircase in the Temple, and after helping him up to bed perhaps, and opening his door with his latch-key, to have shaken hands with him in the morning, and heard him talk and crack jokes over his breakfast and his mug of small beer. Who would not give something to pass a night at the club with Johnson, and Goldsmith, and James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck? The charm of Addison's companionship and conversation has passed to us by fond tradition; but Swift? If you had been his inferior in parts (and that, with a great respect for all persons present, I fear is only very likely), his equal in mere social station, he would have bullied, scorned, and insulted you; if, undeterred by his great reputation, you had met him like a man, he would have quailed before you,* and not had the pluck to reply,

udice against Swift; for I once took the liberty to ask him if Swift had personally offended him, and he told me he had not."—BOSWELL'S *Tour to the Hebrides*.

* Few men, to be sure, dared this experiment, but yet their success was encouraging. One gentleman made a point of asking the Dean whether his uncle Godwin had not given him his education. Swift, who hated *that* subject cordially, and indeed cared little for his kindred, said sternly, "Yes; he gave me the education of a dog." "Then, sir," cried the other, striking his fist on the table, "you have not the gratitude of a dog!"

Other occasions there were when a bold face gave the Dean pause, even after his Irish almost-royal position was established. But he brought himself into greater danger on a certain occasion, and the amusing circumstances may be once more repeated here. He had unsparingly lashed the notable Dublin lawyer Mr. Serjeant Bettesworth—

> "Thus at the bar the booby Bettesworth,
> Though half-a-crown o'erpays his sweat's worth,
> Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
> Calls Singleton his brother-serjeant!"

The Serjeant, it is said, swore to have his life. He presented himself

and gone home, and years after written a foul epigram about you—watched for you in a sewer, and come out to assail you with a coward's blow and a dirty bludgeon. If you had been a lord with a blue riband, who flattered his vanity, or could help his ambition, he would have been the most delightful company in the world. He would have been so manly, so sarcastic, so bright, odd, and original, that you might think he had no object in view but the indulgence of his humour, and that he was the most reckless, simple creature in the world. How he would have torn your enemies to pieces for you, and made fun of the Opposition! His servility was so boisterous that it looked like independence:* he would have done your errands, but with the air of patronizing you, and after fighting your battles, masked, in the street or the press, would have kept on his hat before your wife and daughters in the drawing-room, content to take that sort of pay for his tremendous services as a bravo. †

at the deanery. The Dean asked his name. "Sir, I am Serjeant Bett-es-worth!"

"*In what regiment, pray?*" asked Swift.

A guard of volunteers formed themselves to defend the Dean at this time.

* "But, my Hamilton, I will never hide the freedom of my sentiments from you. I am much inclined to believe that the temper of my friend Swift might occasion his English friends to wish him happily and properly promoted at a distance. His spirit, for I would give it the softest name, was ever untractable. The motions of his genius were often irregular. He assumed more the air of a patron than of a friend. He affected rather to dictate than advise."—ORRERY.

† "An anecdote, which, though only told by Mrs. Pilkington, is well attested, bears that the last time he was in London he went to dine with the Earl of Burlington, who was but newly married. The Earl, it is supposed, being willing to have a little diversion, did not introduce him to his lady nor mention his name. After dinner said the Dean, 'Lady Burlington, I hear you can sing; sing me a song.' The lady looked on this unceremonious manner of asking a favour with distaste, and positively refused. He said, 'She should sing, or he would make her. Why, madam, I suppose you take me for one of your poor English hedge-parsons! sing when I bid you.' As the Earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was so vexed that she burst into tears and retired. His first compliment to her when he saw her again was, 'Pray, madam, are you as proud and ill-natured now as when I saw you last?' To which she answered with great good-humour, 'No, Mr. Dean; I'll sing for you if you please.' From which time he conceived a great

He says as much himself in one of his letters to Bolingbroke :—"All my endeavours to distinguish myself were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong is no great matter. And so the reputation of wit and great learning does the office of a blue riband or a coach and six."*

Could there be a greater candour? It is an outlaw who says, "These are my brains; with these I'll win titles and compete with fortune. These are my bullets; these I'll turn into gold;" and he hears the sound of coaches and six, takes the road like Macheath, and makes society stand and deliver. They are all on their knees before him. Down go my lord bishop's apron, and His Grace's blue riband, and my lady's brocade petticoat in the mud. He eases the one of a living, the other of a patent place, the third of a little snug post about the Court, and gives them over to followers of his own. The great prize has not come yet. The coach with the mitre and crosier in it, which he intends to have for *his* share, has been delayed on the way from St. James's; and he waits and waits until nightfall, when his runners come and tell him that the coach has taken a different road, and escaped him. So he fires his pistols into the air with a curse, and rides away into his own country.†

esteem for her."—SCOTT's *Life*. "He had not the least tincture of vanity in his conversation. He was, perhaps, as he said himself, too proud to be vain. When he was polite, it was in a manner entirely his own. In his friendships he was constant and undisguised. He was the same in his enmities."—ORRERY.

* "I make no figure but at court, where I affect to turn from a lord to the meanest of my acquaintances."—*Journal to Stella.*

"I am plagued with bad authors, verse and prose, who send me their books and poems, the vilest I ever saw; but I have given their names to my man, never to let them see me."—*Journal to Stella.*

The following curious paragraph illustrates the life of a courtier :—

"Did I ever tell you that the Lord Treasurer hears ill with the left ear, just as I do?.....I dare not tell him that I am so, *for fear he should think that I counterfeited to make my court!*"—*Journal to Stella.*

† The war of pamphlets was carried on fiercely on one side and the other; and the Whig attacks made the ministry Swift served very sore. Bolingbroke laid hold of several of the Opposition pamphleteers, and bewails their "factitiousness" in the following letter :—

Swift's seems to me to be as good a name to point a moral or adorn a tale of ambition as any hero's that ever lived and failed. But we must remember that the morality was lax; that other gentlemen besides himself took the road in his day; that public society was in a strange disordered condition, and the State was ravaged by other condottieri. The Boyne was being fought and won, and lost—the bells rung in William's victory in the very same tone with which they would have pealed for James's. Men were loose upon politics, and had to shift for themselves. They, as well as old beliefs and institutions, had lost their moorings, and gone adrift in the storm. As in the South Sea Bubble, almost everybody gambled; as in the Railway mania—not many centuries ago—almost every one took his unlucky share: a man of that time, of the vast talents and ambition of Swift,

"BOLINGBROKE TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

"WHITEHALL, *July 23rd*, 1712.

"It is a melancholy consideration that the laws of our country are too weak to punish effectually those factitious scribblers who presume to blacken the brightest characters, and to give even scurrilous language to those who are in the first degrees of honour. This, my lord, among others, is a symptom of the decayed condition of our Government, and serves to show how fatally we mistake licentiousness for liberty. All I could do was to take up Hart the printer, to send him to Newgate, and to bind him over upon bail to be prosecuted. This I have done; and if I can arrive at legal proof against the author, Ridpath, he shall have the same treatment."

Swift was not behind his illustrious friend in this virtuous indignation. In the history of the four last years of the Queen, the Dean speaks in the most edifying manner of the licentiousness of the press and the abusive language of the other party:—

"It must be acknowledged that the bad practices of printers have been such as to deserve the severest animadversion from the public.....The adverse party, full of rage and leisure since their fall, and unanimous in their cause, employ a set of writers by subscription, who are well versed in all the topics of defamation, and have a style and genius levelled to the generality of their readers.....However, the mischiefs of the press were too exorbitant to be cured by such a remedy as a tax upon small papers, and a bill for a much more effectual regulation of it was brought into the House of Commons, but so late in the session that there was no time to pass it, for there always appeared an unwillingness to cramp overmuch the liberty of the press."

But to a clause in the proposed bill, that the names of authors should be set to every printed book, pamphlet, or paper, His Reverence objects

could scarce do otherwise than grasp at his prize and make his spring at his opportunity. His bitterness, his scorn, his rage, his subsequent misanthropy, are ascribed by some panegyrists to a deliberate conviction of mankind's unworthiness, and a desire to amend them by castigating. His youth was bitter, as that of a great genius bound down by ignoble ties, and powerless in a mean dependence; his age was bitter,* like that of a great genius that had fought the battle and nearly won it, and lost it, and thought of it afterwards writhing in a lonely exile. A man may attribute to the gods, if he likes, what is caused by his own fury, or disappointment, or self-will. What public man, what statesman projecting a *coup*, what king determined on an invasion of his neighbour, what

altogether; for, says he, "besides the objection to this clause from the practice of pious men, who, in publishing excellent writings for the service of religion, have chosen, *out of an humble Christian spirit, to conceal their names*, it is certain that all persons of true genius or knowledge have an invincible modesty and suspicion of themselves upon first sending their thoughts into the world."

This "invincible modesty" was no doubt the sole reason which induced the Dean to keep the secret of the "Drapier's Letters" and a hundred humble Christian works of which he was the author. As for the Opposition, the Doctor was for dealing severely with them: he writes to Stella:—

JOURNAL. LETTER XIX.

"LONDON, *March 25th*, 1710–11.

"We have let Guiscard be buried at last, after showing him pickled in a trough this fortnight for twopence a piece; and the fellow that showed would point to his body and say, 'See, gentlemen, this is the wound that was given him by His Grace the Duke of Ormond;' and, 'This is the wound,' etc.; and then the show was over, and another set of rabble came in. 'Tis hard that our laws would not suffer us to hang his body in chains, because he was not tried; and in the eye of the law every man is innocent till then."

JOURNAL. LETTER XXVII.

"LONDON, *July 25th*, 1711.

"I was this afternoon with Mr. Secretary at his office, and helped to hinder a man of his pardon, who is condemned for a rape. The Under Secretary was willing to save him; but I told the Secretary he could not pardon him without a favourable report from the Judge: besides, he was a fiddler, and consequently a rogue, and deserved hanging for something else, and so he shall swing."

* It was his constant practice to keep his birthday as a day of mourning.

satirist meditating an onslaught on society or an individual, can't give a pretext for his move? There was a French general the other day who proposed to march into this country and put it to sack and pillage, in revenge for humanity outraged by our conduct at Copenhagen: there is always some excuse for men of the aggressive turn. They are of their nature warlike, predatory, eager for fight, plunder, dominion.*

As fierce a beak and talon as ever struck, as strong a wing as ever beat, belonged to Swift. I am glad, for one, that fate wrested the prey out of his claws, and cut his wings and chained him. One can gaze, and not without awe and pity, at the lonely eagle chained behind the bars.

That Swift was born at No. 7 Hoey's Court, Dublin, on the 30th November 1667, is a certain fact, of which nobody will deny the sister island the honour and glory; but it seems to me he was no more an Irishman than a man born of English parents at Calcutta is a Hindoo.† Goldsmith was an

* "These devils of Grub Street rogues, that write the *Flying Post* and *Medley* in one paper, will not be quiet. They are always mauling Lord Treasurer, Lord Bolingbroke, and me. We have the dog under prosecution, but Bolingbroke is not active enough; but I hope to swinge him. He is a Scotch rogue, one Ridpath. They get out upon bail, and write on. We take them again, and get fresh bail; so it goes round."—*Journal to Stella.*

† Swift was by no means inclined to forget such considerations; and his English birth makes its mark, strikingly enough, every now and then in his writings. Thus in a letter to Pope (SCOTT'S *Swift*, vol. xix. p. 97) he says:—

"We have had your volume of letters.....Some of those who highly value you, and a few who knew you personally, are grieved to find you make no distinction between the English gentry of this kingdom and the savage old Irish (who are only the vulgar, and some gentlemen who live in the Irish parts of the kingdom); but the English colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred."

And again, in the fourth Drapier's Letter, we have the following:—

"A short paper, printed at Bristol, and reprinted here, reports Mr. Wood to say 'that he wonders at the impudence and insolence of the Irish in refusing his coin'—when, by the way, it is the true English people of Ireland who refuse it, although we take it for granted that the Irish will do so too whenever they are asked."—SCOTT'S *Swift*, vol. vi. p. 453.

He goes further, in a good-humoured satirical paper, "On Barbarous Denominations in Ireland," where (after abusing, as he was wont, the

Irishman, and always an Irishman; Steele was an Irishman, and always an Irishman. Swift's heart was English and in England, his habits English, his logic eminently English. His statement is elaborately simple: he shuns tropes and metaphors, and uses his ideas and words with a wise thrift and economy, as he used his money—with which he could be generous and splendid upon great occasions, but which he husbanded when there was no need to spend it. He never indulges in needless extravagance of rhetoric, lavish epithets, profuse imagery. He lays his opinion before you with a grave simplicity and a perfect neatness.* Dreading ridicule, too, as a man of his humour—above all an Englishman of his humour—certainly would, he is afraid to use the poetical power which he really possessed; one often fancies in reading him that he dares not be eloquent when he might—that he does not speak above his voice, as it were, and the tone of society.

His initiation into politics, his knowledge of business, his knowledge of polite life, his acquaintance with literature even,

Scotch cadence as well as expression) he advances to the "*Irish brogue*," and speaking of the "censure" which it brings down, says:—

"And what is yet worse, it is too well known that the bad consequence of this opinion affects those among us who are not the least liable to such reproaches farther than the misfortune of being born in Ireland, although of English parents, and whose education has been chiefly in that kingdom."—*Ibid.* vol. vii. p. 149.

But, indeed, if we are to make *anything* of Race at all, we must call that man an Englishman whose father comes from an old Yorkshire family, and his mother from an old Leicestershire one!

* "The style of his conversation was very much of a piece with that of his writings—concise and clear and strong. Being one day at a Sheriff's feast, who amongst other toasts called out to him, 'Mr. Dean, the Trade of Ireland!' he answered quick: 'Sir, I drink no memories!'.....

"Happening to be in company with a petulant young man who prided himself on saying pert things.....and who cried out, 'You must know, Mr. Dean, that I set up for a wit!' 'Do you so?' says the Dean. 'Take my advice, and sit down again!'

"At another time, being in company where a lady whisking her long train [long trains were then in fashion] swept down a fine fiddle and broke it, Swift cried out,—

'Mantua væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!'"

—Dr. Delany: *Observations upon Lord Orrery's "Remarks, etc., on Swift."* London, 1754.

which he could not have pursued very sedulously during that reckless career at Dublin, Swift got under the roof of Sir William Temple. He was fond of telling in after life what quantities of books he devoured there, and how King William taught him to cut asparagus in the Dutch fashion. It was at Shene and at Moor Park, with a salary of twenty pounds and a dinner at the upper servants' table, that this great and lonely Swift passed a ten years' apprenticeship, wore a cassock that was only not a livery, bent down a knee as proud as Lucifer's to supplicate my lady's good graces, or run on his honour's errands.* It was here, as he was writing at Temple's table, or following his patron's walk, that he saw and heard the men who had governed the great world—measured himself with them, looking up from his silent corner, gauged their brains, weighed their wits, turned them, and tried them, and marked them. Ah! what platitudes he must have heard! what feeble jokes! what pompous commonplaces! what small men they must have seemed, under those enormous periwigs, to the swarthy, uncouth, silent Irish secretary! I wonder whether it ever struck Temple that that Irishman was his master. I suppose that dismal conviction did not present itself under the ambrosial wig, or Temple could never have lived with Swift. Swift sickened, rebelled, left the service—ate humble pie and came back again; and so for ten years went on, gathering learning, swallowing scorn, and submitting with a stealthy rage to his fortune.

Temple's style is the perfection of practised and easy good breeding. If he does not penetrate very deeply into a subject, he professes a very gentlemanly acquaintance with it; if he makes rather a parade of Latin, it was the custom of his day, as it was the custom for a gentleman to envelope his head in a periwig and his hands in lace ruffles. If he wears buckles and square-toed shoes, he steps in them with a consummate grace, and you never hear their creak, or find them treading upon any lady's train or any rival's heels in the

* "Don't you remember how I used to be in pain when Sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons? I have plucked up my spirits since then, faith. He spoiled a fine gentleman."—*Journal to Stella.*

Court crowd. When that grows too hot or too agitated for him, he politely leaves it. He retires to his retreat of Shene or Moor Park, and lets the King's party and the Prince of Orange's party battle it out among themselves. He reveres the Sovereign (and no man perhaps ever testified to his loyalty by so elegant a bow); he admires the Prince of Orange; but there is one person whose ease and comfort he loves more than all the princes in Christendom, and that valuable member of society is himself, Gulielmus Temple, Baronettus. One sees him in his retreat; between his study-chair and his tulip-beds,* clipping his apricots and

* "The Epicureans were more intelligible in their notion, and fortunate in their expression, when they placed a man's happiness in the tranquillity of his mind and indolence of body; for while we are composed of both, I doubt both must have a share in the good or ill we feel. As men of several languages say the same things in very different words, so in several ages, countries, constitutions of laws and religion, the same thing seems to be meant by very different expressions: what is called by the Stoics apathy, or dispassion; by the sceptics, indisturbance; by the Molinists, quietism; by common men, peace of conscience,—seems all to mean but great tranquillity of mind.....For this reason Epicurus passed his life wholly in his garden; there he studied, there he exercised, there he taught his philosophy; and, indeed, no other sort of abode seems to contribute so much to both the tranquillity of mind and indolence of body which he made his chief ends. The sweetness of the air, the pleasantness of smell, the verdure of plants, the cleanness and lightness of food, the exercise of working or walking, but, above all, the exemption from cares and solicitude, seem equally to favour and improve both contemplation and health, the enjoyment of sense and imagination, and thereby the quiet and ease both of the body and mind.....Where Paradise was, has been much debated, and little agreed; but what sort of place is meant by it may perhaps easier be conjectured. It seems to have been a Persian word, since Xenophon and other Greek authors mention it as what was much in use and delight among the kings of those eastern countries. Strabo describing Jericho: 'Ibi est palmetum, cui immixtæ sunt etiam aliæ stirpes hortenses, locus ferax palmis abundans, spatio stadiorum centum, totus irriguus: ibi est Regis Balsami paradisus.'"—*Essay on Gardens.*

In the same famous essay Temple speaks of a friend, whose conduct and prudence he characteristically admires:—

"I thought it very prudent in a gentleman of my friends in Staffordshire, who is a great lover of his garden, to pretend no higher, though his soil be good enough, than to the perfection of plums; and in these (by bestowing south walls upon them) he has very well succeeded, which he could never have done in attempts upon peaches and grapes; and *a good plum is certainly better than an ill peach.*"

pruning his essays—the statesman, the ambassador no more, but the philosopher, the Epicurean, the fine gentleman and courtier at St. James's as at Shene; where, in place of kings and fair ladies, he pays his court to the Ciceronian majesty, or walks a minuet with the Epic Muse, or dallies by the south wall with the ruddy nymph of gardens.

Temple seems to have received and exacted a prodigious deal of veneration from his household, and to have been coaxed, and warmed, and cuddled by the people round about him as delicately as any of the plants which he loved. When he fell ill in 1693, the household was aghast at his indisposition: mild Dorothea, his wife, the best companion of the best of men—

> "Mild Dorothea, peaceful, wise, and great,
> Trembling beheld the doubtful hand of fate."

As for Dorinda, his sister,—

> "Those who would grief describe, might come and trace
> Its watery footsteps in Dorinda's face.
> To see her weep, joy every face forsook,
> And grief flung sables on each menial look.
> The humble tribe mourned for the quickening soul,
> That furnished spirit and motion through the whole."

Isn't that line in which grief is described as putting the menials into a mourning livery a fine image? One of the menials wrote it, who did not like that Temple livery nor those twenty pound wages. Cannot one fancy the uncouth young servitor, with downcast eyes, books and papers in hand, following at his honour's heels in the garden walk; or taking his honour's orders as he stands by the great chair, where Sir William has the gout, and his feet all blistered with moxa? When Sir William has the gout, or scolds, it must be hard work at the second table*—the Irish secretary owned

* Swift's Thoughts on Hanging.

(*Directions to Servants.*)

"To grow old in the office of a footman is the highest of all indignities; therefore, when you find years coming on without hopes of a place at court, a command in the army, a succession to the stewardship, an employment in the revenue (which two last you cannot obtain without reading and writing), or running away with your master's niece or

as much afterwards; and when he came to dinner, how he must have lashed and growled and torn the household with his gibes and scorn! What would the steward say about the pride of them Irish schollards?—and this one had got no great credit even at his Irish college, if the truth were known; and what a contempt His Excellency's own gentleman must have had for Parson Teague from Dublin! (The valets and chaplains were always at war. It is hard to say which Swift thought the more contemptible.) And what must have been the sadness, the sadness and terror, of the housekeeper's little daughter with the curling black ringlets and the sweet smiling face, when the secretary who teaches her to read and write, and whom she loves and reverences above all things—above mother, above mild Dorothea, above that tremendous Sir William in his square-toes and periwig,—when *Mr. Swift* comes down from his master with rage in his heart, and has not a kind word even for little Hester Johnson?

Perhaps, for the Irish secretary, His Excellency's condescension was even more cruel than his frowns. Sir William

daughter, I directly advise you to go upon the road, which is the only post of honour left you. There you will meet many of your old comrades, and live a short life and a merry one, and make a figure at your exit, wherein I will give you some instructions.

"The last advice I give you relates to your behaviour when you are going to be hanged; which, either for robbing your master, or for housebreaking, or going upon the highway, or in a drunken quarrel by killing the first man you meet, may very probably be your lot, and is owing to one of these three qualities—either a love of good fellowship, a generosity of mind, or too much vivacity of spirits. Your good behaviour on this article will concern your whole community. Deny the fact with all solemnity of imprecations: a hundred of your brethren, if they can be admitted, will attend about the bar, and be ready upon demand to give you a character before the Court; let nothing prevail on you to confess, but the promise of a pardon for discovering your comrades. But I suppose all this to be in vain; for if you escape now, your fate will be the same another day. Get a speech to be written by the best author of Newgate: some of your kind wenches will provide you with a holland shirt and white cap, crowned with a crimson or black ribbon: take leave cheerfully of all your friends in Newgate; mount the cart with courage; fall on your knees; lift up your eyes; hold a book in your hands, although you cannot read a word; deny the fact at the gallows; kiss and forgive the hangman, and so farewell. You shall be buried in pomp at the charge of the fraternity; the surgeon shall not touch a limb of you; and your fame shall continue until a successor of equal renown succeeds in your place."

would perpetually quote Latin and the ancient classics *à propos* of his gardens and his Dutch statues and *plates-bandes*, and talk about Epicurus and Diogenes Laertius, Julius Cæsar, Semiramis, and the gardens of the Hesperides, Mæcenas, Strabo describing Jericho, and the Assyrian kings. *A propos* of beans, he would mention Pythagoras's precept to abstain from beans, and that this precept probably meant that wise men should abstain from public affairs. *He* is a placid Epicurean; *he* is a Pythagorean philosopher; *he* is a wise man—that is the deduction. Does not Swift think so? One can imagine the downcast eyes lifted up for a moment, and the flash of scorn which they emit. Swift's eyes were as azure as the heavens; Pope says nobly (as everything Pope said and thought of his friend was good and noble), "His eyes are as azure as the heavens, and have a charming archness in them." And one person in that household—that pompous, stately, kindly Moor Park—saw heaven nowhere else.

But the Temple amenities and solemnities did not agree with Swift. He was half-killed with a surfeit of Shene pippins; and in a garden-seat which he devised for himself at Moor Park, and where he devoured greedily the stock of books within his reach, he caught a vertigo and deafness which punished and tormented him through life. He could not bear the place or the servitude. Even in that poem of courtly condolence, from which we have quoted a few lines of mock melancholy, he breaks out of the funereal procession with a mad shriek, as it were, and rushes away crying his own grief, cursing his own fate, foreboding madness, and forsaken by fortune, and even hope.

I don't know anything more melancholy than the letter to Temple, in which, after having broke from his bondage, the poor wretch crouches piteously towards his cage again, and deprecates his master's anger. He asks for testimonials for orders. "The particulars required of me are what relate to morals and learning, and the reasons of quitting your honour's family—that is, whether the last was occasioned by any ill action. They are left entirely to your honour's mercy, though in the first I think I cannot reproach myself for anything further than for *infirmities*. This is all I dare at present beg from your honour, under circumstances of life not worth

your regard: what is left me to wish (next to the health and prosperity of your honour and family) is that Heaven would one day allow me the opportunity of leaving my acknowledgments at your feet. I beg my most humble duty and service be presented to my ladies, your honour's lady and sister."—Can prostration fall deeper? could a slave bow lower?*

Twenty years afterwards Bishop Kennet, describing the same man, says: "Dr. Swift came into the coffee-house and had a bow from everybody but me. When I came to the antechamber [at Court] to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother, the Duke of Ormond, to get a place for a clergyman. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake, with my Lord Treasurer, that he should obtain a salary of £200 per annum as member of the English Church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, Esq., going in to the Queen with the red bag, and told him aloud

* "He continued in Sir William Temple's house till the death of that great man."—*Anecdotes of the Family of Swift*, by the DEAN.

"It has since pleased God to take this great and good person to himself."—*Preface to Temple's Works.*

On all *public* occasions, Swift speaks of Sir William in the same tone. But the reader will better understand how acutely he remembered the indignities he suffered in his household, from the subjoined extracts from the *Journal to Stella*:—

"I called at Mr. Secretary's the other day, to see what the d—— ailed him on Sunday. I made him a very proper speech; told him I observed he was much out of temper, that I did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was in better; and one thing I warned him of—never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a schoolboy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already" (*meaning Sir William Temple*), etc., etc.—*Journal to Stella.*

"I am thinking what a veneration we used to have for Sir William Temple, because he might have been Secretary of State at fifty; and here is a young fellow hardly thirty in that employment."—*Ibid.*

"The Secretary is as easy with me as Mr. Addison was. I have often thought what a splutter Sir William Temple makes about being Secretary of State."—*Ibid.*

"Lord Treasurer has had an ugly fit of the rheumatism, but is now quite well. I was playing at *one-and-thirty* with him and his family the other night. He gave us all twelvepence apiece to begin with; it put me in mind of Sir William Temple."—*Ibid.*

"I thought I saw Jack Temple [*nephew to Sir William*] and his wife pass by me to-day in their coach; but I took no notice of them. I am glad I have wholly shaken off that family."—*S. to S. Sept.* 1710.

he had something to say to him from my Lord Treasurer. He took out his gold watch, and telling the time of day, complained that it was very late. A gentleman said he was too fast. 'How can I help it,' says the Doctor, 'if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?' Then he instructed a young nobleman that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a Papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English, for which he would have them all subscribe; 'for,' says he, 'he shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him.'* Lord Treasurer, after leaving the Queen, came through the room, beckoning Dr. Swift to follow him. Both went off just before prayers." There's a little malice in the Bishop's "just before prayers."

This picture of the great Dean seems a true one, and is harsh, though not altogether unpleasant. He was doing good, and to deserving men too, in the midst of these intrigues and triumphs. His journals and a thousand anecdotes of him relate his kind acts and rough manners. His hand was constantly stretched out to relieve an honest man; he was cautious about his money, but ready. If you were in a strait, would you like such a benefactor? I think I would rather have had a potato and a friendly word from Goldsmith than have been beholden to the Dean for a guinea and a dinner.†

* "Swift must be allowed," says Dr. Johnson, "for a time, to have dictated the political opinions of the English nation."

A conversation on the Dean's pamphlets excited one of the Doctor's liveliest sallies. "One, in particular, praised his 'Conduct of the Allies.' Johnson: 'Sir, his "Conduct of the Allies" is a performance of very little ability.....Why, sir, Tom Davies might have written the "Conduct of the Allies"!'"—BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*.

† Whenever he fell into the company of any person for the first time, it was his custom to try their tempers and disposition by some abrupt question that bore the appearance of rudeness. If this were well taken, and answered with good humour, he afterwards made amends by his civilities. But if he saw any marks of resentment, from alarmed pride, vanity, or conceit, he dropped all further intercourse with the party. This will be illustrated by an anecdote of that sort related by Mrs. Pilkington. After supper, the Dean having decanted a bottle of wine, poured what remained into a glass, and seeing it was muddy, presented it to Mr. Pilkington to drink it. 'For,' said he, 'I always keep some poor parson to drink the foul wine for me.' Mr. Pilkington, entering into his humour, thanked him, and told him 'he did not know the difference, but was glad to get a glass at any rate.' 'Why, then,' said the Dean, 'you shan't, for I'll drink it myself. Why, —— take you, you

He insulted a man as he served him, made women cry, guests look foolish, bullied unlucky friends, and flung his benefactions into poor men's faces. No; the Dean was no Irishman —no Irishman ever gave but with a kind word and a kind heart.

It is told, as if it were to Swift's credit, that the Dean of St. Patrick's performed his family devotions every morning regularly, but with such secrecy that the guests in his house were never in the least aware of the ceremony. There was no need surely why a church dignitary should assemble his family privily in a crypt, and as if he was afraid of heathen persecution. But I think the world was right, and the bishops who advised Queen Anne, when they counselled her not to appoint the author of the "Tale of a Tub" to a bishopric, gave perfectly good advice. The man who wrote the arguments and illustrations in that wild book could not but be aware what must be the sequel of the propositions which he laid down. The boon companion of Pope and Bolingbroke, who chose these as the friends of his life, and the recipients of his confidence and affection, must have heard many an argument, and joined in many a conversation over Pope's port, or St. John's burgundy, which would not bear to be repeated at other men's boards.

I know of few things more conclusive as to the sincerity of Swift's religion than his advice to poor John Gay to turn clergyman, and look out for a seat on the Bench. Gay, the author of the "Beggar's Opera"—Gay, the wildest of the wits about town—it was this man that Jonathan Swift advised to take orders, to invest in a cassock and bands, just as he advised him to husband his shillings and put his thousand pounds out at interest.* The Queen and the bishops and

are wiser than a paltry curate whom I asked to dine with me a few days ago; for upon my making the same speech to him, he said he did not understand such usage, and so walked off without his dinner. By the same token, I told the gentleman who recommended him to me that the fellow was a blockhead, and I had done with him.'"—SHERIDAN'S *Life of Swift*.

* "FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHELL.

"CASHELL, *May 31st*, 1735.

"DEAR SIR,—I have been so unfortunate in all my contests of late, that I am resolved to have no more, especially where I am likely to be

the world were right in mistrusting the religion of that man.

I am not here, of course, to speak of any man's religious views, except in so far as they influence his literary character,

overmatched; and as I have some reason to hope what is past will be forgotten, I confess I did endeavour in my last to put the best colour I could think of upon a very bad cause. My friends judge right of my idleness; but, in reality, it has hitherto proceeded from a hurry and confusion, arising from a thousand unlucky unforeseen accidents rather than mere sloth. I have but one troublesome affair now upon my hands, which, by the help of the prime serjeant, I hope soon to get rid of; and then you shall see me a true Irish bishop. Sir James Ware has made a very useful collection of the memorable actions of my predecessors. He tells me they were born in such a town of England or Ireland; were consecrated such a year; and if not translated, were buried in the Cathedral church, either on the north or south side. Whence I conclude that a good bishop has nothing more to do than to eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and die; which laudable example I propose for the remainder of my life to follow; for to tell you the truth, I have for these four or five years past met with so much treachery, baseness, and ingratitude among mankind, that I can hardly think it incumbent on any man to endeavour to do good to so perverse a generation.

"I am truly concerned at the account you give me of your health. Without doubt a southern ramble will prove the best remedy you can take to recover your flesh; and I do not know, except in one stage, where you can choose a road so suited to your circumstances as from Dublin hither. You have to Kilkenny a turnpike and good inns, at every ten or twelve miles' end. From Kilkenny hither is twenty long miles, bad road, and no inns at all; but I have an expedient for you. At the foot of a very high hill, just midway, there lives in a neat thatched cabin a parson, who is not poor; his wife is allowed to be the best little woman in the world. Her chickens are the fattest, and her ale the best in all the country. Besides, the parson has a little cellar of his own, of which he keeps the key, where he always has a hogshead of the best wine that can be got, in bottles well corked, upon their side; and he cleans, and pulls out the cork better, I think, than Robin. Here I design to meet you with a coach; if you be tired, you shall stay all night; if not, after dinner, we will set out about four, and be at Cashell by nine; and by going through fields and by-ways, which the parson will show us, we shall escape all the rocky and stony roads that lie between this place and that, which are certainly very bad. I hope you will be so kind as to let me know, a post or two before you set out, the very day you will be at Kilkenny, that I may have all things prepared for you. It may be, if you ask him, Cope will come; he will do nothing for me. Therefore, depending upon your positive promise, I shall add no more arguments to persuade you, and am, with the greatest truth, your most faithful and obedient servant,

"THEO. CASHELL."

his life, his humour. The most notorious sinners of all those fellow-mortals whom it is our business to discuss—Harry Fielding and Dick Steele—were especially loud, and I believe really fervent, in their expressions of belief; they belaboured freethinkers, and stoned imaginary atheists on all sorts of occasions, going out of their way to bawl their own creed, and persecute their neighbour's; and if they sinned and stumbled, as they constantly did with debt, with drink, with all sorts of bad behaviour, they got upon their knees and cried "Peccavi" with a most sonorous orthodoxy. Yes; poor Harry Fielding and poor Dick Steele were trusty and undoubted Church of England men; they abhorred Popery, Atheism, and wooden shoes, and idolatries in general, and hiccuped Church and State with fervour.

But Swift? *His* mind had had a different schooling, and possessed a very different logical power. *He* was not bred up in a tipsy guard-room, and did not learn to reason in a Covent Garden tavern. He could conduct an argument from beginning to end. He could see forward with a fatal clearness. In his old age, looking at the "Tale of a Tub," when he said, "Good God, what a genius I had when I wrote that book!" I think he was admiring not the genius, but the consequences to which the genius had brought him—a vast genius, a magnificent genius, a genius wonderfully bright, and dazzling, and strong,—to seize, to know, to see, to flash upon falsehood and scorch it into perdition, to penetrate into the hidden motives, and expose the black thoughts of men,—an awful, an evil spirit.

Ah man! you, educated in Epicurean Temple's library, you whose friends were Pope and St. John—what made you to swear to fatal vows, and bind yourself to a life-long hypocrisy before the Heaven which you adored with such real wonder, humility, and reverence? For Swift was a reverent, was a pious spirit—for Swift could love and could pray. Through the storms and tempests of his furious mind the stars of religion and love break out in the blue, shining serenely, though hidden by the driving clouds and the maddened hurricane of his life.

It is my belief that he suffered frightfully from the consciousness of his own scepticism, and that he had bent his

pride so far down as to put his apostasy out to hire.* The paper left behind him, called "Thoughts on Religion," is merely a set of excuses for not professing disbelief. He says of his sermons that he preached pamphlets: they have scarce a Christian characteristic; they might be preached from the steps of a synagogue, or the floor of a mosque, or the box of a coffee-house almost. There is little or no cant—he is too great and too proud for that; and, in so far as the badness of his sermons goes, he is honest. But having put that cassock on, it poisoned him: he was strangled in his bands. He goes through life, tearing, like a man possessed with a devil. Like Abudah in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come and the inevitable hag with it. What a night, my God, it was! what a lonely rage and long agony—what a vulture that tore the heart of that giant!† It is awful to think of the great sufferings of this great man. Through life he always seems alone, somehow. Goethe was so. I can't fancy Shakespeare otherwise. The giants must live apart. The kings can have no company. But this man suffered so, and deserved so to suffer. One hardly reads anywhere of such a pain.

The "sæva indignatio" of which he spoke as lacerating his heart, and which he dares to inscribe on his tombstone—as if the wretch who lay under that stone waiting God's judgment had a right to be angry—breaks out from him in a thousand pages of his writing, and tears and rends him. Against men in office, he having been overthrown; against men in England, he having lost his chance of preferment there, the furious exile never fails to rage and curse. Is it fair to call the famous "Drapier's Letters" patriotism? They are masterpieces of dreadful humour and invective;

* "Mr. Swift lived with him [Sir William Temple] some time, but resolving to settle himself in some way of living, was inclined to take orders. However, although his fortune was very small, he had a scruple of entering into the Church merely for support."—*Anecdotes of the Family of Swift*, by the DEAN.

† "Dr. Swift had a natural severity of face, which even his smiles could scarce soften, or his utmost gaiety render placid and serene; but when that sternness of visage was increased by rage, it is scarce possible to imagine looks or features that carried in them more terror and austerity."—ORRERY.

they are reasoned logically enough too, but the proposition is as monstrous and fabulous as the Lilliputian island. It is not that the grievance is so great, but there is his enemy—the assault is wonderful for its activity and terrible rage. It is Samson, with a bone in his hand, rushing on his enemies and felling them: one admires not the cause so much as the strength, the anger, the fury of the champion. As is the case with madmen, certain subjects provoke him, and awaken his fits of wrath. Marriage is one of these: in a hundred passages in his writings he rages against it, rages against children; an object of constant satire, even more contemptible in his eyes than a lord's chaplain, is a poor curate with a large family. The idea of this luckless paternity never fails to bring down from him gibes and foul language. Could Dick Steele, or Goldsmith, or Fielding, in his most reckless moment of satire, have written anything like the Dean's famous "modest proposal" for eating children? Not one of these but melts at the thoughts of childhood, fondles and caresses it. Mr. Dean has no such softness, and enters the nursery with the tread and gaiety of an ogre.* "I have been assured," says he in the "Modest Proposal," "by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child, well nursed, is, at a year old, a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt it will equally serve in a *ragoût*." And taking up this pretty joke, as his way is, he argues it with perfect gravity and logic. He turns and twists this subject in a score of different ways: he hashes it, and he serves it up cold, and he garnishes it; and relishes it always. He describes the little animal as "dropped from its dam," advising that the mother should let it suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render it plump and fat for a good table! "A child," says his Reverence, "will make two dishes at an entertain-

* "LONDON, *April* 10*th*, 1713.

"Lady Masham's eldest boy is very ill: I doubt he will not live; and she stays at Kensington to nurse him, which vexes us all. She is so excessively fond, it makes me mad. She should never leave the Queen, but leave everything, to stick to what is so much the interest of the public, as well as her own."—*Journal.*

ment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish," and so on; and, the subject being so delightful that he can't leave it, he proceeds to recommend, in place of venison for squires' tables, "the bodies of young lads and maidens not exceeding fourteen or under twelve." Amiable humorist! laughing castigator of morals! There was a process well known and practised in the Dean's gay days: when a lout entered the coffee-house, the wags proceeded to what they called "roasting" him. This is roasting a subject with a vengeance. The Dean had a native genius for it. As the "Almanach des Gourmands" says, *On nait rôtisseur.*

And it was not merely by the sarcastic method that Swift exposed the unreasonableness of loving and having children. In Gulliver, the folly of love and marriage is urged by graver arguments and advice. In the famous Lilliputian kingdom, Swift speaks with approval of the practice of instantly removing children from their parents and educating them by the State; and amongst his favourite horses, a pair of foals are stated to be the very utmost a well-regulated equine couple would permit themselves. In fact, our great satirist was of opinion that conjugal love was unadvisable, and illustrated the theory by his own practice and example—God help him—which made him about the most wretched being in God's world.*

The grave and logical conduct of an absurd proposition, as exemplified in the cannibal proposal just mentioned, is our author's constant method through all his works of humour. Given a country of people six inches or sixty feet high, and by the mere process of the logic a thousand wonderful absurdities are evolved, at so many stages of the calculation. Turning to the first minister who waited behind him with a white staff near as tall as the mainmast of the *Royal Sovereign*, the King of Brobdingnag observes how contemptible a thing human grandeur is, as represented by such a contemptible little creature as Gulliver. "The Emperor of Lilliput's features are strong and masculine" (what a surprising humour there is in this description!)—"the Emperor's features," Gulliver says, "are strong and masculine, with an Austrian

* "My health is somewhat mended, but at best I have an ill head and an aching heart."—*In May*, 1719.

lip, an arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, and his deportment majestic. He is taller *by the breadth of my nail* than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into beholders."

What a surprising humour there is in these descriptions! How noble the satire is here! how just and honest! How perfect the image! Mr. Macaulay has quoted the charming lines of the poet where the king of the pigmies is measured by the same standard. We have all read in Milton of the spear that was like "the mast of some tall admiral," but these images are surely likely to come to the comic poet originally. The subject is before him. He is turning it in a thousand ways. He is full of it. The figure suggests itself naturally to him, and comes out of his subject, as in that wonderful passage when Gulliver's box having been dropped by the eagle into the sea, and Gulliver having been received into the ship's cabin, he calls upon the crew to bring the box into the cabin, and put it on the table, the cabin being only a quarter the size of the box. It is the *veracity* of the blunder which is so admirable. Had a man come from such a country as Brobdingnag, he would have blundered so.

But the best stroke of humour, if there be a best in that abounding book, is that where Gulliver, in the unpronounceable country, describes his parting from his master the horse.*

* Perhaps the most melancholy satire in the whole of the dreadful book is the description of the very old people in the "Voyage to Laputa." At Lugnag, Gulliver hears of some persons who never die, called the Struldbrugs; and expressing a wish to become acquainted with men who must have so much learning and experience, his colloquist describes the Struldbrugs to him.

"He said: They commonly acted like mortals till about thirty years old, after which, by degrees, they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession; for otherwise there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more, which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions.

"I took," he says, "a second leave of my master; but as I was going to prostrate myself to kiss his hoof, he did me the honour to raise it gently to my mouth. I am not ignorant how much I have been censured for mentioning this last particular. Detractors are pleased to think it improbable that so illustrious a person should descend to give so great a mark of distinction to a creature so inferior as I. Neither have I forgotten how apt some travellers are to boast of extraordinary favours they have received. But if these censurers were better acquainted with the noble and courteous disposition of the Houyhnhnms, they would soon change their opinion."

The surprise here, the audacity of circumstantial evidence,

But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed are the vices of the younger sort and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral, they lament, and repine that others are gone to a harbour of rest, to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age, and even that is very imperfect. And for the truth or particulars of any fact, it is safer to depend on common tradition than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories; these meet with more pity and assistance, because they want many bad qualities which abound in others.

"If a Struldbrug happen to marry one of his own kind, the marriage is dissolved of course, by the courtesy of the kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two comes to be fourscore. For the law thinks it a reasonable indulgence that those who are condemned, without any fault of their own, to a perpetual continuance in the world, should not have their misery doubled by the load of a wife.

"As soon as they have completed the term of eighty years, they are looked on as dead in law; their heirs immediately succeed to their estates—only a small pittance is reserved for their support; and the poor ones are maintained at the public charge. After that period they are held incapable of any employment of trust or profit, they cannot purchase lands or take leases, neither are they allowed to be witnesses in any cause, either civil or criminal, not even for the decision of meers and bounds.

"At ninety they lose their teeth and hair; they have at that age no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get without relish or appetite. The diseases they were subject to still continue, without increasing or diminishing. In talking, they forget the common appellation of things, and the names of persons, even of those who are their nearest friends and relations. For the same reason, they can never

the astounding gravity of the speaker, who is not ignorant how much he has been censured, the nature of the favour conferred, and the respectful exultation at the receipt of it, are surely complete; it is truth topsy-turvy, entirely logical and absurd.

As for the humour and conduct of this famous fable, I suppose there is no person who reads but must admire; as for the moral, I think it horrible, shameful, unmanly, blasphemous; and giant and great as this Dean is, I say we should hoot him. Some of this audience mayn't have read the last part of "Gulliver," and to such I would recall the advice of the venerable Mr. Punch to persons about to marry,

amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a sentence to the end; and by this defect they are deprived of the only entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable.

"The language of this country being always upon the flux, the Struldbrugs of one age do not understand those of another; neither are they able, after two hundred years, to hold any conversation (further than by a few general words) with their neighbours the mortals; and thus they lie under the disadvantage of living like foreigners in their own country.

"This was the account given me of the Struldbrugs, as near as I can remember. I afterwards saw five or six of different ages, the youngest not above two hundred years old, who were brought to me at several times by some of my friends; but although they were told 'that I was a great traveller, and had seen all the world,' they had not the least curiosity to ask me a question—only desired I would give them slumskudask, or a token of remembrance; which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the law, that strictly forbids it, because they are provided for by the public, although indeed with a very scanty allowance.

"They are despised and hated by all sorts of people: when one of them is born, it is reckoned ominous, and their birth is recorded very particularly; so that you may know their age by consulting the register, which, however, has not been kept above a thousand years past, or at least has been destroyed by time or public disturbances. But the usual way of computing how old they are is by asking them what kings or great persons they can remember, and then consulting history; for infallibly the last prince in their mind did not begin his reign after they were fourscore years old.

"They were the most mortifying sight I ever beheld, and the women more horrible than the men; besides the usual deformities in extreme old age, they acquired an additional ghastliness, in proportion to their number of years, which is not to be described; and among half a dozen, I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a century or two between them."—*Gulliver's Travels.*

and say, "Don't." When Gulliver first lands among the Yahoos, the naked howling wretches clamber up trees and assault him, and he describes himself as "almost stifled with the filth which fell about him." The reader of the fourth part of "Gulliver's Travels" is like the hero himself in this instance. It is Yahoo language: a monster gibbering shrieks, and gnashing imprecations against mankind—tearing down all shreds of modesty, past all sense of manliness and shame; filthy in word, filthy in thought, furious, raging, obscene.

And dreadful it is to think that Swift knew the tendency of his creed—the fatal rocks towards which his logic desperately drifted. That last part of "Gulliver" is only a consequence of what has gone before; and the worthlessness of all mankind, the pettiness, cruelty, pride, imbecility, the general vanity, the foolish pretension, the mock greatness, the pompous dullness, the mean aims, the base successes—all these were present to him. It was with the din of these curses of the world, blasphemies against Heaven, shrieking in his ears that he began to write his dreadful allegory, of which the meaning is that man is utterly wicked, desperate, and imbecile, and his passions are so monstrous and his boasted powers so mean, that he is and deserves to be the slave of brutes, and ignorance is better than his vaunted reason. What had this man done, what secret remorse was rankling at his heart, what fever was boiling in him, that he should see all the world bloodshot? We view the world with our own eyes, each of us, and we make from within us the world we see. A weary heart gets no gladness out of sunshine; a selfish man is sceptical about friendship, as a man with no ear doesn't care for music. A frightful self-consciousness it must have been which looked on mankind so darkly through those keen eyes of Swift.

A remarkable story is told by Scott, of Delany, who interrupted Archbishop King and Swift in a conversation which left the prelate in tears, and from which Swift rushed away with marks of strong terror and agitation in his countenance; upon which the Archbishop said to Delany, "You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question."

The most unhappy man on earth! *Miserrimus*, what a

character of him! And at this time all the great wits of England had been at his feet. All Ireland had shouted after him, and worshipped him as a liberator, a saviour, the greatest Irish patriot and citizen. Dean Drapier Bickerstaff Gulliver—the most famous statesmen and the greatest poets of his day had applauded him, and done him homage; and at this time, writing over to Bolingbroke from Ireland, he says, "It is time for me to have done with the world; and so I would if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, *and not die here in a rage like a poisoned rat in a hole.*"

We have spoken about the men and Swift's behaviour to them; and now it behoves us not to forget that there are certain other persons in the creation who had rather intimate relations with the great Dean.* Two women whom he loved and injured are known by every reader of books so familiarly that if we had seen them, or if they had been relatives of our own, we scarcely could have known them better. Who hasn't in his mind an image of Stella? Who does not love her? Fair and tender creature; pure and affectionate heart! Boots it to you, now that you have been at rest for a hundred and twenty years, not divided in death from the cold heart which caused yours, whilst it beat, such faithful pangs of love and

* The name of Varina has been thrown into the shade by those of the famous Stella and Vanessa; but she had a story of her own to tell about the blue eyes of young Jonathan. One may say that the book of Swift's Life opens at places kept by these blighted flowers! Varina must have a paragraph.

She was a Miss Jane Waryng, sister to a college chum of his. In 1696, when Swift was nineteen years old, we find him writing a love-letter to her, beginning, "Impatience is the most inseparable quality of a lover." But absence made a great difference in his feelings; so, four years afterwards, the tone is changed. He writes again, a very curious letter, offering to marry her, and putting the offer in such a way that nobody could possibly accept it.

After dwelling on his poverty, etc., he says, conditionally, "I shall be blessed to have you in my arms, without regarding whether your person be beautiful or your fortune large. Cleanliness in the first and competency in the second is all I ask for!"

The editors do not tell us what became of Varina in life. One would be glad to know that she met with some worthy partner, and lived long enough to see her little boys laughing over Lilliput, without any *arrière pensée* of a sad character about the great Dean!

grief—boots it to you, now, that the whole world loves and deplores you? Scarce any man, I believe, ever thought of that grave that did not cast a flower of pity on it, and write over it a sweet epitaph. Gentle lady, so lovely, so loving, so unhappy! you have had countless champions; millions of manly hearts mourning for you. From generation to generation we take up the fond tradition of your beauty; we watch and follow your tragedy, your bright morning love and purity, your constancy, your grief, your sweet martyrdom. We know your legend by heart. You are one of the saints of English story.

And if Stella's love and innocence are charming to contemplate, I will say that in spite of ill-usage, in spite of drawbacks, in spite of mysterious separation and union, of hope delayed and sickened heart; in the teeth of Vanessa, and that little episodical aberration which plunged Swift into such woeful pitfalls and quagmires of amorous perplexity; in spite of the verdicts of most women, I believe, who, as far as my experience and conversation go, generally take Vanessa's part in the controversy; in spite of the tears which Swift caused Stella to shed, and the rocks and barriers which fate and temper interposed, and which prevented the pure course of that true love from running smoothly—the brightest part of Swift's story, the pure star in that dark and tempestuous life of Swift's, is his love for Hester Johnson. It has been my business, professionally of course, to go through a deal of sentimental reading in my time, and to acquaint myself with love-making, as it has been described in various languages, and at various ages of the world; and I know of nothing more manly, more tender, more exquisitely touching, than some of these brief notes, written in what Swift calls "his little language" in his journal to Stella.* He writes to her

* A sentimental Champollion might find a good deal of matter for his art in expounding the symbols of the "Little Language." Usually, Stella is M.D.," but sometimes her companion, Mrs. Dingley, is included in it. Swift is "Presto;" also P.D.F.R. We have "Good-night, M.D.; Night, M.D.; Little M.D.; Stellakins; Pretty Stella; Dear, roguish, impudent, pretty M.D." Every now and then he breaks into rhyme, as,—

"I wish you both a merry new year,
Roast-beef, minced-pies, and good strong beer,

night and morning often. He never sends away a letter to her but he begins a new one on the same day. He can't bear to let go her kind little hand, as it were. He knows that she is thinking of him and longing for him far away in Dublin yonder. He takes her letters from under his pillow and talks to them, familiarly, paternally, with fond epithets and pretty caresses, as he would to the sweet and artless creature who loved him. "Stay," he writes one morning—it is the 14th of December 1710—"stay; I will answer some of your letter this morning in bed. Let me see. Come and appear, little letter! Here I am, says he, and what say you to Stella this morning fresh and fasting? And can Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes?" he goes on, after more kind prattle and fond whispering. The dear eyes shine clearly upon him then; the good angel of his life is with him and blessing him. Ah, it was a hard fate that wrung from them so many tears, and stabbed pitilessly that pure and tender bosom! A hard fate; but would she have changed it? I have heard a woman say that she would have taken Swift's cruelty to have had his tenderness. He had a sort of worship for her whilst he wounded her. He speaks of her after she is gone; of her wit, of her kindness, of her grace, of her beauty, with a simple love and reverence that are indescribably touching; in contemplation of her goodness his hard heart melts into pathos; his cold rhyme kindles and glows into poetry, and he falls down on his knees, so to speak, before the angel whose life he had embittered, confesses his own wretchedness and unworthiness, and adores her with cries of remorse and love:—

"When on my sickly couch I lay
Impatient both of night and day,
And groaning in unmanly strains
Called every power to ease my pains,
Then Stella ran to my relief,
With cheerful face and inward grief;
And though by Heaven's severe decree
She suffers hourly more than me,

And me a share of your good cheer,
That I was there as you were here,
And you are a little saucy dear."

No cruel master could require
From slaves employed for daily hire
What Stella, by her friendship warmed,
With vigour and delight performed.
Now, with a soft and silent tread,
Unheard she moves about my bed ;
My sinking spirits now supplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes.
Best pattern of true friends, beware !
You pay too dearly for your care
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours ;
For such a fool was never found
Who pulled a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for a house decayed."

One little triumph Stella had in her life—one dear little piece of injustice was performed in her favour, for which I confess, for my part, I can't help thanking fate and the Dean. *That other person* was sacrificed to her—that—that young woman who lived five doors from Dr. Swift's lodgings in Bury Street, and who flattered him, and made love to him in such an outrageous manner : Vanessa was thrown over.

Swift did not keep Stella's letters to him in reply to those he wrote to her.* He kept Bolingbroke's, and Pope's, and

* The following passages are from a paper begun by Swift on the evening of the day of her death, Jan. 28, 1727-8 :—

"She was sickly from her childhood until about the age of fifteen ; but then she grew into perfect health, and was looked upon as one of the most beautiful, graceful, and agreeable young women in London—only a little too fat. Her hair was blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face in perfection.....

"Properly speaking," he goes on, with a calmness which under the circumstances is terrible, "she has been dying six months !.....

"Never was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind, or who more improved them by reading and conversation.....All of us who had the happiness of her friendship agreed unanimously that in an afternoon's or evening's conversation she never failed before we parted of delivering the best thing that was said in the company. Some of us have written down several of her sayings, or what the French call *bons mots*, wherein she excelled beyond belief."

The specimens on record, however, in the Dean's paper, called "Bons Mots de Stella," scarcely bear out this last part of the panegyric. But the following prove her wit :—

"A gentleman who had been very silly and pert in her company, at last began to grieve at remembering the loss of a child lately dead. A

Harley's, and Peterborough's; but Stella "very carefully," the Lives say, kept Swift's. Of course; that is the way of the world: and so we cannot tell what her style was, or of what sort were the little letters which the Doctor placed there at night, and bade to appear from under his pillow of a morning. But in Letter IV. of that famous collection he describes his lodgings in Bury Street, where he has the first floor, a dining-room and bedchamber, at eight shillings a week; and in Letter VI. he says "he has visited a lady just come to town," whose name somehow is not mentioned; and in Letter VIII. he enters a query of Stella's—"What do you mean 'that boards near me, that I dine with now and then?' What the deuce! You know whom I have dined with every day since I left you, better than I do." Of course she does. Of course Swift has not the slightest idea of what she means. But in a few letters more it turns out that the Doctor has been to dine "gravely" with a Mrs. Vanhomrigh; then that he has been to "his neighbour;" then that he has been unwell, and means to dine for the whole week with his neighbour! Stella was quite right in her previsions. She saw from the very first hint what was going to happen, and scented Vanessa in the air.* The rival is at the Dean's feet. The pupil and teacher

bishop sitting by comforted him—that he should be easy, because 'the child was gone to heaven.' 'No, my lord,' said she; 'that is it which most grieves him, because he is sure never to see his child there.'

"When she was extremely ill, her physician said, 'Madam, you are near the bottom of the hill, but we will endeavour to get you up again.' She answered, 'Doctor, I fear I shall be out of breath before I get up to the top.'

"A very dirty clergyman of her acquaintance, who affected smartness and repartees, was asked by some of the company how his nails came to be so dirty. He was at a loss; but she solved the difficulty by saying, 'The Doctor's nails grew dirty by scratching himself.'

"A Quaker apothecary sent her a vial, corked; it had a broad brim, and a label of paper about its neck. 'What is that?' said she—'my apothecary's son?' The ridiculous resemblance, and the suddenness of the question, set us all a-laughing."—*Swift's Works*, SCOTT'S Ed., vol. ix. 295–6.

* "I am so hot and lazy after my morning's walk that I loitered at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where my best gown and periwig was, and *out of mere listlessness dine there very often;* so I did to-day."—*Journal to Stella.*

Mrs. Vanhomrigh, "Vanessa's" mother, was the widow of a Dutch

are reading together, and drinking tea together, and going to prayers together, and learning Latin together, and conjugating *amo*, *amas*, *amavi* together. The little language is over for poor Stella. By the rule of grammar and the course of conjugation, doesn't *amavi* come after *amo* and *amas?*

The loves of Cadenus and Vanessa * you may peruse in Cadenus's own poem on the subject, and in poor Vanessa's vehement expostulatory verses and letters to him; she adores him, implores him, admires him, thinks him something godlike, and only prays to be admitted to lie at his feet.† As they are bringing him home from church, those divine feet of Dr. Swift's are found pretty often in Vanessa's parlour. He likes to be admired and adored. He finds Miss Vanhomrigh to be a woman of great taste and spirit, and beauty

merchant who held lucrative appointments in King William's time. The family settled in London in 1709, and had a house in Bury Street, St. James's—a street made notable by such residents as Swift and Steele, and in our own time Moore and Crabbe.

* "Vanessa was excessively vain. The character given of her by Cadenus is fine painting, but in general fictitious. She was fond of dress; impatient to be admired; very romantic in her turn of mind; superior, in her own opinion, to all her sex; full of pertness, gaiety, and pride; not without some agreeable accomplishments, but far from being either beautiful or genteel;.....happy in the thoughts of being reported Swift's concubine, but still aiming and intending to be his wife."—LORD ORRERY.

† "You bid me be easy, and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you can get the better of your inclinations so much, or as often as you remember there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last: I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long: for there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world I must give way to it, and beg you would see me, and speak kindly to me; for I am sure you'd not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you should I see you; for when I begin to complain, then you are angry, and there is something in your looks so awful that it strikes me dumb. Oh that you may have but so much regard for me left that this complaint may touch your soul with pity! I say as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me: and believe I cannot help telling you this and live."—VANESSA. (M. 1714.)

and wit, and a fortune too. He sees her every day—he does not tell Stella about the business—until the impetuous Vanessa becomes too fond of him, until the Doctor is quite frightened by the young woman's ardour, and confounded by her warmth. He wanted to marry neither of them—that I believe was the truth; but if he had not married Stella, Vanessa would have had him in spite of himself. When he went back to Ireland, his Ariadne, not content to remain in her isle, pursued the fugitive Dean. In vain he protested, he vowed, he soothed, and bullied; the news of the Dean's marriage with Stella at last came to her, and it killed her—she died of that passion.*

* "If we consider Swift's behaviour, so far only as it relates to women, we shall find that he looked upon them rather as busts than as whole figures."—ORRERY.

"You would have smiled to have found his house a constant seraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning till night."—ORRERY.

A correspondent of Sir Walter Scott's furnished him with the materials on which to found the following interesting passage about Vanessa, after she had retired to cherish her passion in retreat:—

"Marley Abbey, near Celbridge, where Miss Vanhomrigh resided, is built much in the form of a real cloister, especially in its external appearance. An aged man (upwards of ninety, by his own account) showed the grounds to my correspondent. He was the son of Mrs. Vanhomrigh's gardener, and used to work with his father in the garden when a boy. He remembered the unfortunate Vanessa well, and his account of her corresponded with the usual description of her person, especially as to her *embonpoint*. He said she went seldom abroad, and saw little company; her constant amusement was reading, or walking in the garden ..... She avoided company, and was always melancholy, save when Dean Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was to an uncommon degree crowded with laurels. The old man said that when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the Dean she always planted with her own hand a laurel or two against his arrival. He showed her favourite seat, still called 'Vanessa's bower.' Three or four trees and some laurels indicate the spot.....There were two seats and a rude table within the bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey.....In this sequestered spot, according to the old gardener's account, the Dean and Vanessa used often to sit, with books and writing materials on the table before them."—SCOTT'S *Swift*, vol. i. pp. 246–7.

"But Miss Vanhomrigh, irritated at the situation in which she found herself, determined on bringing to a crisis those expectations of a union with the object of her affections, to the hope of which she had clung amid every vicissitude of his conduct towards her. The most probable bar was his undefined connection with Mrs. Johnson, which, as it

And when she died, and Stella heard that Swift had written beautifully regarding her—"That doesn't surprise me," said Mrs. Stella, "for we all know the Dean could write beautifully about a broomstick." A woman—a true woman! Would you have had one of them forgive the other?

In a note in his biography, Scott says that his friend Dr. Tuke of Dublin has a lock of Stella's hair, enclosed in a paper by Swift, on which are written, in the Dean's hand, the words: "*Only a woman's hair.*" An instance, says Scott, of the Dean's desire to veil his feelings under the mask of cynical indifference.

See the various notions of critics! Do those words indicate indifference or an attempt to hide feeling? Did you ever hear or read four words more pathetic? Only a woman's hair—only love, only fidelity, only purity, innocence, beauty;

must have been perfectly known to her, had doubtless long excited her secret jealousy, although only a single hint to that purpose is to be found in their correspondence, and that so early as 1713, when she writes to him—then in Ireland—'If you are very happy, it is ill-natured of you not to tell me so, *except 'tis what is inconsistent with mine.*' Her silence and patience under this state of uncertainty for no less than eight years must have been partly owing to her awe for Swift, and partly, perhaps, to the weak state of her rival's health, which from year to year seemed to announce speedy dissolution. At length, however, Vanessa's impatience prevailed, and she ventured on the decisive step of writing to Mrs. Johnson herself, requesting to know the nature of that connection. Stella, in reply, informed her of her marriage with the Dean; and full of the highest resentment against Swift for having given another female such a right in him as Miss Vanhomrigh's inquiries implied, she sent to him her rival's letter of interrogation, and, without seeing him or awaiting his reply, retired to the house of Mr. Ford, near Dublin. Every reader knows the consequence. Swift, in one of those paroxysms of fury to which he was liable, both from temper and disease, rode instantly to Marley Abbey. As he entered the apartment, the sternness of his countenance, which was peculiarly formed to express the fiercer passions, struck the unfortunate Vanessa with such terror that she could scarce ask whether he would not sit down. He answered by flinging a letter on the table, and, instantly leaving the house, mounted his horse, and returned to Dublin. When Vanessa opened the packet, she only found her own letter to Stella. It was her death-warrant. She sunk at once under the disappointment of the delayed yet cherished hopes which had so long sickened her heart, and beneath the unrestrained wrath of him for whose sake she had indulged them. How long she survived this last interview is uncertain, but the time does not seem to have exceeded a few weeks."—SCOTT.

only the tenderest heart in the world stricken and wounded, and passed away now out of reach of pangs of hope deferred, love insulted, and pitiless desertion;—only that lock of hair left; and memory and remorse, for the guilty, lonely wretch, shuddering over the grave of his victim.

And yet to have had so much love, he must have given some. Treasures of wit and wisdom, and tenderness, too, must that man have had locked up in the caverns of his gloomy heart, and shown fitfully to one or two whom he took in there. But it was not good to visit that place. People did not remain there long, and suffered for having been there.* He shrank away from all affections sooner or later. Stella and Vanessa both died near him and away from him. He had not heart enough to see them die. He broke from his fastest friend, Sheridan; he slunk away from his fondest admirer, Pope. His laugh jars on one's ear after sevenscore years. He was always alone—alone and gnashing in the darkness, except when Stella's sweet smile came and shone upon him. When that went, silence and utter night closed over him. An immense genius; an awful downfall and ruin. So great a man he seems to me that thinking of him is like thinking of an empire falling. We have other great names to mention—none I think, however, so great or so gloomy.

CONGREVE AND ADDISON.

A GREAT number of years ago, before the passing of the Reform Bill, there existed at Cambridge a certain debating club, called the "Union;" and I remember that there was a tradition amongst the undergraduates who frequented that renowned school of oratory, that the great leaders of the Opposition and Government had their eyes upon the University Debating Club, and that if a man distinguished him-

* "M. Swift est Rabelais dans son bon sens, et vivant en bonne compagnie. Il n'a pas, à la vérité, la gaîté du premier, mais il a toute la finesse, la raison, le choix, le bon goût qui manquent à notre curé de Meudon. Ses vers sont d'un goût singulier, et presque inimitable; la bonne plaisanterie est son partage en vers et en prose; mais pour le bien entendre il faut faire un petit voyage dans son pays."—VOLTAIRE: *Lettres sur les Anglais.* Let. 22.

self there he ran some chance of being returned to Parliament as a great nobleman's nominee. So Jones of John's or Thomson of Trinity would rise in their might, and draping themselves in their gowns, rally round the monarchy, or hurl defiance at priests and kings, with the majesty of Pitt or the fire of Mirabeau, fancying all the while that the great nobleman's emissary was listening to the debate from the back benches, where he was sitting with the family seat in his pocket. Indeed the legend said that one or two young Cambridge men, orators of the "Union," were actually caught up thence, and carried down to Cornwall or Old Sarum, and so into Parliament. And many a young fellow deserted the jogtrot University curriculum, to hang on in the dust behind the fervid wheels of the parliamentary chariot.

Where, I have often wondered, were the sons of Peers and Members of Parliament in Anne's and George's time? Were they all in the army, or hunting in the country, or boxing the watch? How was it that the young gentlemen from the University got such a prodigious number of places? A lad composed a neat copy of verses at Christchurch or Trinity, in which the death of a great personage was bemoaned, the French king assailed, the Dutch or Prince Eugene complimented, or the reverse; and the party in power was presently to provide for the young poet, and a commissionership, or a post in the Stamps, or the secretaryship of an Embassy, or a clerkship in the Treasury, came into the bard's possession. A wonderful fruit-bearing rod was that of Busby's. What have men of letters got in *our* time? Think not only of Swift, a king fit to rule in any time or empire, but of Addison, Steele, Prior, Tickell, Congreve, John Gay, John Dennis, and many others, who got public employment, and pretty little pickings out of the public purse.* The wits of whose names

* The following is a *conspectus* of them:—

ADDISON.—Commissioner of Appeals; Under Secretary of State; Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Keeper of the Records in Ireland; Lord of Trade; and one of the Principal Secretaries of State, successively.

STEELE.—Commissioner of the Stamp Office; Surveyor of the Royal Stables at Hampton Court; and Governor of the Royal Company of Comedians; Commissioner of "Forfeited Estates in Scotland."

we shall treat in this lecture and two following, all (save one) touched the King's coin, and had, at some period of their lives, a happy quarter-day coming round for them.

They all began at school or college in the regular way, producing panegyrics upon public characters, what were called odes upon public events, battles, sieges, court marriages and deaths, in which the gods of Olympus and the tragic muse were fatigued with invocations, according to the fashion of the time in France and in England. "Aid us, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo," cried Addison or Congreve, singing of William or Marlborough. "*Accourez, chastes nymphes du Parnasse*," says Boileau, celebrating the Grand Monarch. "*Des sons que ma lyre enfante* marquez en bien la cadence, *et vous vents, faites silence! je vais parler de Louis!*" Schoolboys' themes and foundation exercises are the only relics left now of this scholastic fashion. The Olympians are left quite undisturbed in their mountain. What man of note, what contributor to the poetry of a country newspaper, would now think of writing a congratulatory ode on the birth of the heir to a dukedom, or the marriage of a nobleman? In the past century the young gentlemen of the Universities all exercised themselves at these queer compositions; and some got fame, and some gained patrons and places for life, and many more took nothing by these efforts of what they were pleased to call their muses.

William Congreve's* Pindaric Odes are still to be found in

PRIOR.—Secretary to the Embassy at the Hague; Gentleman of the Bedchamber to King William; Secretary to the Embassy in France; Under Secretary of State; Ambassador to France.

TICKELL.—Under Secretary of State; Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland.

CONGREVE.—Commissioner for Licensing Hackney Coaches; Commissioner for Wine Licences; place in the Pipe Office; post in the Custom House; Secretary of Jamaica.

GAY.—Secretary to the Earl of Clarendon (when Ambassador to Hanover).

JOHN DENNIS.—A place in the Custom House.

"En Angleterre.....les lettres sont plus en honneur qu'ici."—VOLTAIRE: *Lettres sur les Anglais.* Let. 20.

* He was the son of Colonel William Congreve, and grandson of Richard Congreve, Esq., of Congreve and Stretton in Staffordshire—a very ancient family.

"Johnson's Poets," that now unfrequented poet's corner, in which so many forgotten big-wigs have a niche; but though he was also voted to be one of the greatest tragic poets of any day, it was Congreve's wit and humour which first recommended him to courtly fortune. And it is recorded that his first play, the "Old Bachelor," brought our author to the notice of that great patron of English muses, Charles Montague, Lord Halifax, who, being desirous to place so eminent a wit in a state of ease and tranquillity, instantly made him one of the Commissioners for licensing hackney-coaches, bestowed on him soon after a place in the Pipe Office, and likewise a post in the Custom House of the value of £600.

A commissionership of hackney-coaches, a post in the Custom House, a place in the Pipe Office—and all for writing a comedy! Doesn't it sound like a fable, that place in the Pipe Office?* "Ah, l'heureux temps que celui de ces fables!" Men of letters there still be, but I doubt whether any Pipe Offices are left. The public has smoked them long ago.

Words, like men, pass current for a while with the public, and being known everywhere abroad, at length take their places in society; so even the most secluded and refined ladies here present will have heard the phrase from their sons or brothers at school, and will permit me to call William Congreve, Esquire, the most eminent literary "swell" of his age. In my copy of "Johnson's Lives" Congreve's wig is the tallest, and put on with the jauntiest air of all the

* "PIPE.—*Pipa*, in law, is a roll in the Exchequer, called also the *great roll*.

"*Pipe Office* is an office in which a person called the *Clerk of the Pipe* makes out leases of Crown lands, by warrant from the Lord Treasurer, or Commissioners of the Treasury, or Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"Clerk of the Pipe makes up all accounts of sheriffs, etc."—REES: *Cyclopæd.*, Art. PIPE.

"*Pipe Office.*—Spelman thinks so called because the papers were kept in a large *pipe* or cask.

"'These be at last brought into that office of her Majesty's Exchequer, which we, by a metaphor, do call the *pipe*.....because the whole receipt is finally conveyed into it by means of divers small *pipes* or quills.'—BACON: *The Office of Alienations.*"

[We are indebted to Richardson's *Dictionary* for this fragment of erudition. But a modern man of letters can know little on these points—by experience.]

laurelled worthies. "I am the great Mr. Congreve," he seems to say, looking out from his voluminous curls. People called him the great Mr. Congreve.* From the beginning of his career until the end everybody admired him. Having got his education in Ireland at the same school and college with Swift, he came to live in the Middle Temple, London, where he luckily bestowed no attention to the law, but splendidly frequented the coffee-houses and theatres, and appeared in the side-box, the tavern, the Piazza, and the Mall, brilliant, beautiful, and victorious from the first. Everybody acknowledged the young chieftain. The great Mr. Dryden † declared that he was equal to Shakespeare,

* "It has been observed that no change of Ministers affected him in the least; nor was he ever removed from any post that was given to him, except to a better. His place in the Custom House, and his office of Secretary in Jamaica, are said to have brought him in upwards of twelve hundred a year."—*Biog. Brit., Art.* CONGREVE.

† Dryden addressed his "twelfth epistle" to "My dear friend, Mr. Congreve," on his comedy called the "Double Dealer," in which he says,—

> "Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please;
> Yet doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.
> In differing talents both adorned their age—
> One for the study, t'other for the stage.
> But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
> One matched in judgment, both o'ermatched in wit.
> In him all beauties of this age we see," etc., etc.

The "Double Dealer," however, was not so palpable a hit as the "Old Bachelor," but, at first, met with opposition. The critics having fallen foul of it, our "Swell" applied the scourge to that presumptuous body, in the "Epistle Dedicatory" to the "Right Honourable Charles Montague."

"I was conscious," said he, "where a true critic might have put me upon my defence. I was prepared for the attack.....but I have not heard anything said sufficient to provoke an answer."

He goes on,—

"But there is one thing at which I am more concerned than all the false criticisms that are made upon me; and that is, some of the ladies are offended. I am heartily sorry for it; for I declare I would rather disoblige all the critics in the world than one of the fair sex. They are concerned that I have represented some women vicious and affected. How can I help it? It is the business of a comic poet to paint the vices and follies of human kind.....I should be very glad of an opportunity to make my compliments to those ladies who are offended. But they can no more expect it in a comedy than *to be tickled by a surgeon when he is letting their blood.*"

and bequeathed to him his own undisputed poetical crown, and writes of him: "Mr. Congreve has done me the favour to review the 'Æneis,' and compare my version with the original. I shall never be ashamed to own that this excellent young man has showed me many faults which I have endeavoured to correct."

The "excellent young man" was but three or four and twenty when the great Dryden thus spoke of him—the greatest literary chief in England, the veteran field-marshal of letters, himself the marked man of all Europe, and the centre of a school of wits who daily gathered round his chair and tobacco-pipe at Will's. Pope dedicated his "Iliad" to him;* Swift, Addison, Steele, all acknowledge Congreve's rank, and lavish compliments upon him. Voltaire went to wait upon him as on one of the Representatives of Literature; and the man who scarce praises any other living person, who flung abuse at Pope, and Swift, and Steele, and Addison—the Grub Street Timon, old John Dennis †—was hat in hand to Mr. Congreve, and said that when he retired from the stage Comedy went with him.

Nor was he less victorious elsewhere. He was admired in the drawing-rooms as well as the coffee-houses; as much beloved in the side-box as on the stage. He loved, and conquered, and jilted the beautiful Bracegirdle,‡ the heroine

* "Instead of endeavouring to raise a vain monument to myself, let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship with one of the most valuable men as well as finest writers of my age and country—one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do justice to Homer, and one who, I am sure, seriously rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him, therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I desire to dedicate it, and to have the honour and satisfaction of placing together in this manner the names of Mr. Congreve and of—A. POPE."—*Postscript to Translation of the Iliad of Homer.*

† "When asked why he listened to the praises of Dennis, he said he had much rather be flattered than abused. Swift had a particular friendship for our author, and generously took him under his protection in his high authoritative manner."—THOS. DAVIES: *Dramatic Miscellanies.*

‡ "Congreve was very intimate for years with Mrs. Bracegirdle, and lived in the same street, his house very near hers, until his acquaintance with the young Duchess of Marlborough. He then quitted that house. The Duchess showed me a diamond necklace (which Lady Di used after-

of all his plays, the favourite of all the town of her day ; and the Duchess of Marlborough, Marlborough's daughter, had such an admiration of him, that when he died she had an ivory figure made to imitate him,* and a large wax doll with gouty feet to be dressed just as the great Congreve's gouty feet were dressed in his great lifetime. He saved some money by his Pipe Office, and his Custom House office, and his Hackney Coach office, and nobly left it, not to Bracegirdle, who wanted it, † but to the Duchess of Marlborough, who didn't.‡

How can I introduce to you that merry and shameless Comic Muse who won him such a reputation? Nell Gwynn's servant fought the other footman for having called his mistress a bad name ; and in like manner, and with pretty like epithets, Jeremy Collier attacked that godless, reckless Jezebel, the English comedy of his time, and called her what

wards to wear) that cost seven thousand pounds, and was purchased with the money Congreve left her. How much better would it have been to have given it to poor Mrs. Bracegirdle."—Dr. YOUNG. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

* "A glass was put in the hand of the statue, which was supposed to bow to Her Grace and to nod in approbation of what she spoke to it."—THOS. DAVIES : *Dramatic Miscellanies.*

† The sum Congreve left Mrs. Bracegirdle was £200, as is said in the "Dramatic Miscellanies" of Tom Davies, where are some particulars about this charming actress and beautiful woman.

"She had a lively aspect," says Tom, on the authority of Cibber, and "such a glow of health and cheerfulness in her countenance as inspired everybody with desire." "Scarce an audience saw her that were not half of them her lovers."

Congreve and Rowe courted her in the persons of their lovers. "In Tamerlane, Rowe courted her Selima, in the person of Axalla..... Congreve insinuated his addresses in his Valentine to her Angelica, in 'Love for Love;' in his Osmyn to her Almena, in the 'Mourning Bride!' and, lastly, in his Mirabel to her Millamant, in the 'Way of the World.' Mirabel, the fine gentleman of the play, is, I believe, not very distant from the real character of Congreve."—*Dramatic Miscellanies*, vol. iii. 1784.

She retired from the stage when Mrs. Oldfield began to be the public favourite. She died in 1748, in the eighty-fifth year of her age.

‡ Johnson calls his legacy the "accumulation of attentive parsimony, which," he continues, "though to her (the Duchess) superfluous and useless, might have given great assistance to the ancient family from which he descended, at that time, by the imprudence of his relation, reduced to difficulties and distress."—*Lives of the Poets.*

Nell Gwynn's man's fellow-servants called Nell Gwynn's man's mistress. The servants of the theatre, Dryden, Congreve,* and others, defended themselves with the same success and for the same cause which set Nell's lackey fighting. She was a disreputable, daring, laughing, painted French baggage, that Comic Muse. She came over from the Continent with Charles (who chose many more of his female friends there) at the Restoration—a wild, dishevelled Lais, with eyes bright with wit and wine—a saucy court-favourite that sat at the King's knees, and laughed in his face, and when she showed her bold cheeks at her chariot-window, had some of the noblest and most famous people of the land bowing round her wheel. She was kind and popular enough, that daring Comedy, that audacious poor Nell: she was gay and generous, kind, frank, as such people can afford to be; and the men who lived with her, and laughed with her, took her pay, and drank her wine, turned out, when the Puritans hooted her, to fight and defend her. But the jade was indefensible, and it is pretty certain her servants knew it.

There is life and death going on in everything, truth and lies always at battle. Pleasure is always warring against self-restraint. Doubt is always crying Psha! and sneering. A man in life, a humorist, in writing about life, sways over to one principle or the other, and laughs with the reverence

* He replied to Collier, in the pamphlet called "Amendments of Mr. Collier's False and Imperfect Citations," etc. A specimen or two are subjoined:—

"The greater part of these examples which he has produced are only demonstrations of his own impurity; they only savour of his utterance, and were sweet enough till tainted by his breath.

"Where the expression is unblamable in its own pure and genuine signification, he enters into it himself like the evil spirit; he possesses the innocent phrase, and makes it bellow forth his own blasphemies.

"If I do not return him civilities in calling him names, it is because I am not very well versed in his nomenclatures.....I will only call him Mr. Collier, and that I will call him as often as I think he shall deserve it.

"The corruption of a rotten divine is the generation of a sour critic."

"Congreve," says Dr. Johnson, "a very young man, elated with success, and impatient of censure, assumed an air of confidence and security.....The dispute was protracted through ten years; but at last Comedy grew more modest, and Collier lived to see the reward of his labours in the reformation of the theatre."—*Life of Congreve.*

for right and the love of truth in his heart, or laughs at these from the other side. Didn't I tell you that dancing was a serious business to Harlequin? I have read two or three of Congreve's plays over before speaking of him; and my feelings were rather like those, which I dare say most of us here have had, at Pompeii, looking at Sallust's house and the relics of an orgy—a dried wine-jar or two, a charred supper-table, the breast of a dancing-girl pressed against the ashes, the laughing skull of a jester; a perfect stillness round about, as the cicerone twangs his moral, and the blue sky shines calmly over the ruin. The Congreve Muse is dead, and her song choked in Time's ashes. We gaze at the skeleton, and wonder at the life which once revelled in its mad veins. We take the skull up, and muse over the frolic and daring, the wit, scorn, passion, hope, desire, with which that empty bowl once fermented. We think of the glances that allured, the tears that melted, of the bright eyes that shone in those vacant sockets, and of lips whispering love, and cheeks dimpling with smiles, that once covered yon ghastly yellow framework. They used to call those teeth pearls once. See! there's the cup she drank from, the gold chain she wore on her neck, the vase which held the rouge for her cheeks, her looking-glass, and the harp she used to dance to. Instead of a feast we find a gravestone, and in place of a mistress a few bones!

Reading in these plays now is like shutting your ears and looking at people dancing. What does it mean? the measures, the grimaces, the bowing, shuffling, and retreating, the cavalier seul advancing upon those ladies, those ladies and men twirling round at the end in a mad galop, after which everybody bows, and the quaint rite is celebrated. Without the music we can't understand that comic dance of the last century—its strange gravity and gaiety, its decorum or its indecorum. It has a jargon of its own quite unlike life, a sort of moral of its own quite unlike life too. I'm afraid it's a heathen mystery, symbolizing a Pagan doctrine, protesting—as the Pompeians very likely were, assembled at their theatre and laughing at their games; as Sallust and his friends and their mistresses protested, crowned with flowers, with cups in their hands—against the new, hard, ascetic,

pleasure-hating doctrine whose gaunt disciples, lately passed over from the Asian shores of the Mediterranean, were for breaking the fair images of Venus and flinging the altars of Bacchus down.

I fancy poor Congreve's theatre is a temple of Pagan delights and mysteries not permitted except among heathens. I fear the theatre carries down that ancient tradition and worship, as masons have carried their secret signs and rites from temple to temple. When the libertine hero carries off the beauty in the play, and the dotard is laughed to scorn for having the young wife: in the ballad, when the poet bids his mistress to gather roses while she may, and warns her that old Time is still a-flying: in the ballet, when honest Corydon courts Phillis under the treillage of the pasteboard cottage, and leers at her over the head of grandpapa in red stockings, who is opportunely asleep; and when, seduced by the invitations of the rosy youth, she comes forward to the footlights, and they perform on each other's tiptoes that *pas* which you all know, and which is only interrupted by old grandpapa awaking from his doze at the pasteboard châlet (whither he returns to take another nap in case the young people get an encore): when Harlequin, splendid in youth, strength, and agility, arrayed in gold and a thousand colours, springs over the heads of countless perils, leaps down the throat of bewildered giants, and, dauntless and splendid, dances danger down: when Mr. Punch, that godless old rebel, breaks every law and laughs at it with odious triumph, outwits his lawyer, bullies the beadle, knocks his wife about the head, and hangs the hangman—don't you see in the comedy, in the song, in the dance, in the ragged little Punch's puppet-show, the Pagan protest? Doesn't it seem as if Life puts in its plea and sings its comment? Look how the lovers walk and hold each other's hands and whisper! Sings the chorus—"There is nothing like love, there is nothing like youth, there is nothing like beauty of your springtime. Look! how old age tries to meddle with merry sport! Beat him with his own crutch, the wrinkled old dotard! There is nothing like youth, there is nothing like beauty, there is nothing like strength. Strength and valour win beauty and youth. Be brave and conquer. Be young and happy.

Enjoy, enjoy, enjoy! Would you know the *Segreto per esser felice?* Here it is, in a smiling mistress and a cup of Falernian." As the boy tosses the cup and sings his song—hark, what is that chant coming nearer and nearer? What is that dirge which *will* disturb us? The lights of the festival burn dim, the cheeks turn pale, the voice quavers, and the cup drops on the floor. Who's there? Death and Fate are at the gate, and they *will* come in.

Congreve's comic feast flares with lights, and round the table, emptying their flaming bowls of drink, and exchanging the wildest jests and ribaldry, sit men and women, waited on by rascally valets and attendants as dissolute as their mistresses—perhaps the very worst company in the world. There doesn't seem to be a pretence of morals. At the head of the table sits Mirabel or Belmour (dressed in the French fashion, and waited on by English imitators of Scapin and Frontin). Their calling is to be irresistible, and to conquer everywhere. Like the heroes of the chivalry story, whose long-winded loves and combats they were sending out of fashion, they are always splendid and triumphant—overcome all dangers, vanquish all enemies, and win the beauty at the end. Fathers, husbands, usurers are the foes these champions contend with. They are merciless in old age, invariably, and an old man plays the part in the dramas which the wicked enchanter or the great blundering giant performs in the chivalry tales, who threatens and grumbles and resists—a huge, stupid obstacle always overcome by the knight. It is an old man with a money-box: Sir Belmour, his son or nephew, spends his money and laughs at him. It is an old man with a young wife whom he locks up: Sir Mirabel robs him of his wife, trips up his gouty old heels, and leaves the old hunks. The old fool! what business has he to hoard his money, or to lock up blushing eighteen? Money is for youth, love is for youth; away with the old people. When Millamant is sixty—having of course divorced the first Lady Millamant, and married his friend Doricourt's granddaughter out of the nursery—it will be his turn; and young Belmour will make a fool of him. All this pretty morality you have in the comedies of William Congreve, Esq. They are full of wit. Such manners as he observes, he observes with great humour;

but ah! it's a weary feast, that banquet of wit where no love is. It palls very soon; sad indigestions follow it and lonely blank headaches in the morning.

I can't pretend to quote scenes from the splendid Congreve's plays *—which are undeniably bright, witty, and

* The scene of Valentine's pretended madness in "Love for Love" is a splendid specimen of Congreve's daring manner:—

"*Scandal.* And have you given your master a hint of their plot upon him?

"*Jeremy.* Yes, Sir; he says he'll favour it, and mistake her for *Angelica.*

"*Scandal.* It may make us sport.

"*Foresight.* Mercy on us!

"*Valentine.* Husht—interrupt me not—I'll whisper predictions to thee, and thou shalt prophesie. I am truth, and can teach thy tongue a new trick. I have told thee what's passed; now I'll tell what's to come. Dost thou know what will happen to-morrow? Answer me not, for I will tell thee. To-morrow knaves will thrive through craft, and fools through fortune; and honesty will go as it did, frostnipt in a summer suit. Ask me questions concerning to-morrow.

"*Scandal.* Ask him, Mr. Foresight.

"*Foresight.* Pray what will be done at Court?

"*Valentine.* Scandal will tell you. I am truth; I never come there.

"*Foresight.* In the city?

"*Valentine.* Oh, prayers will be said in empty churches at the usual hours. Yet you will see such zealous faces behind counters as if religion were to be sold in every shop. Oh, things will go methodically in the city: the clocks will strike twelve at noon, and the horned herd buzz in the Exchange at two. Husbands and wives will drive distinct trades, and care and pleasure separately occupy the family. Coffee-houses will be full of smoke and stratagem. And the cropt 'prentice that sweeps his master's shop in the morning may, ten to one, dirty his sheets before night. But there are two things that you will see very strange—which are, wanton wives with their legs at liberty, and tame cuckolds with chains about their necks. But hold, I must examine you before I go further; you look suspiciously. Are you a husband?

"*Foresight.* I am married.

"*Valentine.* Poor creature! Is your wife of Covent Garden Parish?

"*Foresight.* No; St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

"*Valentine.* Alas, poor man! his eyes are sunk, and his hands shrivelled; his legs dwindled, and his back bowed. Pray, pray for a metamorphosis—change thy shape, and shake off age; get thee Medea's kettle and be boiled anew; come forth with labouring callous hands, and chine of steel, and Atlas's shoulders. Let Taliacotius trim the calves of twenty chairmen, and make thee pedestals to stand erect upon, and look matrimony in the face. Ha, ha, ha! That a man should have a stomach to a wedding-supper, when the pidgeons ought rather to be laid to his feet! Ha, ha, ha!

daring—any more than I could ask you to hear the dialogue of a witty bargeman and a brilliant fishwoman exchanging compliments at Billingsgate; but some of his verses—they

"*Foresight.* His frenzy is very high now, Mr. Scandal.

"*Scandal.* I believe it is a spring-tide.

"*Foresight.* Very likely—truly; you understand these matters. Mr. Scandal, I shall be very glad to confer with you about these things he has uttered. His sayings are very mysterious and hieroglyphical.

"*Valentine.* Oh, why would Angelica be absent from my eyes so long?

"*Jeremy.* She's here, Sir.

"*Mrs. Foresight.* Now, Sister!

"*Mrs. Frail.* O Lord! what must I say?

"*Scandal.* Humour him, Madam, by all means.

"*Valentine.* Where is she? Oh! I see her: she comes, like Riches, Health, and Liberty at once, to a despairing, starving, and abandoned wretch. Oh, welcome, welcome!

"*Mrs. Frail.* How d'ye do, Sir? Can I serve you?

"*Valentine.* Hark'ee; I have a secret to tell you. Endymion and the moon shall meet us on Mount Latmos, and we'll be married in the dead of night. But say not a word. Hymen shall put his torch into a dark lanthorn, that it may be secret; and Juno shall give her peacock poppy-water, that he may fold his ogling tail; and Argus's hundred eyes be shut—ha! Nobody shall know but Jeremy.

"*Mrs. Frail.* No, no; we'll keep it secret; it shall be done presently.

"*Valentine.* The sooner the better.—Jeremy, come hither—closer—that none may overhear us. Jeremy, I can tell you news: Angelica is turned nun, and I am turning friar, and yet we'll marry one another in spite of the Pope. Get me a cowl and beads, that I may play my part; for she'll meet me two hours hence in black and white, and a long veil to cover the project, and we won't see one another's faces till we have done something to be ashamed of, and then we'll blush once for all.....

"*Enter* TATTLE.

"*Tattle.* Do you know me, Valentine?

"*Valentine.* You! who are you? No, I hope not.

"*Tattle.* I am Jack Tattle, your friend.

"*Valentine.* My friend! what to do? I am no married man, and thou canst not lye with my wife; I am very poor, and thou canst not borrow money of me. Then, what employment have I for a friend?

"*Tattle.* Hah! A good open speaker, and not to be trusted with a secret.

"*Angelica.* Do you know me, Valentine?

"*Valentine.* Oh, very well.

"*Angelica.* Who am I?

"*Valentine.* You're a woman, one to whom Heaven gave beauty

were among the most famous lyrics of the time, and pronounced equal to Horace by his contemporaries—may give an idea of his power, of his grace, of his daring manner, his

when it grafted roses on a brier. You are the reflection of heaven in a pond; and he that leaps at you is sunk. You are all white—a sheet of spotless paper—when you first are born; but you are to be scrawled and blotted by every goose's quill. I know you; for I loved a woman, and loved her so long that I found out a strange thing: I found out what a woman was good for.

"*Tattle.* Ay! pr'ythee, what's that?

"*Valentine.* Why, to keep a secret.

"*Tattle.* O Lord!

"*Valentine.* Oh, exceeding good to keep a secret; for though she should tell, yet she is not to be believed.

"*Tattle.* Hah! Good again, faith.

"*Valentine.* I would have musick. Sing me the song that I like."
—CONGREVE: *Love for Love.*

There is a Mrs. Nickleby, of the year 1700, in Congreve's Comedy of "The Double Dealer," in whose character the author introduces some wonderful traits of roguish satire. She is practised on by the gallants of the play, and no more knows how to resist them than any of the ladies above quoted could resist Congreve.

"*Lady Plyant.* Oh, reflect upon the horror of your conduct! Offering to pervert me" [the joke is that the gentleman is pressing the lady for her daughter's hand, not for her own]—"perverting me from the road of virtue, in which I have trod thus long, and never made one trip—not one *faux pas.* Oh, consider it: what would you have to answer for, if you should provoke me to frailty? Alas! humanity is feeble, Heaven knows—very feeble, and unable to support itself.

"*Mellefont.* Where am I? Is it day? and am I awake? Madam——

"*Lady Plyant.* O Lord, ask me the question! I'll swear I'll deny it—therefore don't ask me; nay, you shan't ask me—I swear I'll deny it. O Gemini, you have brought all the blood into my face; I warrant I am as red as a turkey-cock. O fie, cousin Mellefont!

"*Mellefont.* Nay, Madam, hear me; I mean——

"*Lady Plyant.* Hear you? No, no; I'll deny you first, and hear you afterwards. For one does not know how one's mind may change upon hearing: hearing is one of the senses, and all the senses are fallible. I won't trust my honour, I assure you; my honour is infallible and uncomatable.

"*Mellefont.* For Heaven's sake, Madam——

"*Lady Plyant.* Oh, name it no more! Bless me, how can you talk of heaven, and have so much wickedness in your heart? May be you don't think it a sin. They say some of you gentlemen don't think it a sin; but still, my honour, if it were no sin—— But, then, to marry my daughter for the convenience of frequent opportunities—I'll never consent to that; as sure as can be, I'll break the match.

magnificence in compliment, and his polished sarcasm. He writes as if he was so accustomed to conquer that he has a poor opinion of his victims. Nothing's new except their faces," says he; "every woman is the same." He says this in his first comedy, which he wrote languidly * in illness, when he was an "excellent young man." Richelieu at eighty could have hardly said a more excellent thing.

When he advances to make one of his conquests, it is with a splendid gallantry, in full uniform and with the fiddles playing, like Grammont's French dandies attacking the breach of Lerida.

"Cease, cease to ask her name," he writes of a young lady at the Wells at Tunbridge, whom he salutes with a magnificent compliment,—

> "Cease, cease to ask her name,
> The crownèd Muse's noblest theme,
> Whose glory by immortal fame
> Shall only sounded be.
> But if you long to know,
> Then look round yonder dazzling row;
> Who most does like an angel show,
> You may be sure 'tis she."

"*Mellefont.* Death and amazement! Madam, upon my knees——

"*Lady Plyant.* Nay, nay, rise up! come, you shall see my good nature. I know love is powerful, and nobody can help his passion. 'Tis not your fault; nor I swear, it is not mine. How can I help it if I have charms? And how can you help it if you are made a captive? I swear it is pity it should be a fault; but—my honour. Well, but your honour too—but the sin! Well, but the necessity. O Lord, here's somebody coming. I dare not stay. Well, you must consider of your crime, and strive as much as can be against it—strive, be sure; but don't be melancholick—don't despair; but never think that I'll grant you anything. O Lord, no; but be sure you lay aside all thoughts of the marriage: for though I know you don't love Cynthia, only as a blind to your passion for me, yet it will make me jealous. O Lord, what did I say? Jealous! No, no, I can't be jealous; for I must not love you. Therefore don't hope; but don't despair neither. Oh, they're coming; I *must* fly."—*The Double Dealer:* Act ii. sc. 5, page 156.

* "There seems to be a strange affectation in authors of appearing to have done everything by chance. The 'Old Bachelor' was written for amusement in the languor of convalescence. Yet it is apparently composed with great elaborateness of dialogue and incessant ambition of wit."—JOHNSON: *Lives of the Poets.*

Here are lines about another beauty, who perhaps was not so well pleased at the poet's manner of celebrating her :—

"When Lesbia first I saw, so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright and with that awful air,
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his who snatched celestial fire.
But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke ;
Like balm the trickling nonsense healed my wound,
And what her eyes enthralled her tongue unbound."

Amoret is a cleverer woman than the lovely Lesbia, but the poet does not seem to respect one much more than the other, and describes both with exquisite satirical humour :—

"Fair Amoret is gone astray :
Pursue and seek her, every lover ;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering shepherdess discover.

"Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both studied, though both seem neglected ;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

"With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them ;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.

"She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes ;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises."

What could Amoret have done to bring down such shafts of ridicule upon her? Could she have resisted the irresistible Mr. Congreve? Could anybody? Could Sabina, when she woke and heard such a bard singing under her window? "See," he writes—

"See, see, she wakes—Sabina wakes!
And now the sun begins to rise!
Less glorious is the morn, that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

With light united, day they give ;
But different fates ere night fulfil :
How many by his warmth will live !
How many will her coldness kill ! "

Are you melted? Don't you think him a divine man? If not touched by the brilliant Sabina, hear the devout Selinda :—

" Pious Selinda goes to prayers,
If I but ask the favour ;
And yet the tender fool's in tears
When she believes I'll leave her.
Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her ;
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner ! "

What a conquering air there is about these! What an irresistible Mr. Congreve it is! Sinner! of course he will be a sinner, the delightful rascal. Win her! of course he will win her, the victorious rogue. He knows he will; he must—with such a grace, with such a fashion, with such a splendid embroidered suit. You see him with red-heeled shoes deliciously turned out, passing a fair, jewelled hand through his dishevelled periwig, and delivering a killing ogle along with his scented billet. And Sabina? What a comparison that is between the nymph and the sun! The sun gives Sabina the *pas*, and does not venture to rise before her ladyship ; the morn's *bright beams* are less glorious than her *fair eyes :* but before night everybody will be frozen by her glances—everybody but one lucky rogue who shall be nameless. Louis Quatorze in all his glory is hardly more splendid than our Phœbus Apollo of the Mall and Spring Gardens.*

When Voltaire came to visit the great Congreve, the latter rather affected to despise his literary reputation, and in this

* "Among those by whom it ('Will's') was frequented, Southerne and Congreve were principally distinguished by Dryden's friendship..... But Congreve seems to have gained yet farther than Southerne upon Dryden's friendship. He was introduced to him by his first play, the celebrated 'Old Bachelor,' being put into the poet's hands to be revised. Dryden, after making a few alterations to fit it for the stage, returned it to the author with the high and just commendation that it was the best first play he had ever seen."—SCOTT'S *Dryden*, vol. i. p. 370.

perhaps the great Congreve was not far wrong.* A touch of Steele's tenderness is worth all his finery; a flash of Swift's lightning, a beam of Addison's pure sunshine, and his tawdry playhouse taper is invisible. But the ladies loved him, and he was undoubtedly a pretty fellow.†

* It was in Surrey Street, Strand (where he afterwards died), that Voltaire visited him, in the decline of his life.

The anecdote relating to his saying that he wished "to be visited on no other footing than as a gentleman who led a life of plainness and simplicity," is common to all writers on the subject of Congreve, and appears in the English version of Voltaire's "Letters Concerning the English Nation," published in London, 1733, as also in Goldsmith's "Memoir of Voltaire." But it is worthy of remark that it does not appear in the text of the same Letters in the edition of Voltaire's "Œuvres Complètes" in the "Panthéon Littéraire." Vol. v. of his works. (Paris, 1837.)

"Celui de tous les Anglais qui à porté le plus loin la gloire du théâtre comique est feu M. Congreve. Il n'a fait que peu de pièces, mais toutes sont excellentes dans leur genre.....Vous y voyez partout le langage des honnêtes gens avec des actions de fripon; ce qui prouve qu'il connaissait bien son monde, et qu'il vivait dans ce qu'on appelle la bonne compagnie."—VOLTAIRE: *Lettres sur les Anglais.* Let. 19.

† On the death of Queen Mary he published a Pastoral—"The Mourning Muse of Alexis." Alexis and Menalcas sing alternately in the orthodox way. The Queen is called Pastora.

> "I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
> And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn,"

says Alexis. Among other phenomena, we learn that—

> "With their sharp nails themselves the Satyrs wound,
> And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief the ground"

(a degree of sensibility not always found in the Satyrs of that period). It continues:—

> "Lord of these woods and wide extended plains,
> Stretched on the ground and close to earth his face,
> Scalding with tears the already faded grass.
> * * * * *
> To dust must all that heavenly beauty come?
> And must Pastora moulder in the tomb?
> Ah Death! more fierce and unrelenting far
> Than wildest wolves or savage tigers are;
> With lambs and sheep their hungers are appeased,
> But ravenous Death the shepherdess has seized."

This statement that a wolf eats but a sheep, whilst Death eats a shepherdess; that figure of the "Great Shepherd" lying speechless on his

We have seen in Swift a humorous philosopher whose truth frightens one and whose laughter makes one melancholy. We have had in Congreve a humorous observer of

stomach, in a state of despair which neither winds nor floods nor air can exhibit, are to be remembered in poetry surely: and this style was admired in its time by the admirers of the great Congreve!

In the "Tears of Amaryllis for Amyntas" (the young Lord Blandford, the great Duke of Marlborough's only son), Amaryllis represents Sarah Duchess!

The tigers and wolves, nature and motion, rivers and echoes, come into work here again. At the sight of her grief—

> "Tigers and wolves their wonted rage forego,
> And dumb distress and new compassion show;
> Nature herself attentive silence kept,
> *And motion seemed suspended while she wept!*"

And Pope dedicated the "Iliad" to the author of these lines, and Dryden wrote to him in his great hand:—

> "Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought,
> But Genius must be born, and never can be taught.
> This is your portion, this your native store;
> Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
> To SHAKESPEARE gave as much, she could not give him more.
> Maintain your Post—that's all the fame you need—
> For 'tis impossible you should proceed.
> Already I am worn with cares and age,
> And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage:
> Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expence,
> I live a Rent-charge upon Providence.
> But you, whom every Muse and Grace adorn,
> Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
> Be kind to my remains, and oh, defend
> Against your Judgment your departed Friend!
> Let not the insulting Foe my Fame pursue,
> But shade those Laurels which descend to You;
> And take for Tribute what these Lines express—
> You merit more, nor could my Love do less."

This is a very different manner of welcome to that of our down ay. In Shadwell, Higgons, Congreve, and the comic authors of their time, when gentlemen meet they fall into each other's arms, with "Jack, Jack, I must buss thee;" or, "Fore George, Harry, I must kiss thee, lad." And in a similar manner the poets saluted their brethren. Literary gentlemen do not kiss now; I wonder if they love each other better?

Steele calls Congreve "Great Sir" and "Great Author;" says, "Well-dressed barbarians knew his awful name," and addresses him as if he were a prince, and speaks of "Pastora" as one of the most famous tragic compositions.

another school, to whom the world seems to have no moral at all, and whose ghastly doctrine seems to be that we should eat, drink, and be merry when we can, and go to the deuce (if there be a deuce) when the time comes. We come now to a humour that flows from quite a different heart and spirit —a wit that makes us laugh and leaves us good and happy— to one of the kindest benefactors that society has ever had; and I believe you have divined already that I am about to mention Addison's honoured name.

From reading over his writings, and the biographies which we have of him, amongst which the famous article in the *Edinburgh Review* * may be cited as a magnificent statue of the great writer and moralist of the last age, raised by the love and the marvellous skill and genius of one of the most illustrious artists of our own; looking at that calm, fair face and clear countenance, those chiselled features pure and cold, I can't but fancy that this great man—in this respect like him of whom we spoke in the last lecture—was also one of the lonely ones of the world. Such men have very few equals, and they don't herd with those. It is in the nature of such lords of intellect to be solitary: they are in the world, but not of it; and our minor struggles, brawls, successes, pass under them.

Kind, just, serene, impartial, his fortitude not tried beyond easy endurance, his affections not much used, for his books were his family, and his society was in public; admirably wiser, wittier, calmer, and more instructed than almost every

* "To Addison himself we are bound by a sentiment as much like affection as any sentiment can be which is inspired by one who has been sleeping a hundred and twenty years in Westminster Abbey.....After full inquiry and impartial reflection, we have long been convinced that he deserved as much love and esteem as can justly be claimed by any of our infirm and erring race."—MACAULAY.

"Many who praise virtue do no more than praise it. Yet it is reasonable to believe that Addison's profession and practice were at no great variance; since, amidst that storm of faction in which most of his life was passed, though his station made him conspicuous, and his activity made him formidable, the character given him by his friends was never contradicted by his enemies. Of those with whom interest or opinion united him, he had not only the esteem but the kindness; and of others, whom the violence of opposition drove against him, though he might lose the love, he retained the reverence."—JOHNSON.

man with whom he met, how could Addison suffer, desire, admire, feel much? I may expect a child to admire me for being taller or writing more cleverly than she; but how can I ask my superior to say that I am a wonder when he knows better than I? In Addison's days you could scarcely show him a literary performance, a sermon, or a poem, or a piece of literary criticism, but he felt he could do better. His justice must have made him indifferent. He didn't praise, because he measured his compeers by a higher standard than common people have.* How was he who was so tall to look up to any but the loftiest genius? He must have stooped to put himself on a level with most men. By that profusion of graciousness and smiles with which Goethe or Scott, for instance, greeted almost every literary beginner, every small literary adventurer who came to his court and went away charmed from the great king's audience, and cuddling to his heart the compliment which his literary majesty had paid him—each of the two good-natured potentates of letters brought their star and riband into discredit. Everybody had his majesty's orders. Everybody had his majesty's cheap portrait, on a box surrounded with diamonds worth twopence apiece. A very great and just and wise man ought not to praise indiscriminately, but give his idea of the truth. Addison praises the ingenious Mr. Pinkethman; Addison praises the ingenious Mr. Doggett, the actor, whose benefit is coming off that night; Addison praises Don Saltero; Addison praises Milton with all his heart, bends his knee, and frankly pays homage to that imperial genius.† But between those degrees of his men his praise is very scanty.

* "Addison was perfect good company with intimates, and had something more charming in his conversation than I ever knew in any other man; but with any mixture of strangers, and sometimes only with one, he seemed to preserve his dignity much, with a stiff sort of silence."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

† "Milton's chief talent, and indeed his distinguishing excellence, lies in the sublimity of his thoughts. There are others of the moderns who rival him in every other part of poetry; but in the greatness of his sentiments he triumphs over all the poets, both modern and ancient, Homer only excepted. It is impossible for the imagination of man to distend itself with greater ideas than those which he has laid together in his first, second, and sixth books."—*Spectator*, No. 279.

"If I were to name a poet that is a perfect master in all these arts

I don't think the great Mr. Addison liked young Mr. Pope, the Papist, much; I don't think he abused him. But when Mr. Addison's men abused Mr. Pope, I don't think Addison took his pipe out of his mouth to contradict them.*

Addison's father was a clergyman of good repute in Wiltshire, and rose in the church.† His famous son never lost his clerical training and scholastic gravity, and was called "a parson in a tye-wig"‡ in London afterwards at a time when tye-wigs were only worn by the laity, and the fathers of theology did not think it decent to appear, except in a full bottom. Having been at school at Salisbury and the Charterhouse, in 1687, when he was fifteen years old, he went to Queen's College, Oxford, where he speedily began to dis-

of working on the imagination, I think Milton may pass for one."—*Ibid.*, No. 417.

These famous papers appeared in each Saturday's *Spectator*, from Jan. 19th to May 3rd, 1712. Beside his services to Milton, we may place those he did to Sacred Music.

* "Addison was very kind to me at first, but my bitter enemy afterwards."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

"'Leave him as soon as you can,' said Addison to me, speaking of Pope; 'he will certainly play you some devilish trick else; he has an appetite to satire.'"—LADY WORTLEY MONTAGU. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

† Lancelot Addison, his father, was the son of another Lancelot Addison, a clergyman in Westmoreland. He became Dean of Lichfield and Archdeacon of Coventry.

‡ "The remark of Mandeville, who, when he had passed an evening in his company, declared that he was 'a parson in a tye-wig,' can detract little from his character. He was always reserved to strangers, and was not incited to uncommon freedom by a character like that of Mandeville."—JOHNSON: *Lives of the Poets.*

"Old Jacob Tonson did not like Mr. Addison. He had a quarrel with him, and, after his quitting the secretaryship, used frequently to say of him, 'One day or other you'll see that man a bishop—I'm sure he looks that way; and indeed I ever thought him a priest in his heart.'"—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

"Mr. Addison stayed above a year at Blois. He would rise as early as between two and three in the height of summer, and lie abed till between eleven and twelve in the depth of winter. He was untalkative whilst here, and often thoughtful—sometimes so lost in thought that I have come into his room and stayed five minutes there before he has known anything about it. He had his masters generally at supper with him; kept very little company beside; and had no amour that I know of; and I think I should have known it if he had had any."—ABBÉ PHILIPPEAUX OF BLOIS. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

tinguish himself by the making of Latin verses. The beautiful and fanciful poem of "The Pigmies and the Cranes" is still read by lovers of that sort of exercise; and verses are extant in honour of King William, by which it appears that it was the loyal youth's custom to toast that sovereign in bumpers of purple Lyæus. Many more works are in the Collection, including one on the Peace of Ryswick, in 1697, which was so good that Montague got him a pension of £300 a year, on which Addison set out on his travels.

During his ten years at Oxford, Addison had deeply imbued himself with the Latin poetical literature, and had these poets at his fingers' ends when he travelled in Italy.* His patron went out of office, and his pension was unpaid; and hearing that this great scholar, now eminent and known to the literati of Europe (the great Boileau,† upon perusal of Mr. Addison's elegant hexameters, was first made aware that England was not altogether a barbarous nation)—hearing that the celebrated Mr. Addison of Oxford proposed to travel as governor to a young gentleman on the grand tour, the great Duke of Somerset proposed to Mr. Addison to accompany his son, Lord Hartford.

Mr. Addison was delighted to be of use to His Grace, and his lordship, His Grace's son, and expressed himself ready to set forth.

His Grace the Duke of Somerset now announced to one of the most famous scholars of Oxford and Europe that it was his gracious intention to allow my Lord Hartford's tutor one hundred guineas per annum. Mr. Addison wrote back that his services were His Grace's, but he by no means found his account in the recompense for them. The negotiation was broken off. They parted with a profusion of congees on one side and the other.

Addison remained abroad for some time, living in the best society of Europe. How could he do otherwise? He must

* "His knowledge of the Latin poets, from Lucretius and Catullus down to Claudian and Prudentius, was singularly exact and profound."—MACAULAY.

† "Our country owes it to him that the famous Monsieur Boileau first conceived an opinion of the English genius for poetry by perusing the present he made him of the 'Musæ Anglicanæ.'"—TICKELL: *Preface to Addison's Works.*

have been one of the finest gentlemen the world ever saw, at all moments of life serene and courteous, cheerful and calm.* He could scarcely ever have had a degrading thought. He might have omitted a virtue or two, or many, but could not have had many faults committed for which he need blush or turn pale. When warmed into confidence, his conversation appears to have been so delightful that the greatest wits sat rapt and charmed to listen to him. No man bore poverty and narrow fortune with a more lofty cheerfulness. His letters to his friends at this period of his life, when he had lost his Government pension and given up his college chances, are full of courage and a gay confidence and philosophy; and they are none the worse in my eyes, and I hope not in those of his last and greatest biographer (though Mr. Macaulay is bound to own and lament a certain weakness for wine, which the great and good Joseph Addison notoriously possessed, in common with countless gentlemen of his time), because some of the letters are written when his honest hand was shaking a little in the morning after libations to purple Lyæus overnight. He was fond of drinking the healths of his friends. He writes to Wyche † of Hamburg

* "It was my fate to be much with the wits; my father was acquainted with all of them. *Addison was the best company in the world.* I never knew anybody that had so much wit as Congreve."—Lady Wortley Montagu. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

† Mr. Addison to Mr. Wyche.

"Dear Sir,—My hand at present begins to grow steady enough for a letter, so the properest use I can put it to is to thank y^e^ honest gentleman that set it a-shaking. I have had this morning a desperate design in my head to attack you in verse, which I should certainly have done could I have found out a rhyme to rummer. But though you have escaped for y^e^ present, you are not yet out of danger, if I can a little recover my talent at crambo. I am sure, in whatever way I write to you, it will be impossible for me to express y^e^ deep sense I have of y^e^ many favours you have lately shown me. I shall only tell you that Hambourg has been the pleasantest stage I have met with in my travails. If any of my friends wonder at me for living so long in that place, I dare say it will be thought a very good excuse when I tell him Mr. Wyche was there. As your company made our stay at Hambourg agreeable, your wine has given us all y^e^ satisfaction that we have found in our journey through Westphalia. If drinking your health will do you any good, you may expect to be as long-lived as Methuselah, or to use a more familiar instance, as y^e^ oldest hoc in y^e^ cellar. I hope y^e^ two pair of

gratefully remembering Wyche's "hoc." "I have been drinking your health to-day with Sir Richard Shirley," he writes to Bathurst. "I have lately had the honour to meet my Lord Effingham at Amsterdam, where we have drunk Mr. Wood's health a hundred times in excellent champagne," he writes again. Swift * describes him over his cups, when Joseph yielded to a temptation which Jonathan resisted. Joseph was of a cold nature, and needed perhaps the fire of wine to warm his blood. If he was a parson, he wore

legs that was left a-swelling behind us are by this time come to their shapes again. I can't forbear troubling you with my hearty respects to y^e^ owners of them, and desiring you to believe me always,

"Dear Sir,

"Yours," etc.

"To Mr. Wyche, His Majesty's Resident at Hambourg,

"May, 1703."

—*From the Life of Addison, by* Miss Aikin. Vol. i., p. 146.

* It is pleasing to remember that the relation between Swift and Addison was, on the whole, satisfactory from first to last. The value of Swift's testimony, when nothing personal inflamed his vision or warped his judgment, can be doubted by nobody.

"Sept. 10, 1710.—I sat till ten in the evening with Addison and Steele.

"11.—Mr. Addison and I dined together at his lodgings, and I sat with him part of this evening.

"18.—To-day I dined with Mr. Stratford at Mr. Addison's retirement near Chelsea.....I will get what good offices I can from Mr. Addison.

"27.—To-day all our company dined at Will Frankland's, with Steele and Addison too.

"29.—I dined with Mr. Addison," etc.—*Journal to Stella.*

Addison inscribed a presentation copy of his Travels "To Dr. Jonathan Swift, the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age."—(Scott. From the information of Mr. Theophilus Swift.)

"Mr. Addison, who goes over first secretary, is a most excellent person; and being my most intimate friend, I shall use all my credit to set him right in his notions of persons and things."—*Letters.*

"I examine my heart, and can find no other reason why I write to you now, besides that great love and esteem I have always had for you. I have nothing to ask you either for my friend or for myself."—Swift to Addison (1717). Scott's *Swift.* Vol. xix., p. 274.

Political differences only dulled for a while their friendly communications; time renewed them, and Tickell enjoyed Swift's friendship as a legacy from the man with whose memory his is so honourably connected.

a tye-wig, recollect. A better and more Christian man scarcely ever breathed than Joseph Addison. If he had not that little weakness for wine, why, we could scarcely have found a fault with him, and could not have liked him as we do.*

At thirty-three years of age, this most distinguished wit, scholar, and gentleman was without a profession and an income. His book of "Travels" had failed; his "Dialogues on Medals" had had no particular success; his Latin verses, even though reported the best since Virgil, or Statius, at any rate, had not brought him a Government place; and Addison was living up three shabby pair of stairs in the Haymarket (in a poverty over which old Samuel Johnson rather chuckles), when in these shabby rooms an emissary from Government and Fortune came and found him.† A poem was wanted about the Duke of Marlborough's victory of Blenheim. Would Mr. Addison write one? Mr. Boyle, afterwards Lord Carleton, took back the reply to the Lord Treasurer Godolphin that Mr. Addison would. When the poem had reached a certain stage, it was carried to Godolphin; and the last lines which he read were these:—

> "But, O my Muse! what numbers wilt thou find
> To sing the furious troops in battle joined?
> Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound
> The victor's shouts and dying groans confound;
> The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
> And all the thunder of the battle rise.
> 'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,
> That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
> Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
> Examined all the dreadful scenes of war,
> In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
> To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,

* "Addison usually studied all the morning; then met his party at Button's; dined there, and stayed five or six hours, and sometimes far into the night. I was of the company for about a year, but found it too much for me: it hurt my health, and so I quitted it."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

† "When he returned to England (in 1702), with a meanness of appearance which gave testimony of the difficulties to which he had been reduced, he found his old patrons out of power, and was therefore, for a time, at full leisure for the cultivation of his mind."—JOHNSON: *Lives of the Poets.*

Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land
(Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed),
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

Addison left off at a good moment. That simile was pronounced to be of the greatest ever produced in poetry. That angel, that good angel, flew off with Mr. Addison, and landed him in the place of Commissioner of Appeals, vice Mr. Locke providentially promoted. In the following year Mr. Addison went to Hanover with Lord Halifax, and the year after was made Under Secretary of State. O angel visits, you come "few and far between" to literary gentlemen's lodgings! Your wings seldom quiver at second-floor windows now!

You laugh? you think it is in the power of few writers nowadays to call up such an angel? Well, perhaps not; but permit us to comfort ourselves by pointing out that there are in the poem of the "Campaign" some as bad lines as heart can desire, and to hint that Mr. Addison did very wisely in not going further with my Lord Godolphin than that angelical simile. Do allow me, just for a little harmless mischief, to read you some of the lines which follow. Here is the interview between the Duke and the King of the Romans after the battle:—

"Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destined to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne.
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasped in th' embraces of the godlike man!
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt,
To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt!
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turned and finished for the camp or court!"

How many fourth-form boys at Mr. Addison's school of Charterhouse could write as well as that now? The "Cam-

paign" has blunders, triumphant as it was, and weak points, like all campaigns.*

In the year 1713 "Cato" came out. Swift has left a description of the first night of the performance. All the laurels of Europe were scarcely sufficient for the author of this prodigious poem.† Laudations of Whig and Tory chiefs,

* "Mr. Addison wrote very fluently: but he was sometimes very slow and scrupulous in correcting. He would show his verses to several friends, and would alter almost everything that any of them hinted at as wrong. He seemed to be too diffident of himself, and too much concerned about his character as a poet, or (as he worded it) too solicitous for that kind of praise which, God knows, is but a very little matter after all!"—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

† "As to poetical affairs," says Pope, in 1713, "I am content at present to be a bare looker-on .....Cato was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days as he is of Britain in ours; and though all the foolish industry possible has been used to make it thought a party play, yet what the author once said of another may the most properly in the world be applied to him on this occasion,—

> 'Envy itself is dumb—in wonder lost;
> And factions strive who shall applaud him most.'

"The numerous and violent claps of the Whig party on the one side of the theatre were echoed back by the Tories on the other; while the author sweated behind the scenes with concern to find their applause proceeding more from the hand than the head.....I believe you have heard that, after all the applauses of the opposite faction, my Lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth, who played Cato, into the box, and presented him with fifty guineas in acknowledgment (as he expressed it) for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator."—POPE'S *Letters* to SIR W. TRUMBULL.

"Cato" ran for thirty-five nights without interruption. Pope wrote the Prologue, and Garth the Epilogue.

It is worth noticing how many things in "Cato" keep their ground as habitual quotations: for example—

> "Big with the fate
> Of Cato and of Rome."

> "'Tis not in mortals to command success,
> But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it."

> "Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury."

> "I think the Romans call it Stoicism."

> "My voice is still for war."

> "When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
> The post of honour is a private station."

popular ovations, complimentary garlands from literary men, translations in all languages, delight and homage from all—save from John Dennis in a minority of one. Mr. Addison was called the "great Mr. Addison" after this. The Coffee-house Senate saluted him Divus: it was heresy to question that decree.

Meanwhile he was writing political papers and advancing in the political profession. He went Secretary to Ireland. He was appointed Secretary of State in 1717. And letters of his are extant, bearing date some year or two before, and written to young Lord Warwick, in which he addresses him as "my dearest lord," and asks affectionately about his studies, and writes very prettily about nightingales and birds' nests which he has found at Fulham for his lordship. Those nightingales were intended to warble in the ear of Lord Warwick's mamma. Addison married her ladyship in 1716, and died at Holland House three years after that splendid but dismal union.*

Not to mention—

"The woman who deliberates is lost,"

And the eternal—

"Plato, thou reasonest well,"

which avenges, perhaps, on the public their neglect of the play!

* "The lady was persuaded to marry him on terms much like those on which a Turkish princess is espoused—to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce, 'Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.' The marriage, if uncontradicted report can be credited, made no addition to his happiness; it neither found them nor made them equal. .....Rowe's ballad of 'The Despairing Shepherd' is said to have been written, either before or after marriage, upon this memorable pair."—Dr. Johnson.

"I received the news of Mr. Addison's being declared Secretary of State with the less surprise, in that I knew that post was almost offered to him before. At that time he declined it, and I really believe that he would have done well to have declined it now. Such a post as that, and such a wife as the Countess, do not seem to be, in prudence, eligible for a man that is asthmatic, and we may see the day when he will be heartily glad to resign them both."—Lady Wortley Montagu to Pope: *Works, Lord Wharncliffe's edition*, vol. ii. p. 111.

The issue of this marriage was a daughter, Charlotte Addison, who inherited, on her mother's death, the estate of Bilton, near Rugby, which

But it is not for his reputation as the great author of "Cato" and the "Campaign," or for his merits as Secretary of State, or for his rank and high distinction as my Lady Warwick's husband, or for his eminence as an Examiner of political questions on the Whig side, or a Guardian of British liberties, that we admire Joseph Addison. It is as a Tatler of small talk and a Spectator of mankind that we cherish and love him, and owe as much pleasure to him as to any human being that ever wrote. He came in that artificial age, and began to speak with his noble, natural voice. He came, the gentle satirist, who hit no unfair blow; the kind judge who castigated only in smiling. While Swift went about, hanging and ruthless—a literary Jeffreys—in Addison's kind court only minor cases were tried: only peccadilloes and small sins against society, only a dangerous libertinism in tuckers and hoops,* or a nuisance in the abuse of beaux'

her father had purchased. She was of weak intellect, and died, unmarried, at an advanced age.

Rowe appears to have been faithful to Addison during his courtship, for his Collection contains "Stanzas to Lady Warwick, on Mr. Addison's going to Ireland," in which her ladyship is called "Chloe," and Joseph Addison "Lycidas," besides the ballad mentioned by the Doctor, and which is entitled "Colin's Complaint." But not even the interest attached to the name of Addison could induce the reader to peruse this composition, though one stanza may serve as a specimen:—

"What though I have skill to complain,
Though the Muses my temples have crowned;
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around!

"Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain;
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine."

* One of the most humorous of these is the paper on Hoops, which, the *Spectator* tells us, particularly pleased his friend Sir Roger:—

"Mr. Spectator,—

"You have diverted the town almost a whole month at the expense of the country; it is now high time that you should give the country their revenge. Since your withdrawing from this place, the fair sex are run into great extravagances. Their petticoats, which began to heave and swell before you left us, are now blown up into a most enormous concave, and rise every day more and more; in short, sir, since

canes and snuff-boxes. It may be a lady is tried for breaking the peace of our sovereign lady Queen Anne, and ogling too dangerously from the side-box; or a Templar for beating the watch or breaking Priscian's head; or a citizen's wife for caring too much for the puppet-show, and too little for her husband and children. Every one of the little sinners brought before him is amusing, and he dismisses each with the pleasantest penalties and the most charming words of admonition.

Addison wrote his papers as gaily as if he was going out for a holiday. When Steele's *Tatler* first began his prattle, Addison, then in Ireland, caught at his friend's notion, poured in paper after paper, and contributed the stores of his

our women know themselves to be out of the eye of the SPECTATOR, they will be kept within no compass. You praised them a little too soon for the modesty of their head-dresses; for as the humour of a sick person is often driven out of one limb into another, their superfluity of ornaments, instead of being entirely banished, seems only fallen from their heads upon their lower parts. What they have lost in height they make up in breadth, and, contrary to all rules of architecture, widen the foundations at the same time that they shorten the superstructure.

"The women give out, in defence of these wide bottoms, that they are airy, and very proper for the season; but this I look upon to be only a pretence and a piece of art, for it is well known we have not had a more moderate summer these many years, so that it is certain the heat they complain of cannot be in the weather: besides, I would fain ask these tender-constitutioned ladies why they should require more cooling than their mothers before them.

"I find several speculative persons are of opinion that our sex has of late years been very saucy, and that the hoop-petticoat is made use of to keep us at a distance. It is most certain that a woman's honour cannot be better intrenched than after this manner, in circle within circle, amidst such a variety of outworks of lines and circumvallation. A female who is thus invested in whalebone is sufficiently secured against the approaches of an ill-bred fellow, who might as well think of Sir George Etheridge's way of making love in a tub as in the midst of so many hoops.

"Among these various conjectures, there are men of superstitious tempers who look upon the hoop-petticoat as a kind of prodigy. Some will have it that it portends the downfall of the French king, and observe that the farthingale appeared in England a little before the ruin of the Spanish monarchy. Others are of opinion that it foretells battle and bloodshed, and believe it of the same prognostication as the tail of a blazing star. For my part, I am apt to think it is a sign that multitudes are coming into the world rather than going out of it," etc., etc.—*Spectator*, No. 127.

mind, the sweet fruits of his reading, the delightful gleanings of his daily observation, with a wonderful profusion, and as it seemed an almost endless fecundity. He was six-and-thirty years old—full and ripe. He had not worked crop after crop from his brain, manuring hastily, subsoiling indifferently, cutting and sowing and cutting again, like other luckless cultivators of letters. He had not done much as yet; a few Latin poems—graceful prolusions; a polite book of travels; a dissertation on medals, not very deep; four acts of a tragedy—a great classical exercise; and the "Campaign," a large prize poem that won an enormous prize. But with his friend's discovery of the *Tatler* Addison's calling was found, and the most delightful talker in the world began to speak. He does not go very deep: let gentlemen of a profound genius, critics accustomed to the plunge of the bathos, console themselves by thinking that he *couldn't* go very deep. There are no traces of suffering in his writing. He was so good, so honest, so healthy, so cheerfully selfish, if I must use the word. There is no deep sentiment. I doubt, until after his marriage, perhaps, whether he ever lost his night's rest or his day's tranquillity about any woman in his life;* whereas poor Dick Steele had capacity enough to melt, and to languish, and to sigh, and to cry his honest old eyes out, for a dozen. His writings do not show insight into or reverence for the love of women, which I take to be one the consequence of the other. He walks about the world watching their pretty humours, fashions, follies, flirtations, rivalries, and noting them with the most charming archness. He sees them in public, in the theatre, or the assembly, or the puppet-show; or at the toy-shop higgling for gloves and lace; or at the auction, battling together over a blue porcelain dragon, or a darling monster in Japan; or at church, eyeing the width of their rivals' hoops, or the breadth of their laces, as they sweep down the aisles. Or he looks out of his window at the "Garter" in St. James's Street, at Ardelia's coach, as she blazes to the drawing-room with her coronet and six footmen, and remembering that her father was a Turkey merchant in

* "Mr. Addison has not had one epithalamium that I can hear of, and must even be reduced, like a poorer and a better poet, Spenser, to make his own."—POPE'S *Letters*.

the city, calculates how many sponges went to purchase her earring, and how many drums of figs to build her coach-box; or he demurely watches behind a tree in Spring Garden as Saccharissa (whom he knows under her mask) trips out of her chair to the alley where Sir Fopling is waiting. He sees only the public life of women. Addison was one of the most resolute club-men of his day. He passed many hours daily in those haunts. Besides drinking—which, alas! is past praying for—you must know it, he owned too, ladies, that he indulged in that odious practice of smoking. Poor fellow! He was a man's man, remember. The only woman he *did* know he didn't write about. I take it there would not have been much humour in that story.

He likes to go and sit in the smoking-room at the "Grecian" or the "Devil;" to pace 'Change and the Mall *

* "I have observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or a choleric disposition, married or a bachelor; with other particulars of a like nature that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings; and shall give some account in them of the persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.....There runs a story in the family that when my mother was gone with child of me about three months, she dreamt that she was brought to bed of a judge. Whether this might proceed from a lawsuit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very first appearance in the world, and all the time that I sucked, seemed to favour my mother's dream; for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral till they had taken away the bells from it.

"As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find that during my nonage I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always the favourite of my schoolmaster, who used to say that *my parts were solid and would wear well.* I had not been long at the university before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and, indeed, I do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life.....

—to mingle in that great club of the world—sitting alone in it somehow; having good will and kindness for every single man and woman in it; having need of some habit and custom binding him to some few; never doing any man a wrong (unless it be a wrong to hint a little doubt about a man's parts, and to damn him with faint praise); and so he looks on the world and plays with the ceaseless humours of all of us; laughs the kindest laugh; points our neighbour's foible or eccentricity out to us with the most good-natured, smiling confidence; and then, turning over his shoulder, whispers *our* foibles to our neighbour. What would Sir Roger de Coverley be without his follies and his charming little brain-cracks? * If the good knight did not call out to the people sleeping in church, and say "Amen" with such a

"I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not more than half a dozen of my select friends that know me.....There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance. Sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at 'Will's,' and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in these little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at 'Child's,' and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the *Postman*, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Tuesday night at 'St. James's Coffee-house,' and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the 'Grecian,' the 'Cocoa-tree,' and in the theatres both of Drury Lane and the Haymarket. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these two years; and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at 'Jonathan's.' In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

"Thus I live in the world rather as a '*Spectator*' of mankind than as one of the species; by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling in any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversions of others better than those who are engaged in them—as standers-by discover blots which are apt to escape those who are in the game.....In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper."—*Spectator*, No. 1.

* "So effectually, indeed, did he retort on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue, that since his time the open violation of decency has always been considered amongst us the sure mark of a fool."—MACAULAY.

delightful pomposity; if he did not make a speech in the assize court *à propos de bottes*, and merely to show his dignity to Mr. Spectator;* if he did not mistake Madam Doll Tearsheet for a lady of quality in Temple Garden; if he were wiser than he is; if he had not his humour to salt his life, and were but a mere English gentleman and game-preserver —of what worth were he to us? We love him for his vanities as much as his virtues. What is ridiculous is delightful in him; we are so fond of him because we laugh at him so. And out of that laughter, and out of that sweet weakness, and out of those harmless eccentricities and follies, and out of that touched brain, and out of that honest manhood and simplicity, we get a result of happiness, goodness, tenderness, pity, piety, such as, if my audience will think their reading and hearing over, doctors and divines but seldom have the fortune to inspire. And why not? Is the glory of heaven to be sung only by gentlemen in black coats? Must the truth be only expounded in gown and surplice, and out of those two vestments can nobody preach it? Commend me to this dear preacher without orders—this parson in the tye-wig. When this man looks from the world, whose weaknesses he describes so benevolently, up to the heaven which shines over us all, I can hardly fancy a human face lighted up with a more serene rapture, a human intellect thrilling with a purer love and adoration, than

* "The Court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who for his reputation in the country took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear that *he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit.* I was listening to the proceedings of the Court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws, when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

"Upon his first rising the Court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger *was up*. The speech he made was so little to the purpose that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it, and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the Court as to give him a figure in my eyes, and to keep up his credit in the country."—*Spectator*, No. 122.

Joseph Addison's. Listen to him: from your childhood you have known the verses; but who can hear their sacred music without love and awe?—

> "Soon as the evening shades prevail,
> The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
> And nightly to the listening earth
> Repeats the story of her birth;
> Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
> And all the planets in their turn,
> Confirm the tidings as they roll,
> And spread the truth from pole to pole.
> What though in solemn silence all
> Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
> What though no real voice, nor sound,
> Amid their radiant orbs be found?
> In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
> And utter forth a glorious voice;
> For ever singing, as they shine,
> 'The hand that made us is divine.'"

It seems to me those verses shine like the stars. They shine out of a great deep calm. When he turns to heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man's mind, and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayer. His sense of religion stirs through his whole being. In the fields, in the town, looking at the birds in the trees, at the children in the streets, in the morning or in the moonlight, over his books in his own room, in a happy party at a country merry-making or a town assembly, good will and peace to God's creatures, and love and awe of Him who made them, fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face. If Swift's life was the most wretched, I think Addison's was one of the most enviable: a life prosperous and beautiful, a calm death, an immense fame and affection afterwards for his happy and spotless name.*

* "Garth sent to Addison (of whom he had a very high opinion) on his death-bed, to ask him whether the Christian religion was true."—DR. YOUNG. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

"I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as an habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depression of melancholy; on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any

STEELE.

WHAT do we look for in studying the history of a past age? Is it to learn the political transactions and characters of the leading public men? is it to make ourselves acquainted with the life and being of the time? If we set out with the former grave purpose, where is the truth, and who believes that he has it entire? What character of what great man is known to you? You can but make guesses as to character more or less happy. In common life don't you often judge and misjudge a man's whole conduct, setting out from a wrong impression? The tone of a voice, a word said in joke, or a trifle in behaviour, the cut of his hair or the tie of his neckcloth, may disfigure him in your eyes, or poison your good opinion; or at the end of years of intimacy it may be your closest friend says something, reveals something which had previously been a secret, which alters all your views about him, and shows that he has been acting on quite a different motive to that which you fancied you knew. And if it is so with those you know, how much more with those you don't know? Say, for example, that I want to understand the character of the Duke of Marlborough. I read Swift's history of the times in which he took a part: the shrewdest of observers, and initiated, one would think, into the politics of the age, he hints to me that Marlborough was a coward, and even of doubtful military capacity; he speaks of Walpole as a contemptible boor, and scarcely mentions, except to flout it, the great intrigue of the Queen's latter days, which was to have ended in bringing back the Pretender. Again, I read Marlborough's life by a copious archdeacon, who has the command of immense papers, of sonorous language, of what is called the best information; and I get little or no insight into this secret motive which, I believe, influenced the whole of Marlborough's career, which caused his turnings and windings, his opportune

depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity."—ADDISON: *Spectator*, No. 381.

fidelity and treason, stopped his army almost at Paris gate, and landed him finally on the Hanoverian side—the winning side: I get, I say, no truth, or only a portion of it, in the narrative of either writer, and believe that Coxe's portrait, or Swift's portrait, is quite unlike the real Churchill. I take this as a single instance, prepared to be as sceptical about any other, and say to the Muse of History, "O venerable daughter of Mnemosyne, I doubt every single statement you ever made since your ladyship was a Muse! For all your grave airs and high pretentions, you are not a whit more trustworthy than some of your lighter sisters on whom your partisans look down. You bid me listen to a general's oration to his soldiers. Nonsense! He no more made it than Turpin made his dying speech at Newgate. You pronounce a panegyric of a hero: I doubt it, and say you flatter outrageously. You utter the condemnation of a loose character: I doubt it, and think you are prejudiced and take the side of the Dons. You offer me an autobiography: I doubt all autobiographies I ever read, except those, perhaps, of Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Mariner, and writers of his class. *These* have no object in setting themselves right with the public or their own consciences; these have no motive for concealment or half-truths; these call for no more confidence than I can cheerfully give, and do not force me to tax my credulity or to fortify it by evidence. I take up a volume of Dr. Smollett, or a volume of the *Spectator*, and say the fiction carries a greater amount of truth in solution than the volume which purports to be all true. Out of the fictitious book I get the expression of the life of the time—of the manners, of the movement, the dress, the pleasures, the laughter, the ridicules of society; the old times live again, and I travel in the old country of England. Can the heaviest historian do more for me?"

As we read in these delightful volumes of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* the past age returns, the England of our ancestors is revivified. The Maypole rises in the Strand again in London; the churches are thronged with daily worshippers; the beaux are gathering in the coffee-houses; the gentry are going to the Drawing-room; the ladies are thronging to the toy-shops; the chairmen are jostling in the streets; the foot-

men are running with links before the chariots, or fighting round the theatre doors. In the country I see the young Squire riding to Eton with his servants behind him, and Will Wimble, the friend of the family, to see him safe. To make that journey from the Squire's and back, Will is a week on horseback. The coach takes five days between London and Bath. The judges and the bar ride the circuit. If my lady comes to town in her post-chariot, her people carry pistols to fire a salute on Captain Macheath if he should appear, and her couriers ride ahead to prepare apartments for her at the great caravanserais on the road. Boniface receives her under the creaking sign of the "Bell" or the "Ram," and he and his chamberlains bow her up the great stair to the state apartments, whilst her carriage rumbles into the court-yard, where the "Exeter Fly" is housed that performs the journey in eight days, God willing, having achieved its daily flight of twenty miles, and landed its passengers for supper and sleep. The curate is taking his pipe in the kitchen, where the Captain's man—having hung up his master's half pike—is at his bacon and eggs, bragging of Ramillies and Malplaquet to the town's-folk, who have their club in the chimney-corner. The Captain is ogling the chambermaid in the wooden gallery, or bribing her to know who is the pretty young mistress that has come in the coach. The pack-horses are in the great stable, and the drivers and hostlers carousing in the tap. And in Mrs. Landlady's bar, over a glass of strong waters, sits a gentleman of military appearance, who travels with pistols, as all the rest of the world does, and has a rattling grey mare in the stables which will be saddled and away with its owner half an hour before the "Fly" sets out on its last day's flight. And some five miles on the road, as the "Exeter Fly" comes jingling and creaking onwards, it will suddenly be brought to a halt by a gentleman on a grey mare, with a black vizard on his face, who thrusts a long pistol into the coach window, and bids the company to hand out their purses.

It must have been no small pleasure even to sit in the great kitchen in those days, and see the tide of humankind pass by. We arrive at places now, but we travel no more. Addison talks jocularly of a difference of manner and costume being quite perceivable at Staines, where

they passed a young fellow "with a very tolerable periwig," though, to be sure, his hat was out of fashion, and had a Ramillies cock. I would have liked to travel in those days (being of that class of travellers who are proverbially pretty easy *coram latronibus*), and have seen my friend with the grey mare and the black vizard. Alas! there always came a day in the life of that warrior when it was the fashion to accompany him as he passed without his black mask, and with a nosegay in his hand, accompanied by halberdiers and attended by the sheriff, in a carriage without springs, and a clergyman jolting beside him, to a spot close by Cumberland Gate and the Marble Arch, where a stone still records that here Tyburn turnpike stood. What a change in a century, in a few years! Within a few yards of that gate the fields began—the fields of his exploits, behind the hedges of which he lurked and robbed. A great and wealthy city has grown over those meadows. Were a man brought to die there now, the windows would be closed and the inhabitants keep their houses in sickening horror. A hundred years back, people crowded to see that last act of a highwayman's life, and make jokes on it. Swift laughed at him, grimly advising him to provide a Holland shirt and white cap crowned with a crimson or black ribbon for his exit, to mount the cart cheerfully, shake hands with the hangman, and so—farewell. Gay wrote the most delightful ballads, and made merry over the same hero. Contrast these with the writings of our present humorists! Compare those morals and ours, those manners and ours.

We can't tell—you would not bear to be told—the whole truth regarding those men and manners. You could no more suffer in a British drawing-room, under the reign of Queen Victoria, a fine gentleman or fine lady of Queen Anne's time, or hear what they heard and said, than you would receive an ancient Briton. It is as one reads about savages that one contemplates the wild ways, the barbarous feasts, the terrific pastimes of the men of pleasure of that age. We have our fine gentlemen, and our "fast men:" permit me to give you an idea of one particularly fast nobleman of Queen Anne's days, whose biography has been preserved to us by the law reporters.

In 1691, when Steele was a boy at school, my Lord Mohun was tried by his peers for the murder of William Mountford, comedian. In "Howell's State Trials," the reader will find not only an edifying account of this exceedingly fast nobleman, but of the times and manners of those days. My lord's friend, a Captain Hill, smitten with the charms of the beautiful Mrs. Bracegirdle, and anxious to marry her at all hazards, determined to carry her off, and for this purpose hired a hackney-coach with six horses, and a half-dozen of soldiers, to aid him in the storm. The coach with a pair of horses (the four leaders being in waiting elsewhere) took its station opposite my Lord Craven's house in Drury Lane, by which door Mrs. Bracegirdle was to pass on her way from the theatre. As she passed in company of her mamma and a friend, Mr. Page, the Captain seized her by the hand, the soldiers hustled Mr. Page and attacked him sword in hand, and Captain Hill and his noble friend endeavoured to force Madam Bracegirdle into the coach. Mr. Page called for help; the population of Drury Lane rose; it was impossible to effect the capture; and bidding the soldiers go about their business, and the coach to drive off, Hill let go of his prey sulkily, and waited for other opportunities of revenge. The man of whom he was most jealous was Will Mountford, the comedian. Will removed, he thought Mrs. Bracegirdle might be his; and accordingly the Captain and his lordship lay that night in wait for Will, and as he was coming out of a house in Norfolk Street, while Mohun engaged him in talk, Hill, in the words of the Attorney-General, made a pass and ran him clean through the body.

Sixty-one of my lord's peers finding him not guilty of murder, while but fourteen found him guilty, this very fast nobleman was discharged; and made his appearance seven years after in another trial for murder, when he, my Lord Warwick, and three gentlemen of the military profession, were concerned in the fight which ended in the death of Captain Coote.

This jolly company were drinking together at "Lockit's," in Charing Cross, when angry words arose between Captain Coote and Captain French, whom my Lord Mohun and my

Lord the Earl of Warwick * and Holland endeavoured to pacify. My Lord Warwick was a dear friend of Captain Coote, lent him a hundred pounds to buy his commission in the Guards; once when the captain was arrested for £13 by his tailor, my lord lent him five guineas, often paid his reckoning for him, and showed him other offices of friendship. On this evening the disputants, French and Coote, being separated whilst they were upstairs, unluckily stopped to drink ale again at the bar of "Lockit's." The row began afresh. Coote lunged at French over the bar, and at last all six called for chairs, and went to Leicester Fields, where they fell to. Their lordships engaged on the side of Captain Coote. My Lord of Warwick was severely wounded in the hand, Mr. French also was stabbed, but honest Captain Coote got a couple of wounds—one especially, "a wound in the left side just under the short ribs, and piercing through the diaphragma," which did for Captain Coote. Hence the trials of my Lords Warwick and Mohun; hence the assemblage of peers, the report of the transaction, in which these defunct fast men still live for the observation of the curious. My Lord of Warwick is brought to the bar by the Deputy Governor of the Tower of London, having the axe carried before him by the gentleman jailer, who stood with it at the bar at the right hand of the prisoner, turning the edge from him; the prisoner, at his approach, making three bows, one to His Grace the Lord High Steward, the others to the peers on each hand; and His Grace and the peers return the salute.

* The husband of the Lady Warwick who married Addison, and the father of the young Earl who was brought to his stepfather's bed to see "how a Christian could die." He was amongst the wildest of the nobility of that day; and in the curious collection of Chap-Books at the British Museum, I have seen more than one anecdote of the freaks of the gay lord. He was popular in London, as such daring spirits have been in our time. The anecdotists speak very kindly of his practical jokes. Mohun was scarcely out of prison for his second homicide, when he went on Lord Macclesfield's embassy to the Elector of Hanover, when Queen Anne sent the garter to H. E. Highness. The chronicler of the expedition speaks of his lordship as an amiable young man, who had been in bad company, but was quite repentant and reformed. He and Macartney afterwards murdered the Duke of Hamilton between them, in which act Lord Mohun died. This amiable baron's name was Charles, and not Henry, as a recent novelist has christened him.

And besides these great personages, august in periwigs, and nodding to the right and left, a host of the small come up out of the past and pass before us—the jolly captains brawling in the tavern, and laughing and cursing over their cups, the drawer that serves, the bar-girl that waits, the bailiff on the prowl, the chairmen trudging through the black, lampless streets, and smoking their pipes by the railings, whilst swords are clashing in the garden within. "Help there! a gentleman is hurt!" The chairmen put up their pipes, and help the gentleman over the railings, and carry him, ghastly and bleeding, to the Bagnio in Long Acre, where they knock up the surgeon—a pretty tall gentleman; but that wound under the short ribs has done for him. Surgeon, lords, captains, bailiffs, chairmen, and gentleman jailer with your axe, where be you now? The gentleman axeman's head is off his own shoulders; the lords and judges can wag theirs no longer; the bailiffs' writs have ceased to run; the honest chairmen's pipes are put out, and with their brawny calves they have walked away into Hades—all as irrecoverably done for as Will Mountford or Captain Coote. The subject of our night's lecture saw all these people; rode in Captain Coote's company of the Guards, very probably; wrote and sighed for Bracegirdle; went home tipsy in many a chair, after many a bottle, in many a tavern; fled from many a bailiff.

In 1709, when the publication of the *Tatler* began, our great-great-grandfathers must have seized upon that new and delightful paper with much such eagerness as lovers of light literature in a later day exhibited when the Waverley novels appeared, upon which the public rushed, forsaking that feeble entertainment of which the Miss Porters, the Anne of Swanseas, and worthy Mrs. Radcliffe herself, with her dreary castles and exploded old ghosts, had had pretty much the monopoly. I have looked over many of the comic books with which our ancestors amused themselves, from the novels of Swift's coadjutrix, Mrs. Manley, the delectable author of the "New Atlantis," to the facetious productions of Tom Durfey, and Tom Brown, and Ned Ward, writer of the "London Spy" and several other volumes of ribaldry. The slang of the taverns and ordinaries, the wit of the Bagnios, form the strongest part of the farrago of which these libels

are composed. In the excellent newspaper collection at the British Museum, you may see, besides, the *Craftsmen* and *Postboy* specimens, and queer specimens they are, of the higher literature of Queen Anne's time. Here is an abstract from a notable journal bearing date Wednesday, October 13, 1708, and entitled the *British Apollo: or, curious amusements for the ingenious, by a society of gentlemen.* The *British Apollo* invited and professed to answer questions upon all subjects of wit, morality, science, and even religion; and two out of its four pages are filled with queries and replies much like some of the oracular penny prints of the present time.

One of the first querists, referring to the passage that a bishop should be the husband of one wife, argues that polygamy is justifiable in the laity. The society of gentlemen conducting the *British Apollo* are posed by this casuist, and promise to give him an answer. Celinda then wishes to know from "the gentlemen," concerning the souls of the dead, whether they shall have the satisfaction to know those whom they most valued in this transitory life. The gentlemen of the *Apollo* give but cold comfort to poor Celinda. They are inclined to think not; for, say they, since every inhabitant of those regions will be infinitely dearer than here are our nearest relatives, what have we to do with a partial friendship in that happy place? Poor Celinda! it may have been a child or a lover whom she had lost, and was pining after, when the oracle of *British Apollo* gave her this dismal answer. She has solved the question for herself by this time, and knows quite as well as the society of gentlemen.

From theology we come to physics, and Q. asks, "Why does hot water freeze sooner than cold?" *Apollo* replies, "Hot water cannot be said to freeze sooner than cold; but water once heated and cold may be subject to freeze by the evaporation of the spirituous parts of the water, which renders it less able to withstand the power of frosty weather."

The next query is rather a delicate one. "You, Mr. Apollo, who are said to be the god of wisdom, pray give us the reason why kissing is so much in fashion, what benefit one receives by it, and who was the inventor, and you will oblige Corinna." To this queer demand the lips of Phœbus, smiling, answer: "Pretty innocent Corinna! *Apollo* owns

that he was a little surprised by your kissing question, particularly at that part of it where you desire to know the benefit you receive by it. Ah, madam, had you a lover, you would not come to *Apollo* for a solution, since there is no dispute but the kisses of mutual lovers give infinite satisfaction. As to its invention, 'tis certain nature was its author, and it began with the first courtship."

After a column more of questions, follow nearly two pages of poems, signed by Philander, Armenia, and the like, and chiefly on the tender passion; and the paper wound up with a letter from Leghorn, an account of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene before Lille, and proposals for publishing two sheets on the present state of Ethiopia, by Mr. Hill—all of which is printed for the authors by J. Mayo, at the Printing Press against Water Lane in Fleet Street. What a change it must have been—how *Apollo's* oracles must have been struck dumb—when the *Tatler* appeared, and scholars, gentlemen, men of the world, men of genius, began to speak!

Shortly before the Boyne was fought, and young Swift had begun to make acquaintance with English court manners and English servitude in Sir William Temple's family, another Irish youth was brought to learn his humanities at the old school of Charterhouse, near Smithfield; to which foundation he had been appointed by James, Duke of Ormond, a governor of the House, and a patron of the lad's family. The boy was an orphan, and described, twenty years after, with a sweet pathos and simplicity, some of the earliest recollections of a life which was destined to be chequered by a strange variety of good and evil fortune.

I am afraid no good report could be given by his masters and ushers of that thick-set, square-faced, black-eyed, soft-hearted little Irish boy. He was very idle. He was whipped deservedly a great number of times. Though he had very good parts of his own, he got other boys to do his lessons for him, and only took just as much trouble as should enable him to scuffle through his exercises, and by good fortune escape the flogging-block. One hundred and fifty years after, I have myself inspected, but only as an amateur, that instrument of righteous torture, still existing, and in occasional

use, in a secluded private apartment of the old Charterhouse School; and have no doubt it is the very counterpart, if not the ancient and interesting machine itself, at which poor Dick Steele submitted himself to the tormentors.

Besides being very kind, lazy, and good-natured, this boy went invariably into debt with the tart-woman; ran out of bounds, and entered into pecuniary or rather promissory engagements with the neighbouring lollipop-venders and pie-men; exhibited an early fondness and capacity for drinking mum and sack; and borrowed from all his comrades who had money to lend. I have no sort of authority for the statements here made of Steele's early life; but if the child is father of the man, the father of young Steele of Merton, who left Oxford without taking a degree, and entered the Life Guards—the father of Captain Steele of Lucas's Fusiliers, who got his company through the patronage of my Lord Cutts—the father of Mr. Steele the Commissioner of Stamps, the editor of the *Gazette*, the *Tatler*, and *Spectator*, the expelled Member of Parliament, and the author of the "Tender Husband" and the "Conscious Lovers,"—if man and boy resembled each other, Dick Steele the schoolboy must have been one of the most generous, good-for-nothing, amiable little creatures that ever conjugated the verb *tupto*, I beat, *tuptomai*, I am whipped, in any school in Great Britain.

Almost every gentleman who does me the honour to hear me will remember that the very greatest character which he has seen in the course of his life, and the person to whom he has looked up with the greatest wonder and reverence, was the head boy at his school. The schoolmaster himself hardly inspires such an awe. The head boy construes as well as the schoolmaster himself. When he begins to speak, the hall is hushed, and every little boy listens. He writes off copies of Latin verses as melodiously as Virgil. He is good-natured, and, his own masterpieces achieved, pours out other copies of verses for other boys with an astonishing ease and fluency, the idle ones only trembling lest they should be discovered on giving in their exercises, and whipped because their poems were too good. I have seen great men in my time, but never such a great one as that head boy of my

childhood. We all thought he must be Prime Minister, and I was disappointed on meeting him in after life to find that he was no more than six feet high.

Dick Steele, the Charterhouse gownboy, contracted such an admiration in the years of his childhood, and retained it faithfully through his life. Through the school and through the world, whithersoever his strange fortune led this erring, wayward, affectionate creature, Joseph Addison was always his head boy. Addison wrote his exercises. Addison did his best themes. He ran on Addison's messages, fagged for him, and blacked his shoes: to be in Joe's company was Dick's greatest pleasure; and he took a sermon or a caning from his monitor with the most boundless reverence, acquiescence, and affection.*

Steele found Addison a stately college Don at Oxford, and himself did not make much figure at this place. He wrote a comedy, which, by the advice of a friend, the humble fellow burned there; and some verses, which I daresay are as sublime as other gentlemen's composition at that age: but being smitten with a sudden love for military glory, he threw up the cap and gown for the saddle and bridle, and rode privately in the Horse Guards, in the Duke of Ormond's troop—the second—and probably, with the rest of the gentlemen of his troop, "all mounted on black horses with white feathers in their hats, and scarlet coats richly laced," marched by King William, in Hyde Park, in November 1699, and a great show of the nobility, besides twenty thousand people and above a thousand coaches. "The Guards had just got their new clothes," the *London Post* said; "they are extraordinary grand, and thought to be the finest body of horse in the world." But Steele could hardly have seen any actual service. He who wrote about himself, his mother, his wife, his loves, his debts, his friends, and the wine he drank, would have told us of his battles if he had

* "Steele had the greatest veneration for Addison, and used to show it, in all companies, in a particular manner. Addison, now and then, used to play a little upon him; but he always took it well."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

"Sir Richard Steele was the best-natured creature in the world: even in his worst state of health, he seemed to desire nothing but to please and be pleased."—DR. YOUNG. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

seen any. His old patron, Ormond, probably got him his cornetcy in the Guards, from which he was promoted to be a captain in Lucas's Fusiliers, getting his company through the patronage of Lord Cutts, whose secretary he was, and to whom he dedicated his work called the "Christian Hero." As for Dick, whilst writing this ardent devotional work he was deep in debt, in drink, and in all the follies of the town; it is related that all the officers of Lucas's, and the gentlemen of the Guards, laughed at Dick.*

* The gaiety of his dramatic tone may be seen in this little scene between two brilliant sisters, from his comedy, "The Funeral; or, Grief à la Mode." Dick wrote this, he said, from "a necessity of enlivening his character," which, it seemed, the "Christian Hero" had a tendency to make too decorous, grave, and respectable in the eyes of readers of that pious piece.

[*Scene draws, and discovers* LADY CHARLOTTE, *reading at a table;* LADY HARRIET, *playing at a glass, to and fro, and viewing herself.*]

"*L. Ha.* Nay, good sister, you may as well talk to me [*looking at herself as she speaks*] as sit staring at a book which I know you can't attend. Good Dr. Lucas may have writ there what he pleases, but there's no putting Francis, Lord Hardy, now Earl of Brumpton, out of your head, or making him absent from your eyes. Do but look on me now, and deny it if you can.

"*L. Ch.* You are the maddest girl [*smiling*].

"*L. Ha.* Look ye, I knew you could not say it and forbear laughing [*looking over Charlotte*]. Oh! I see his name as plain as you do—F-r-a-n, Fran; c-i-s, cis: Francis—'tis in every line of the book.

"*L. Ch.* [*rising*]. It's in vain, I see, to mind anything in such impertinent company; but granting 'twere as you say, as to my Lord Hardy, 'tis more excusable to admire another than oneself.

"*L. Ha.* No, I think not—yes, I grant you, than really to be vain of one's person; but I don't admire myself. Pish! I don't believe my eyes to have that softness [*looking in the glass*]. They an't so piercing: no, 'tis only stuff, the men will be talking. Some people are such admirers of teeth. Lord, what signifies teeth! [*showing her teeth*]. A very blackamoor has as white a set of teeth as I. No, sister, I don't admire myself, but I've a spirit of contradiction in me: I don't know I'm in love with myself, only to rival the men.

"*L. Ch.* Ay, but Mr. Campley will gain ground even of that rival of his, your dear self.

"*L. Ha.* Oh, what have I done to you, that you should name that insolent intruder? A confident, opinionative fop. No, indeed, if I am, as a poetical lover of mine sighed and sung of both sexes,

The public envy and the public care,

I shan't be so easily catched—I thank him—I want but to be sure I

And in truth a theologian in liquor is not a respectable object, and a hermit, though he may be out at elbows, must not be in debt to the tailor. Steele says of himself that he was always sinning and repenting. He beat his breast and cried most piteously when he *did* repent; but as soon as crying had made him thirsty, he fell to sinning again. In that charming paper in the *Tatler* in which he records his father's death, his mother's griefs, his own most solemn and tender emotions, he says he is interrupted by the arrival of a hamper of wine, "the same as is to be sold at Garraway's next week;" upon the receipt of which he sends for three friends, and they fall to instantly, "drinking two bottles apiece, with great benefit to themselves, and not separating till two o'clock in the morning."

His life was so. Jack the drawer was always interrupting it, bringing him a bottle from the "Rose," or inviting him over to a bout there with Sir Plume and Mr. Diver; and Dick wiped his eyes, which were whimpering over his papers, took down his laced hat, put on his sword and wig, kissed his wife and children, told them a lie about pressing business, and went off to the "Rose" to the jolly fellows.

should heartily torment him by banishing him, and then consider whether he should depart this life or not.

"*L. Ch.* Indeed, sister, to be serious with you, this vanity in your humour does not at all become you.

"*L. Ha.* Vanity! All the matter is, we gay people are more sincere than you wise folks; all your life's an art. Speak your soul. Look you there [*hauling her to the glass*]. Are you not struck with a secret pleasure when you view that bloom in your look, that harmony in your shape, that promptitude in your mien?

"*L. Ch.* Well, simpleton, if I am at first so simple as to be a little taken with myself, I know it a fault, and take pains to correct it.

"*L. Ha.* Pshaw! pshaw! Talk this musty tale to old Mrs. Fardingale; 'tis too soon for me to think at that rate.

"*L. Ch.* They that think it too soon to understand themselves will very soon find it too late.—But tell me honestly, don't you like Campley?

"*L. Ha.* The fellow is not to be abhorred, if the forward thing did not think of getting me so easily. Oh, I hate a heart I can't break when I please. What makes the value of dear china, but that 'tis so brittle? were it not for that, you might as well have stone mugs in your closet."—*The Funeral*, Oct. 2nd.

"We knew the obligations the stage had to his writings [Steele's]; there being scarcely a comedian of merit in our whole company whom his *Tatlers* had not made better by his recommendation of them."—CIBBER.

While Mr. Addison was abroad, and after he came home in rather a dismal way to wait upon Providence in his shabby lodging in the Haymarket, young Captain Steele was cutting a much smarter figure than that of his classical friend of Charterhouse Cloister and Maudlin Walk. Could not some painter give an interview between the gallant captain of Lucas's, with his hat cocked, and his lace, and his face too, a trifle tarnished with drink, and that poet, that philosopher, pale, proud, and poor, his friend and monitor of school days, of all days? How Dick must have bragged about his chances and his hopes, and the fine company he kept, and the charms of the reigning toasts and popular actresses, and the number of bottles that he and my lord and some other pretty fellows had cracked overnight at the "Devil" or the "Garter!" Cannot one fancy Joseph Addison's calm smile and cold grey eyes following Dick for an instant, as he struts down the Mall, to dine with the Guard at St. James's, before he turns, with his sober pace and threadbare suit, to walk back to his lodgings up the two pair of stairs? Steele's name was down for promotion, Dick always said himself, in the glorious, pious, and immortal William's last table-book. Jonathan Swift's name had been written there by the same hand too.

Our worthy friend, the author of the "Christian Hero," continued to make no small figure about town by the use of his wits.* He was appointed Gazetteer; he wrote, in 1703, "The Tender Husband," his second play, in which there is some delightful farcical writing, and of which he fondly owned in after-life, and when Addison was no more, that there were "many applauded strokes" from Addison's beloved hand.†

* "There is not now in his sight that excellent man whom Heaven made his friend and superior, to be at a certain place in pain for what he should say or do. I will go on in his further encouragement. The best woman that ever man had cannot now lament and pine at his neglect of himself."—STEELE [of himself]: *The Theatre.* No. 12, Feb. 1719–20.

† "The Funeral" supplies an admirable stroke of humour—one which Sydney Smith has used as an illustration of the faculty in his Lectures.

The undertaker is talking to his *employés* about their duty.

Sable. "Ha, you! A little more upon the dismal [*forming their countenances*]. This fellow has a good mortal look—place him near the corpse; that wainscot-face must be o' top of the stairs; that fellow's almost in a fright (that looks as if he were full of some strange misery) at

Is it not a pleasant partnership to remember? Can't one fancy Steele, full of spirits and youth, leaving his gay company to go to Addison's lodging, where his friend sits in the shabby sitting-room, quite serene, and cheerful, and poor? In 1704, Steele came on the town with another comedy; and, behold, it was so moral and religious, as poor Dick insisted —so dull the town thought—that the "Lying Lover" was damned.

Addison's hour of success now came, and he was able to help our friend the "Christian Hero" in such a way that, if there had been any chance of keeping that poor tipsy champion upon his legs, his fortune was safe, and his competence assured. Steele procured the place of Commissioner of Stamps: he wrote so richly, so gracefully often, so kindly always, with such a pleasant wit and easy frankness, with such a gush of good spirits and good humour, that his early papers may be compared to Addison's own, and are to be read, by a male reader at least, with quite an equal pleasure.*

the end of the hall. So—but I'll fix you all myself. Let's have no laughing now on any provocation. Look yonder—that hale, well-looking puppy!—You ungrateful scoundrel, did not I pity you, take you out of a great man's service, and show you the pleasure of receiving wages? *Did not I give you ten, then fifteen, and twenty shillings a week to be sorrowful? and the more I give you I think the gladder you are!*"

* "*From my own Apartment, Nov.* 16.

"There are several persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession which they do not enjoy; it is, therefore, a kind and good office to acquaint them with their own happiness, and turn their attention to such instances of their good fortune as they are apt to overlook. Persons in the married state often want such a monitor, and pine away their days by looking upon the same condition in anguish and murmuring, which carries with it, in the opinion of others, a complication of all the pleasures of life, and a retreat from its inquietudes.

"I am led into this thought by a visit I made to an old friend who was formerly my schoolfellow. He came to town last week, with his family, for the winter; and yesterday morning sent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am, as it were, at home at that house, and every member of it knows me for their well-wisher. I cannot, indeed, express the pleasure it is to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither. The boys and girls strive who shall come first when they think it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child which loses the race to me runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl that we all thought must have forgot me; for the family has been out of town these two

After the *Tatler* in 1711, the famous *Spectator* made its appearance, and this was followed, at various intervals, by many periodicals, under the same editor—the *Guardian;*

years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance; after which they began to rally me upon a thousand little stories they heard in the country, about my marriage to one of my neighbour's daughters; upon which the gentleman, my friend, said, 'Nay, if Mr. Bickerstaff marries a child of any of his old companions, I hope mine shall have the preference. There is Mrs. Mary is now sixteen, and would make him as fine a widow as the best of them. But I know him too well: he is so enamoured with the very memory of those who flourished in our youth, that he will not so much as look upon the modern beauties. I remember, old gentleman, how often you went home in a day to refresh your countenance and dress when Teraminta reigned in your heart. As we came up in the coach, I repeated to my wife some of your verses on her.' With such reflections on little passages which happened long ago, we passed our time during a cheerful and elegant meal. After dinner his lady left the room, as did also the children. As soon as we were alone, he took me by the hand. 'Well, my good friend,' says he, 'I am heartily glad to see thee. I was afraid you would never have seen all the company that dined with you to-day again. Do not you think the good woman of the house a little altered since you followed her from the playhouse to find out who she was for me?' I perceived a tear fall down his cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little. But, to turn the discourse, I said, 'She is not, indeed, that creature she was when she returned me the letter I carried from you, and told me "she hoped, as I was a gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her, who had never offended me; but would be so much the gentleman's friend as to dissuade him from a pursuit which he could never succeed in." You may remember I thought her in earnest, and you were forced to employ your cousin Will, who made his sister get acquainted with her for you. You cannot expect her to be for ever fifteen.' 'Fifteen!' replied my good friend. 'Ah! you little understand—you, that have lived a bachelor—how great, how exquisite a pleasure there is in being really beloved! It is impossible that the most beauteous face in nature should raise in me such pleasing ideas as when I look upon that excellent woman. That fading in her countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me in my fever. This was followed by a fit of sickness, which had like to have carried me off last winter. I tell you, sincerely, I have so many obligations to her that I cannot, with any sort of moderation, think of her present state of health. But as to what you say of fifteen, she gives me every day pleasure beyond what I ever knew in the possession of her beauty when I was in the vigour of youth. Every moment of her life brings me fresh instances of her complacency to my inclinations, and her prudence in regard to my fortune. Her face is to me much more beautiful than when I first saw it; there is no decay in any feature which I cannot trace from the very instant it was occasioned by some anxious

the *Englishman*; the *Lover*, whose love was rather insipid; the *Reader*, of whom the public saw no more after his second appearance; the *Theatre*, under the pseudonym of Sir John

concern for my welfare and interests. Thus at the same time, methinks, the love I conceived towards her for what she was is heightened by my gratitude for what she is. The love of a wife is as much above the idle passion commonly called by that name as the loud laughter of buffoons is inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen. Oh, she is an inestimable jewel! In her examination of her household affairs, she shows a certain fearfulness to find a fault which makes her servants obey her like children; and the meanest we have has an ingenuous shame for an offence not always to be seen in children in other families. I speak freely to you, my old friend: ever since her sickness, things that gave the quickest joy before turn now to a certain anxiety. As the children play in the next room, I know the poor things by their steps, and am considering what they must do should they lose their mother in their tender years. The pleasure I used to take in telling my boy stories of battles, and asking my girl questions about the disposal of her baby, and the gossiping of it, is turned into inward reflection and melancholy.'

"He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good lady entered, and, with an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance, told us 'she had been searching her closet for something very good to treat such an old friend as I was.' Her husband's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the cheerfulness of her countenance, and I saw all his fears vanish in an instant. The lady observing something in our looks which showed we had been more serious than ordinary, and seeing her husband receive her with great concern under a forced cheerfulness, immediately guessed at what we had been talking of; and applying herself to me, said, with a smile, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, do not believe a word of what he tells you. I shall still live to have you for my second, as I have often promised you, unless he takes more care of himself than he has done since his coming to town. You must know, he tells me that he finds London is a much more healthy place than the country; for he sees several of his old acquaintances and schoolfellows are here—*young fellows with fair, full-bottomed periwigs*. I could scarce keep him this morning from going out *open-breasted*.' My friend, who is always extremely delighted with her agreeable humour, made her sit down with us. She did it with that easiness which is peculiar to women of sense, and to keep up the good-humour she had brought in with her, turned her raillery upon me. 'Mr. Bickerstaff, you remember you followed me one night from the playhouse; suppose you should carry me thither to-morrow night, and lead me in the front box?' This put us into a long field of discourse about the beauties who were the mothers to the present, and shined in the boxes twenty years ago. I told her 'I was glad she had transferred so many of her charms, and I did not question but her eldest daughter was within half a year of being a toast.'

"We were pleasing ourselves with this fantastical preferment of the young lady, when, on a sudden, we were alarmed with the noise of a

Edgar, which Steele wrote while Governor of the Royal Company of Comedians, to which post, and to that of Surveyor of the Royal Stables at Hampton Court, and to the Commission of the Peace for Middlesex, and to the honour of knighthood, Steele had been preferred soon after the accession of George I., whose cause honest Dick had nobly fought, through disgrace and danger, against the most formidable enemies, against traitors and bullies, against Bolingbroke and Swift in the last reign. With the arrival of the King that splendid conspiracy broke up, and a golden opportunity came to Dick Steele, whose hand, alas, was too careless to grip it.

Steele married twice; and outlived his places, his schemes,

drum, and immediately entered my little godson to give me a point of war. His mother, between laughing and chiding, would have him put out of the room: but I would not part with him so. I found, upon conversation with him, though he was a little noisy in his mirth, that the child had excellent parts, and was a great master of all the learning on the other side of eight years old. I perceived him a very great historian in 'Æsop's Fables;' but he frankly declared to me his mind, 'that he did not delight in that learning, because he did not believe they were true:' for which reason I found he had very much turned his studies, for about a twelvemonth past, into the lives of Don Bellianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, 'The Seven Champions,' and other historians of that age. I could not but observe the satisfaction the father took in the forwardness of his son, and that these diversions might turn to some profit. I found the boy had made remarks which might be of service to him during the course of his whole life. He would tell you the mismanagement of John Hickerthrift, find fault with the passionate temper in Bevis of Southampton, and loved St. George for being the champion of England; and by this means had his thoughts insensibly moulded into the notions of discretion, virtue, and honour. I was extolling his accomplishments, when his mother told me 'that the little girl who led me in this morning was, in her way, a better scholar than he. Betty,' said she, 'deals chiefly in fairies and sprights; and sometimes in a winter night will terrify the maids with her accounts, until they are afraid to go up to bed.'

"I sat with them until it was very late, sometimes in merry sometimes in serious discourse, with this particular pleasure which gives the only true relish to all conversation—a sense that every one of us liked each other. I went home, considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor; and I must confess it struck me with a secret concern to reflect that whenever I go off I shall leave no traces behind me. In this pensive mood I return to my family—that is to say, to my maid, my dog, my cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me."—*The Tatler.*

his wife, his income, his health, and almost everything but his kind heart. That ceased to trouble him in 1729, when he died, worn out and almost forgotten by his contemporaries, in Wales, where he had the remnant of a property.

Posterity has been kinder to this amiable creature; all women especially are bound to be grateful to Steele, as he was the first of our writers who really seemed to admire and respect them. Congreve the Great, who alludes to the low estimation in which women were held in Elizabeth's time as a reason why the women of Shakespeare make so small a figure in the poet's dialogues, though he can himself pay splendid compliments to women, yet looks on them as mere instruments of gallantry, and destined, like the most consummate fortifications, to fall, after a certain time, before the arts and bravery of the besieger, man. There is a letter of Swift's, entitled, "Advice to a very Young Married Lady," which shows the Dean's opinion of the female society of his day, and that if he despised man he utterly scorned women too. No lady of our time could be treated by any man, were he ever so much a wit or Dean, in such a tone of insolent patronage and vulgar protection. In this performance Swift hardly takes pains to hide his opinion that a woman is a fool; tells her to read books, as if reading was a novel accomplishment; and informs her that "not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand has been brought to read or understand her own natural tongue." Addison laughs at women equally; but, with the gentleness and politeness of his nature, smiles at them and watches them, as if they were harmless, half-witted, amusing, pretty creatures, only made to be men's playthings. It was Steele who first began to pay a manly homage to their goodness and understanding, as well as to their tenderness and beauty.*

* "As to the pursuits after affection and esteem, the fair sex are happy in this particular, that with them the one is much more nearly related to the other than in men. The love of a woman is inseparable from some esteem of her; and as she is naturally the object of affection, the woman who has your esteem has also some degree of your love. A man that dotes on a woman for her beauty, will whisper his friend, 'That creature has a great deal of wit when you are well acquainted with her.' And if you examine the bottom of your esteem for a woman, you will find you have a greater opinion of her beauty than anybody else. As to us

In his comedies, the heroes do not rant and rave about the divine beauties of Gloriana or Statira, as the characters were made to do in the chivalry romances and the high-flown dramas just going out of vogue; but Steele admires women's virtue, acknowledges their sense, and adores their purity and beauty, with an ardour and strength which should win the goodwill of all women to their hearty and respectful champion. It is this ardour, this respect, this manliness, which makes his comedies so pleasant and their heroes such fine gentlemen. He paid the finest compliment to a woman that perhaps ever was offered. Of one woman, whom Congreve had also admired and celebrated, Steele says, that "to have loved her was a liberal education." "How often," he says, dedicating a volume to his wife—"how often has your tenderness removed pain from my sick head, how often anguish from my afflicted heart! If there are such beings as guardian angels, they are thus employed. I cannot believe one of them to be more good in inclination or more charming in form than my wife." His breast seems to warm and his eyes to kindle when he meets with a good and beautiful woman, and it is with his heart as well as with his hat that he salutes her. About children, and all that relates to home, he is not less tender, and more than once speaks in apology of what he calls his softness. He would have been nothing without that delightful weakness. It is that which gives his works their worth and his style its charm. It, like his life, is full of faults and careless blunders; and redeemed, like that, by his sweet and compassionate nature.

We possess of poor Steele's wild and chequered life some of the most curious memoranda that ever were left of a man's biography.* Most men's letters, from Cicero down to Wal-

men, I design to pass most of my time with the facetious Harry Bickerstaff; but William Bickerstaff, the most prudent man of our family, shall be my executor."—*Tatler*, No. 206.

* The Correspondence of Steele passed after his death into the possession of his daughter Elizabeth, by his second wife, Miss Scurlock of Carmarthenshire. She married the Hon. John, afterwards third Lord Trevor. At her death, part of the letters passed to Mr. Thomas, a grandson of a natural daughter of Steele's; and part to Lady Trevor's next of kin, Mr. Scurlock. They were published by the learned Nichols, from whose later edition of them, in 1809, our specimens are quoted.

pole, or down to the great men of our own time, if you will, are doctored compositions, and written with an eye suspicious towards posterity. That dedication of Steele's to his wife is

Here we have him, in his courtship, which was not a very long one :—

"To Mrs. Scurlock.

"*Aug.* 30, 1707.

"Madam,—I beg pardon that my paper is not finer, but I am forced to write from a coffee-house, where I am attending about business. There is a dirty crowd of busy faces all around me, talking of money; while all my ambition, all my wealth, is love — love which animates my heart, sweetens my humour, enlarges my soul, and affects every action of my life. It is to my lovely charmer I owe that many noble ideas are continually affixed to my words and actions; it is the natural effect of that generous passion to create in the admirer some similitude of the object admired. Thus, my dear, am I every day to improve from so sweet a companion. Look up, my fair one, to that Heaven which made thee such; and join with me to implore its influence on our tender innocent hours, and beseech the Author of love to bless the rites He has ordained, and mingle with our happiness a just sense of our transient condition, and a resignation to His will, which only can regulate our minds to a steady endeavour to please Him and each other.

"I am for ever your faithful servant,

"Rich. Steele."

Some few hours afterwards, apparently, Mistress Scurlock received the next one—obviously written later in the day :—

"*Saturday night* (*Aug.* 30, 1707).

"Dear, lovely Mrs. Scurlock,—I have been in very good company, where your health, under the character of *the woman I loved best*, has been often drunk; so that I may say that I am dead drunk for your sake, which is more than *I die for you*. Rich. Steele."

"To Mrs. Scurlock.

"*Sept.* 1, 1707.

"Madam,—It is the hardest thing in the world to be in love, and yet attend business. As for me, all who speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me.

"A gentleman asked me this morning, 'What news from Lisbon?' and I answered, 'She is exquisitely handsome.' Another desired to know 'when I had last been at Hampton Court?' I replied, 'It will be on Tuesday come se'nnight.' Pr'ythee allow me at least to kiss your hand before that day, that my mind may be in some composure. O Love—

'A thousand torments dwell about thee,
Yet who could live, to live without thee?'

an artificial performance, possibly—at least, it is written with that degree of artifice which an orator uses in arranging a statement for the House, or a poet employs in preparing a

"Methinks I could write a volume to you; but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion,

"I am ever yours,

"RICH. STEELE."

Two days after this, he is found expounding his circumstances and prospects to the young lady's mamma. He dates from "Lord Sunderland's office, Whitehall," and states his clear income at £1,025 per annum. "I promise myself," says he, "the pleasure of an industrious and virtuous life, in studying to do things agreeable to you."

They were married, according to the most probable conjectures, about the 7th Sept. There are traces of a tiff about the middle of the next month, she being prudish and fidgety, as he was impassioned and reckless. General progress, however, may be seen from the following notes. The "house in Bury Street, St. James's," was now taken.

"TO MRS. STEELE.

"*Oct.* 16, 1707.

"DEAREST BEING ON EARTH,—Pardon me if you do not see me till eleven o'clock, having met a schoolfellow from India, by whom I am to be informed on things this night which expressly concern your obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE."

"TO MRS. STEELE.

"*Eight o'clock*, FOUNTAIN TAVERN,
Oct. 22, 1707.

"MY DEAR,—I beg of you not to be uneasy; for I have done a great deal of business to-day very successfully, and wait an hour or two about my *Gazette*.

"*Dec.* 22, 1707.

"MY DEAR, DEAR WIFE,—I write to let you know I do not come home to dinner, being obliged to attend some business abroad, of which I shall give you an account (when I see you in the evening), as becomes your dutiful and obedient husband."

"DEVIL TAVERN, TEMPLE BAR,
Jan. 3, 1707–8.

"DEAR PRUE,—I have partly succeeded in my business to-day, and enclose two guineas as earnest of more. Dear Prue, I cannot come home to dinner. I languish for your welfare, and will never be a moment careless more. Your faithful husband," etc.

"*Jan.* 14, 1707–8.

"DEAR WIFE,—Mr. Edgecombe, Ned Ask, and Mr. Lumley have

sentiment in verse or for the stage. But there are some four hundred letters of Dick Steele's to his wife, which that thrifty woman preserved accurately, and which could have been written but for her and her alone. They contain details of the business, pleasures, quarrels, reconciliations of the pair; they have all the genuineness of conversation; they are as artless as a child's prattle, and as confidential as a curtain-lecture. Some are written from the printing-office, where he is waiting for the proof-sheets of his *Gazette* or his *Tatler;* some are written from the tavern, whence he promises to come to his wife "within a pint of wine," and where he has given a rendezvous to a friend, or a money-lender; some are com-

desired me to sit an hour with them at the 'George,' in Pall Mall, for which I desire your patience till twelve o'clock, and that you will go to bed," etc.

"GRAY'S INN, *Feb.* 3, 1708.

"DEAR PRUE,—If the man who has my shoemaker's bill calls, let him be answered that I shall call on him as I come home. I stay here in order to get Jonson to discount a bill for me, and shall dine with him for that end. He is expected at home every minute.—Your most humble, obedient servant," etc.

"TENNIS-COURT COFFEE-HOUSE, *May* 5, 1708.

"DEAR WIFE,—I hope I have done this day what will be pleasing to you; in the meantime shall lie this night at a baker's, one Leg, over against the 'Devil Tavern,' at Charing Cross. I shall be able to confront the fools who wish me uneasy, and shall have the satisfaction to see thee cheerful and at ease.

"If the printer's boy be at home, send him hither; and let Mrs. Todd send by the boy my nightgown, slippers, and clean linen. You shall hear from me early in the morning," etc.

Dozens of similar letters follow, with occasional guineas, little parcels of tea, or walnuts, etc. In 1709 the *Tatler* made its appearance. The following curious note dates April 7th, 1710:—

"I enclose to you ['Dear Prue'] a receipt for the saucepan and spoon, and a note of £23 of Lewis's, which will make up the £50 I promised for your ensuing occasion.

"I know no happiness in this life in any degree comparable to the pleasure I have in your person and society. I only beg of you to add to your other charms a fearfulness to see a man that loves you in pain and uneasiness, to make me as happy as it is possible to be in this life. Rising a little in a morning, and being disposed to a cheerfulness..... would not be amiss."

In another, he is found excusing his coming home, being "invited to supper to Mr. Boyle's." "Dear Prue," he says on this occasion, "do not send after me, for I shall be ridiculous."

posed in a high state of vinous excitement, when his head is flustered with burgundy, and his heart abounds with amorous warmth for his darling Prue; some are under the influence of the dismal headache and repentance next morning; some, alas, are from the lock-up house, where the lawyers have impounded him, and where he is waiting for bail. You trace many years of the poor fellow's career in these letters. In September, 1707, from which day she began to save the letters, he married the beautiful Mistress Scurlock. You have his passionate protestations to the lady; his respectful proposals to her mamma; his private prayer to Heaven when the union so ardently desired was completed; his fond professions of contrition and promises of amendment, when, immediately after his marriage, there began to be just cause for the one and need for the other.

Captain Steele took a house for his lady upon their marriage, "the third door from Germain Street, left hand of Berry Street," and the next year he presented his wife with a country house at Hampton. It appears she had a chariot and pair, and sometimes four horses; he himself enjoyed a little horse for his own riding. He paid, or promised to pay, his barber fifty pounds a year, and always went abroad in a laced coat and a large black buckled periwig that must have cost somebody fifty guineas. He was rather a well-to-do gentleman, Captain Steele, with the proceeds of his estates in Barbadoes (left to him by his first wife), his income as a writer of the *Gazette*, and his office of gentleman waiter to His Royal Highness Prince George. His second wife brought him a fortune too. But it is melancholy to relate that, with these houses and chariots and horses and income, the Captain was constantly in want of money, for which his beloved bride was asking as constantly. In the course of a few pages we begin to find the shoemaker calling for money, and some directions from the Captain, who has not thirty pounds to spare. He sends his wife, "the beautifullest object in the world," as he calls her, and evidently in reply to applications of her own, which have gone the way of all waste paper, and lighted Dick's pipes, which were smoked a hundred and forty years ago—he sends his wife now a guinea, then a half-guinea, then a couple of guineas, then half a pound of tea;

and again no money and no tea at all, but a promise that his darling Prue shall have some in a day or two; or a request, perhaps, that she will send over his nightgown and shaving-plate to the temporary lodging where the nomadic Captain is lying, hidden from the bailiffs. Oh that a Christian hero and late Captain in Lucas's should be afraid of a dirty sheriff's officer! that the pink and pride of chivalry should turn pale before a writ! It stands to record in poor Dick's own handwriting—the queer collection is preserved at the British Museum to this present day—that the rent of the nuptial house in Jermyn Street, sacred to unutterable tenderness and Prue, and three doors from Bury Street, was not paid until after the landlord had put in an execution on Captain Steele's furniture. Addison sold the house and furniture at Hampton, and after deducting the sum in which his incorrigible friend was indebted to him, handed over the residue of the proceeds of the sale to poor Dick, who wasn't in the least angry at Addison's summary proceeding, and I daresay was very glad of any sale or execution the result of which was to give him a little ready money. Having a small house in Jermyn Street for which he couldn't pay, and a country house at Hampton on which he had borrowed money, nothing must content Captain Dick but the taking, in 1712, a much finer, larger, and grander house in Bloomsbury Square, where his unhappy landlord got no better satisfaction than his friend in St. James's, and where it is recorded that Dick, giving a grand entertainment, had a half-dozen queer-looking fellows in livery to wait upon his noble guests, and confessed that his servants were bailiffs to a man. "I fared like a distressed prince," the kindly prodigal writes, generously complimenting Addison for his assistance in the *Tatler*—"I fared like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him." Poor, needy Prince of Bloomsbury! think of him in his palace, with his allies from Chancery Lane ominously guarding him.

All sorts of stories are told indicative of his recklessness and his good humour. One narrated by Dr. Hoadly is exceedingly characteristic; it shows the life of the time, and

our poor friend very weak, but very kind both in and out of his cups.

"My father," says Dr. John Hoadly, the bishop's son, "when Bishop of Bangor, was, by invitation, present at one of the Whig meetings, held at the 'Trumpet,' in Shire Lane, when Sir Richard, in his zeal, rather exposed himself, having the double duty of the day upon him, as well to celebrate the immortal memory of King William, it being the 4th November, as to drink his friend Addison up to conversation pitch, whose phlegmatic constitution was hardly warmed for society by that time. Steele was not fit for it. Two remarkable circumstances happened. John Sly, the hatter of facetious memory, was in the house; and John, pretty mellow, took it into his head to come into the company on his knees, with a tankard of ale in his hand to drink off to the *immortal memory*, and to return in the same manner. Steele, sitting next my father, whispered him, *Do laugh; it is humanity to laugh.* Sir Richard, in the evening, being too much in the same condition, was put into a chair and sent home. Nothing would serve him but being carried to the Bishop of Bangor's, late as it was. However, the chairmen carried him home, and got him upstairs, when his great complaisance would wait on them downstairs, which he did, and then was got quietly to bed." *

There is another amusing story which I believe that renowned collector Mr. Joseph Miller, or his successors, have incorporated into their work. Sir Richard Steele, at a time when he was much occupied with theatrical affairs, built himself a pretty private theatre, and, before it was opened to his friends and guests, was anxious to try whether the hall was well adapted for hearing. Accordingly he placed himself in the most remote part of the gallery, and begged the carpenter who had built the house to speak up from the stage. The man at first said that he was unaccustomed to public speaking, and did not know what to say to his honour; but the good-natured knight called out to him to say whatever was uppermost, and after a moment the carpenter began, in a

* Of this famous Bishop Steele wrote,—

"Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,
All faults he pardons, though he none commits."

voice perfectly audible. "Sir Richard Steele," he said, "for three months past me and my men has been a-working in this theatre, and we've never seen the colour of your honour's money. We will be very much obliged if you'll pay it directly, for until you do we won't drive in another nail." Sir Richard said that his friend's elocution was perfect, but that he didn't like his subject much.

The great charm of Steele's writing is its naturalness. He wrote so quickly and carelessly that he was forced to make the reader his confidant, and had not the time to deceive him. He had a small share of book-learning, but a vast acquaintance with the world. He had known men and taverns. He had lived with gownsmen, with troopers, with gentlemen ushers of the Court, with men and women of fashion, with authors and wits, with the inmates of the sponging-houses, and with the frequenters of all the clubs and coffee-houses in the town. He was liked in all company because he liked it; and you like to see his enjoyment as you like to see the glee of a boxful of children at the pantomime. He was not of those lonely ones of the earth whose greatness obliged them to be solitary; on the contrary, he admired, I think, more than any man who ever wrote; and full of hearty applause and sympathy, wins upon you by calling you to share his delight and good humour. His laugh rings through the whole house. He must have been invaluable at a tragedy, and have cried as much as the most tender young lady in the boxes. He has a relish for beauty and goodness wherever he meets it. He admired Shakespeare affectionately, and more than any man of his time; and, according to his generous, expansive nature, called upon all his company to like what he liked himself. He did not damn with faint praise; he was in the world and of it; and his enjoyment of life presents the strangest contrast to Swift's savage indignation and Addison's lonely serenity.* Permit me to read to you a passage from each

* Here we have some of his later letters :—

"To Lady Steele.

"Hampton Court, *March* 16, 1716–17.

"Dear Prue,—If you have written anything to me which I should

writer, curiously indicative of his peculiar humour; the subject is the same, and the mood the very gravest. We have said that upon all the actions of man, the most trifling and

have received last night, I beg your pardon that I cannot answer till the next post.....Your son at the present writing is mighty well employed in tumbling on the floor of the room, and sweeping the sand with a feather. He grows a most delightful child, and very full of play and spirit. He is also a very great scholar: he can read his primer; and I have brought down my Virgil. He makes most shrewd remarks about the pictures. We are very intimate friends and playfellows. He begins to be very ragged; and I hope I shall be pardoned if I equip him with new clothes and frocks, or what Mrs. Evans and I shall think for his service."

"To Lady Steele.

[Undated.]

"You tell me you want a little flattery from me. I assure you I know no one who deserves so much commendation as yourself, and to whom saying the best things would be so little like flattery. The thing speaks for itself, considering you as a very handsome woman that loves retirement; one who does not want wit, and yet is extremely sincere: and so I could go through all the vices which attend the good qualities of other people, of which you are exempt. But, indeed, though you have every perfection, you have an extravagant fault, which almost frustrates the good in you to me; and that is, that you do not love to dress, to appear, to shine out, even at my request, and to make me proud of you, or rather to indulge the pride I have that you are mine.....

"Your most affectionate, obsequious husband,

"Richard Steele."

"A quarter of Molly's schooling is paid. The children are perfectly well."

"To Lady Steele.

"*March* 26, 1717.

"My dearest Prue,—I have received yours, wherein you give me the sensible affliction of telling me enow of the continual pain in your head.....When I lay in your place and on your pillow, I assure you I fell into tears last night, to think that my charming little insolent might be then awake and in pain; and took it to be a sin to go to sleep.

"For this tender passion towards you, I must be contented that your *Prueship* will condescend to call yourself my well-wisher."

At the time when the above later letters were written, Lady Steele was in Wales, looking after her estate there. Steele, about this time, was much occupied with a project for conveying fish alive, by which, as he constantly assures his wife, he firmly believed he should make his fortune. It did not succeed, however.

Lady Steele died in December of the succeeding year. She lies buried in Westminster Abbey.

the most solemn, the humorist takes upon himself to comment. All readers of our old masters know the terrible lines of Swift in which he hints at his philosophy, and describes the end of mankind :*—

> "Amazed, confused, its fate unknown,
> The world stood trembling at Jove's throne ;
> While each pale sinner hung his head,
> Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said :
> 'Offending race of human kind,
> By nature, reason, learning, blind ;
> You who through frailty stepped aside,
> And you who never erred through pride ;
> You who in different sects were shammed,
> And come to see each other damned
> (So some folk told you, but they knew
> No more of Jove's designs than you),—
> The world's mad business now is o'er,
> And I resent your freaks no more ;
> *I* to such blockheads set my wit,
> I damn such fools—go, go, you're bit !'"

Addison, speaking on the very same theme, but with how different a voice, says, in his famous paper on Westminster Abbey (*Spectator*, No. 26) : "For my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can, therefore, take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me ; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out ; when I meet with the grief of parents on a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion ; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those we must quickly follow." (I have owned that I do not think Addison's heart melted very much, or that he indulged very inordinately in the "vanity of grieving.") "When," he goes on—"when I see kings lying by those who deposed them ; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. And when I read

* Lord Chesterfield sends these verses to Voltaire in a characteristic letter.

the several dates on the tombs of some that died yesterday and some six hundred years ago, I consider that Great Day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

Our third humorist comes to speak upon the same subject. You will have observed in the previous extracts the characteristic humour of each writer—the subject and the contrast; the fact of Death, and the play of individual thought by which each comments on it: and now hear the third writer—death, sorrow, and the grave being for the moment also his theme. "The first sense of sorrow I ever knew," Steele says in the *Tatler*, "was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant than possessed of a real understanding why nobody would play with us. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sate weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling papa; for, I know not how, I had some idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces, and told me in a flood of tears, 'Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more; for they were going to put him under ground, whence he would never come to us again.' She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow that, before I was sensible what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since."

Can there be three more characteristic moods of mind and men? "Fools, do you know anything of this mystery?" says Swift, stamping on a grave, and carrying his scorn for mankind actually beyond it. "Miserable, purblind wretches, how dare you to pretend to comprehend the Inscrutable, and how can your dim eyes pierce the unfathomable depths of yonder boundless heaven?" Addison, in a much kinder language and gentler voice, utters much the same sentiment; and speaks of the rivalry of wits, and the contests of holy men, with the same sceptic placidity. "Look what a little

vain dust we are," he says, smiling over the tombstones; and catching, as is his wont, quite a divine effulgence as he looks heavenwards, he speaks, in words of inspiration almost, of "that Great Day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

The third, whose theme is Death too, and who will speak his word of moral as Heaven teaches him, leads you up to his father's coffin, and shows you his beautiful mother weeping, and himself an unconscious little boy wondering at her side. His own natural tears flow as he takes your hand and confidingly asks your sympathy. "See how good and innocent and beautiful women are," he says; "how tender little children! Let us love these and one another, brother; God knows we have need of love and pardon." So it is each man looks with his own eyes, speaks with his own voice, and prays his own prayer.

When Steele asks your sympathy for the actors in that charming scene of Love and Grief and Death, who can refuse it? One yields to it as to the frank advance of a child, or to the appeal of a woman. A man is seldom more manly than when he is what you call unmanned: the source of his emotion is championship, pity, and courage—the instinctive desire to cherish those who are innocent and unhappy, and defend those who are tender and weak. If Steele is not our friend he is nothing. He is by no means the most brilliant of wits, nor the deepest of thinkers; but he is our friend: we love him, as children love their love with an A, because he is amiable. Who likes a man best because he is the cleverest or the wisest of mankind; or a woman because she is the most virtuous, or talks French, or plays the piano better than the rest of her sex? I own to liking Dick Steele the man and Dick Steele the author much better than much better men and much better authors.

The misfortune regarding Steele is that most part of the company here present must take his amiability upon hearsay, and certainly can't make his intimate acquaintance. Not that Steele was worse than his time; on the contrary, a far better, truer, and higher-hearted man than most who lived in it. But things were done in that society, and names were named, which would make you shudder now. What would be the

sensation of a polite youth of the present day, if at a ball he saw the young object of his affections taking a box out of her pocket and a pinch of snuff; or if at dinner, by the charmer's side, she deliberately put her knife into her mouth? If she cut her mother's throat with it, mamma would scarcely be more shocked. I allude to these peculiarities of bygone times as an excuse for my favourite, Steele, who was not worse, and often much more delicate, than his neighbours.

There exists a curious document descriptive of the manners of the last age, which describes most minutely the amusements and occupations of persons of fashion in London at the time of which we are speaking—the time of Swift, and Addison, and Steele.

When Lord Sparkish, Tom Neverout, and Colonel Alwit, the immortal personages of Swift's polite conversation, came to breakfast with my Lady Smart, at eleven o'clock in the morning, my Lord Smart was absent at the levée. His lordship was at home to dinner at three o'clock to receive his guests; and we may sit down to this meal, like the Barmecide's, and see the fops of the last century before us. Seven of them sat down at dinner, and were joined by a country baronet, who told them they kept court hours. These persons of fashion began their dinner with a sirloin of beef, fish, a shoulder of veal, and a tongue. My Lady Smart carved the sirloin, my Lady Answerall helped the fish, and the gallant Colonel cut the shoulder of veal. All made a considerable inroad on the sirloin and the shoulder of veal, with the exception of Sir John, who had no appetite, having already partaken of a beefsteak and two mugs of ale, besides a tankard of March beer, as soon as he got out of bed. They drank claret, which the master of the house said should always be drunk after fish; and my Lord Smart particularly recommended some excellent cider to my Lord Sparkish, which occasioned some brilliant remarks from that nobleman. When the host called for wine, he nodded to one or other of his guests, and said, "Tom Neverout, my service to you."

After the first course came almond-pudding, fritters, which the Colonel took with his hands out of the dish, in order to help the brilliant Miss Notable; chickens, black puddings,

and soup; and Lady Smart, the elegant mistress of the mansion, finding a skewer in a dish, placed it in her plate with directions that it should be carried down to the cook, and dressed for the cook's own dinner. Wine and small beer were drunk during this second course; and when the Colonel called for beer, he called the butler Friend, and asked whether the beer was good. Various jocular remarks passed from the gentlefolks to the servants; at breakfast several persons had a word and a joke for Mrs. Betty, my lady's maid, who warmed the cream and had charge of the canister (the tea cost thirty shillings a pound in those days). When my Lady Sparkish sent her footman out to my Lady Match to come at six o'clock and play at quadrille, her ladyship warned the man to follow his nose, and if he fell by the way, not to stay to get up again. And when the gentleman asked the hall-porter if his lady was at home, that functionary replied, with manly waggishness, "She was at home just now, but she's not gone out yet."

After the puddings, sweet and black, the fritters and soup, came the third course, of which the chief dish was a hot venison pasty, which was put before Lord Smart, and carved by that nobleman. Besides the pasty, there was a hare, a rabbit, some pigeons, partridges, a goose, and a ham. Beer and wine were freely imbibed during this course, the gentlemen always pledging somebody with every glass which they drank; and by this time the conversation between Tom Neverout and Miss Notable had grown so brisk and lively that the Derbyshire baronet began to think the young gentlewoman was Tom's sweetheart, on which Miss remarked that she loved Tom "like pie." After the goose, some of the gentlemen took a dram of brandy, "which was very good for the wholesomes," Sir John said; and now having had a tolerably substantial dinner, honest Lord Smart bade the butler bring up the great tankard full of October to Sir John. The great tankard was passed from hand to hand and mouth to mouth, but when pressed by the noble host upon the gallant Tom Neverout, he said, "No, faith, my lord; I like your wine, and won't put a churl upon a gentleman. Your honour's claret is good enough for me." And so, the dinner over, the host said, "Hang saving; bring us up a ha'porth of cheese."

The cloth was now taken away, and a bottle of burgundy was set down, of which the ladies were invited to partake before they went to their tea. When they withdrew, the gentlemen promised to join them in an hour; fresh bottles were brought; the "dead men," meaning the empty bottles, removed; and "D'you hear, John? bring clean glasses," my Lord Smart said. On which the gallant Colonel Airwit said, "I'll keep my glass, for wine is the best liquor to wash glasses in."

After an hour the gentlemen joined the ladies, and then they all sat and played quadrille until three o'clock in the morning, when the chairs and the flambeaux came, and this noble company went to bed.

Such were manners six or seven score years ago. I draw no inference from this queer picture: let all moralists here present deduce their own. Fancy the moral condition of that society in which a lady of fashion joked with a footman, and carved a sirloin, and provided besides a great shoulder of veal, a goose, hare, rabbit, chickens, partridges, black puddings, and a ham for a dinner for eight Christians! What—what could have been the condition of that polite world in which people openly ate goose after almond pudding, and took their soup in the middle of dinner? Fancy a Colonel in the Guards putting his hand into a dish of *beignets d'abricot*, and helping his neighbour, a young lady *du monde*! Fancy a noble lord calling out to the servants, before the ladies at his table, "Hang expense; bring us a ha'porth of cheese!" Such were the ladies of St. James's, such were the frequenters of "White's Chocolate House," when Swift used to visit it, and Steele described it as the centre of pleasure, gallantry, and entertainment a hundred and forty years ago.

Dennis, who ran amuck at the literary society of his day, falls foul of poor Steele, and thus depicts him: "Sir John Edgar, of the county of —— in Ireland, is of a middle stature, broad shoulders, thick legs, a shape like the picture of somebody over a farmer's chimney, a short chin, a short nose, a short forehead, a broad flat face, and a dusky countenance. Yet with such a face and such a shape, he discovered at sixty that he took himself for a beauty, and appeared to be

more mortified at being told that he was ugly than he was by any reflection made upon his honour or understanding.

"He is a gentleman born, witness himself, of very honourable family; certainly of a very ancient one, for his ancestors flourished in Tipperary long before the English ever set foot in Ireland. He has testimony of this more authentic than the Heralds' Office, or any human testimony. For God has marked him more abundantly than he did Cain, and stamped his native country on his face, his understanding, his writings, his actions, his passions, and, above all, his vanity. The Hibernian brogue is still upon all these, though long habit and length of days have worn it off his tongue."*

* Steele replied to Dennis in an "Answer to a Whimsical Pamphlet, called the Character of Sir John Edgar." What Steele had to say against the cross-grained old Critic discovers a great deal of humour:—

"Thou never didst let the sun into thy garret, for fear he should bring a bailiff along with him.....

"Your years are about sixty-five, an ugly, vinegar face, that if you had any command you would be obeyed out of fear, from your ill-nature pictured there—not from any other motive. Your height is about some five feet five inches. You see, I can give your exact measure as well as if I had taken your dimension with a good cudgel, which I promise you to do as soon as ever I have the good fortune to meet you.....

"Your doughty paunch stands before you like a firkin of butter, and your duck legs seem to be cast for carrying burdens.

"Thy works are libels upon others, and satires upon thyself; and while they bark at men of sense, call him knave and fool that wrote them. Thou hast a great antipathy to thy own species, and hatest the sight of a fool but in thy glass."

Steele had been kind to Dennis, and once got arrested on account of a pecuniary service which he did him. When John heard of the fact—"S'death!" cries John; "why did not he keep out of the way as I did?"

The "Answer" concludes by mentioning that Cibber had offered Ten Pounds for the discovery of the authorship of Dennis's pamphlet; on which, says Steele, "I am only sorry he has offered so much, because the *twentieth part* would have over-valued his whole carcase. But I know the fellow that he keeps to give answers to his creditors will betray him; for he gave me his word to bring officers on the top of the house that should make a hole through the ceiling of his garret, and so bring him to the punishment he deserves. Some people think this expedient out of the way, and that he would make his escape upon hearing the least noise. I say so too; but it takes him up half an hour every night to fortify himself with his old hair trunk, two or three joint-stools, and some other lumber, which he ties together with cords so fast that it takes him up the same time in the morning to release himself."

Although this portrait is the work of a man who was neither the friend of Steele nor of any other man alive, yet there is a dreadful resemblance to the original in the savage and exaggerated traits of the caricature, and everybody who knows him must recognize Dick Steele. Dick set about almost all the undertakings of his life with inadequate means, and, as he took and furnished a house with the most generous intentions towards his friends, the most tender gallantry towards his wife, and with this only drawback, that he had not wherewithal to pay the rent when quarter-day came, so, in his life, he proposed to himself the most magnificent schemes of virtue, forbearance, public and private good, and the advancement of his own and the national religion; but when he had to pay for these articles —so difficult to purchase and so costly to maintain—poor Dick's money was not forthcoming: and when Virtue called with her little bill, Dick made a shuffling excuse that he could not see her that morning, having a headache from being tipsy overnight; or when stern Duty rapped at the door with his account, Dick was absent and not ready to pay. He was shirking at the tavern, or had some particular business (of somebody's else) at the ordinary, or he was in hiding, or, worse than in hiding, in the lock-up house. What a situation for a man, for a philanthropist, for a lover of right and truth, for a magnificent designer and schemer! Not to dare to look in the face the Religion which he adored and which he had offended; to have to shirk down back lanes and alleys, so as to avoid the friend whom he loved and who had trusted him; to have the house which he had intended for his wife, whom he loved passionately, and for her ladyship's company which he wished to entertain splendidly, in the possession of a bailiff's man, with a crowd of little creditors—grocers, butchers, and small-coal men—lingering round the door with their bills and jeering at him! Alas for poor Dick Steele—for nobody else, of course! There is no man or woman in *our* time who makes fine projects and gives them up from idleness or want of means. When Duty calls upon *us*, we no doubt are always at home and ready to pay that grim tax-gatherer. When *we* are stricken with remorse and

promise reform, we keep our promise, and are never angry, or idle, or extravagant any more. There are no chambers in *our* hearts, destined for family friends and affections, and now occupied by some Sin's emissary and bailiff in possession. There are no little sins, shabby peccadilloes, importunate remembrances, or disappointed holders of our promises to reform, hovering at our steps, or knocking at our door. Of course not. We are living in the nineteenth century; and poor Dick Steele stumbled and got up again, and got into jail and out again, and sinned and repented, and loved and suffered, and lived and died, scores of years ago. Peace be with him! Let us think gently of one who was so gentle; let us speak kindly of one whose own breast exuberated with human kindness.

PRIOR, GAY, AND POPE.

MATTHEW PRIOR was one of those famous and lucky wits of the auspicious reign of Queen Anne whose name it behoves us not to pass over. Mat was a world-philosopher of no small genius, good nature, and acumen.* He loved,

* Gay calls him, "Dear Prior.....beloved by every muse."—*Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece.*

Swift and Prior were very intimate, and he is frequently mentioned in the "Journal to Stella." "Mr. Prior," says Swift, "walks to make himself fat, and I to keep myself down.....We often walk round the park together."

In Swift's works there is a curious tract called, "Remarks on the Characters of the Court of Queen Anne" (SCOTT's edition, vol. xii.). The "Remarks" are not by the Dean; but at the end of each is an addition in italics from his hand, and these are always characteristic. Thus, to the Duke of Marlborough, he adds, "*Detestably covetous*," etc. Prior is thus noticed:—

"MATTHEW PRIOR, ESQ., Commissioner of Trade.

"On the Queen's accession to the throne, he was continued in his office; is very well at court with the ministry, and is an entire creature of my Lord Jersey's, whom he supports by his advice; is one of the best poets in England, but very facetious in conversation; a thin, hollow-looked man, turned of forty years old. *This is near the truth.*

"Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are.

he drank, he sang. He describes himself, in one of his lyrics, "in a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night, on his left hand his Horace, and a friend on his right," going out of town from the Hague to pass that evening, and the ensuing Sunday, boozing at a Spielhaus with his companions, perhaps bobbing for perch in a Dutch canal, and noting down, in a strain and with a grace not unworthy of his Epicurean master, the charms of his idleness, his retreat, and his Batavian Chloe. A vintner's son in Whitehall, and a distinguished pupil of Busby of the Rod, Prior attracted some notice by writing verses at St. John's College, Cambridge, and, coming up to town, aided Montague * in an attack on the noble old English lion, John Dryden, in ridicule of whose work, "The Hind and the Panther," he brought out that remarkable and famous burlesque, "The Town and Country Mouse." Aren't you all acquainted with it? Have you not all got it by heart? What! have you never heard of it? See what fame is made of! The wonderful part of the satire was, that, as a natural consequence of "The Town and Country Mouse," Matthew Prior was made Secretary of Embassy at the Hague! I believe it is dancing, rather than singing, which distinguishes the young English diplomatists of the present

> High hopes he conceived and he smothered great fears,
> In a life party-coloured—half pleasure, half care.
>
> "Not to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
> He strove to make interest and freedom agree;
> In public employments industrious and grave,
> And alone with his friends, Lord, how merry was he!
>
> "Now in equipage stately, now humble on foot,
> Both fortunes be tried, but to neither would trust;
> And whirled in the round as the wheel turned about,
> He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust."
>
> PRIOR'S *Poems*. (*For my own monument.*)

* "They joined to produce a parody, entitled 'Town and Country Mouse,' part of which Mr. Bayes is supposed to gratify his old friends, Smart and Johnson, by repeating to them. The piece is therefore founded upon the twice-told jest of the 'Rehearsal.'.....There is nothing new or original in the idea.....In this piece, Prior, though the younger man, seems to have had by far the largest share."—SCOTT'S *Dryden*, vol. i. p. 330.

day, and have seen them in various parts perform that part of their duty very finely. In Prior's time it appears a different accomplishment led to preferment. Could you write a copy of Alcaics? That was the question. Could you turn out a neat epigram or two? Could you compose "The Town and Country Mouse"? It is manifest that, by the possession of this faculty, the most difficult treaties, the laws of foreign nations, and the interests of our own, are easily understood. Prior rose in the diplomatic service, and said good things that proved his sense and his spirit. When the apartments at Versailles were shown to him, with the victories of Louis XIV. painted on the walls, and Prior was asked whether the palace of the King of England had any such decorations, "The monuments of my master's actions," Mat said of William, whom he cordially revered, "are to be seen everywhere except in his own house." Bravo, Mat! Prior rose to be full ambassador at Paris,* where he somehow was cheated out of his ambassadorial plate; and in an heroic poem, addressed by him to her late lamented Majesty, Queen Anne, Mat makes some magnificent allusions to these dishes and spoons, of which fate had deprived him. All that he wants, he says, is Her Majesty's picture; without that he can't be happy.

> "Thee, gracious Anne, thee present I adore;
> Thee, Queen of Peace, if Time and Fate have power
> Higher to raise the glories of thy reign,
> In words sublimer and a nobler strain
> May future bards the mighty theme rehearse.
> Here, Stator Jove, and Phœbus, king of verse,
> The votive tablet I suspend."

---

* "He was to have been in the same commission with the Duke of Shrewsbury, but that that nobleman," says Johnson, "refused to be associated with one so meanly born. Prior therefore continued to act without a title till the Duke's return next year to England, and then he assumed the style and dignity of ambassador."

He had been thinking of slights of this sort when he wrote his Epitaph:—

> "Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
> Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
> The son of Adam and of Eve.
> Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?"

But in this case the old prejudice got the better of the old joke.

With that word the poem stops abruptly. The votive tablet is suspended for ever, like Mahomet's coffin. News came that the queen was dead. Stator Jove, and Phœbus, king of verse, were left there, hovering to this day over the votive tablet. The picture was never got, any more than the spoons and dishes. The inspiration ceased; the verses were not wanted; the ambassador wasn't wanted. Poor Mat was recalled from his embassy, suffered disgrace along with his patrons, lived under a sort of cloud ever after, and disappeared in Essex. When deprived of all his pensions and emoluments, the hearty and generous Oxford pensioned him. They played for gallant stakes—the bold men of those days—and lived and gave splendidly.

Johnson quotes from Spence a legend that Prior, after spending an evening with Harley, St. John, Pope, and Swift, would go off and smoke a pipe with a couple of friends of his, a soldier and his wife, in Long Acre. Those who have not read his late Excellency's poems should be warned that they smack not a little of the conversation of his Long Acre friends. Johnson speaks slightingly of his lyrics; but with due deference to the great Samuel, Prior's seem to me amongst the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poems.* Horace is always in his mind, and his song, and

* His epigrams have the genuine sparkle.

"THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

"I sent for Radcliff—was so ill
That other doctors gave me over;
He felt my pulse, prescribed his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

"But when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warmed the politician,
Cured yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my physician."

"Yes, every poet is a fool—
By demonstration Ned can show it;
Happy could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet."

"On his death-bed poor Lubin lies,
His spouse is in despair;

his philosophy, his good sense, his happy, easy turns and melody, his loves and his Epicureanism, bear a great resemblance to that most delightful and accomplished master. In reading his works, one is struck with their modern air, as well as by their happy similarity to the songs of the charming owner of the Sabine farm. In his verses addressed to Halifax, he says, writing of that endless theme to poets, the vanity of human wishes,—

"So whilst in fevered dreams we sink,
And waking taste what we desire,
The real draught but feeds the fire—
The dream is better than the drink.

"Our hopes like towering falcons aim
At objects in an airy height;
To stand aloof and view the flight
Is all the pleasure of the game."

Would not you fancy that a poet of our own days was singing? and in the verses of Chloe weeping and reproaching him for his inconstancy, where he says,—

"The God of us versemen, you know, child, the Sun.
How after his journeys he sets up his rest;
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.

"So when I am wearied with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come;
No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
They were but my visits, but thou art my home!

"Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war,
And let us like Horace and Lydia agree;
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her
As he was a poet sublimer than me."

If Prior read Horace, did not Thomas Moore study Prior?

With frequent sobs and mutual cries,
They both express their care.

"'A different cause,' says Parson Sly,
'The same effect may give;
Poor Lubin fears that he shall die,
His wife that he may live.'"

Love and pleasure find singers in all days. Roses are always blowing and fading—to-day as in that pretty time when Prior sang of them, and of Chloe lamenting their decay,—

"She sighed, she smiled, and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moralist said:
See, friend, in some few fleeting hours—
See yonder what a change is made!

"Ah me! the blooming pride of May
And that of Beauty are but one:
At morn both flourish, bright and gay;
Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

"At dawn poor Stella danced and sung,
The amorous youth around her bowed;
At night her fatal knell was rung—
I saw, and kissed her in her shroud.

"Such as she is who died to-day,
Such I, alas, may be to-morrow:
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow."

Damon's knell was rung in 1721. May his turf lie lightly on him! *Deus sit propitius huic potatori*, as Walter de Mapes sang.* Perhaps Samuel Johnson, who spoke slight-

* "PRIOR TO SIR THOMAS HANMER.

"*Aug.* 4, 1709.

"DEAR SIR,—Friendship may live, I grant you, without being fed and cherished by correspondence, but with that additional benefit I am of opinion it will look more cheerful and thrive better; for in this case, as in love, though a man is sure of his own constancy, yet his happiness depends a good deal upon the sentiments of another. And while you and Chloe are alive, 'tis not enough that I love you both, except I am sure you both love me again; and as one of her scrawls fortifies my mind more against affliction than all Epictetus, with Simplicius's comments into the bargain, so your single letter gave me more real pleasure than all the works of Plato.....I must return my answer to your very kind question concerning my health. The Bath waters have done a good deal towards the recovery of it, and the great specific, *Cape caballum*, will, I think, confirm it. Upon this head I must tell you that my mare Betty grows blind, and may one day, by breaking my neck, perfect my cure; if at Rixham fair any pretty nagg that is between thirteen and fourteen hands presented himself, and you would be pleased to purchase him for me, one of your servants might ride him to Euston,

ingly of Prior's verses, enjoyed them more than he was willing to own. The old moralist had studied them as well as Mr. Thomas Moore, and defended them, and

and I might receive him there. This, sir, is just as such a thing happens. If you hear, too, of a Welch widow, with a good jointure, that has her *goings* and is not very skittish, pray, be pleased to cast your eye on her for me too. You see, sir, the great trust I repose in your skill and honour when I dare put two such commissions in your hand."—*The Hanmer Correspondence*, p. 120.

"From Mr. Prior.

"Paris, *1st–12th May*, 1710.

"My dear Lord and Friend,—Matthew never had so great occasion to write a word to Henry as now: it is noised here that I am soon to return. The question that I wish I could answer to the many that ask, and to our friend Colbert de Torcy (to whom I made your compliments in the manner you commanded), is, what is done for me, and to what I am recalled. It may look like a bagatelle what is to become of a philosopher like me; but it is not such. What is to become of a person who had the honour to be chosen, and sent hither, as intrusted, in the midst of a war, with what the Queen designed should make the peace; returning with the Lord Bolingbroke, one of the greatest men in England, and one of the finest heads in Europe (as they say here, if true or not *n'importe*); having been left by him in the greatest character (that of Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary), exercising that power conjointly with the Duke of Shrewsbury, and solely after his departure; having here received more distinguished honour than any Minister, except an Ambassador, ever did, and some which were never given to any but who had that character; having had all the success that could be expected; having (God be thanked!) spared no pains, at a time when at home the peace is voted safe and honourable—at a time when the Earl of Oxford is Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke First Secretary of State? This unfortunate person, I say, neglected, forgot, unnamed to anything that may speak the Queen satisfied with his services, or his friends concerned as to his fortune.

"Mr. de Torcy put me quite out of countenance, the other day, by a pity that wounded me deeper than ever did the cruelty of the late Lord Godolphin. He said he would write to Robin and Harry about me. God forbid, my lord, that I should need any foreign intercession, or owe the least to any Frenchman living, besides the decency of behaviour and the returns of common civility! Some say I am to go to Baden, others that I am to be added to the Commissioners for settling the commerce. In all cases I am ready, but in the meantime *dic aliquid de tribus capellis*. Neither of these two are, I presume, honours or rewards; neither of them (let me say to my dear Lord Bolingbroke, and let him not be angry with me) are what Drift may aspire to, and what Mr. Whitworth, who was his fellow-clerk, has or may possess. I am far from desiring to lessen the great merit of the gentleman I named, for I

showed that he remembered them very well too, on an occasion when their morality was called in question by that noted puritan, James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck.*

In the great society of the wits John Gay deserved to be a favourite, and to have a good place.† In his set all were

heartily esteem and love him; but in this trade of ours, my lord, in which you are the general, as in that of the soldiery, there is a certain right acquired by time and long service. You would do anything for your Queen's service, but you would not be contented to descend, and be degraded to a charge no way proportional to that of Secretary of State, any more than Mr. Ross, though he would charge a party with a halbard in his hand, would be content all his life after to be Serjeant. Was my Lord Dartmouth, from Secretary, returned again to be Commissioner of Trade, or from Secretary of War, would Frank Gwyn think himself kindly used to be returned again to be Commissioner? In short, my lord, you have put me above myself; and if I am to return to myself, I shall return to something very discontented and uneasy. I am sure, my lord, you will make the best use you can of this hint for my good. If I am to have anything, it will certainly be for Her Majesty's service, and the credit of my friends in the Ministry, that it be done before I am recalled from home, lest the world may think either that I have merited to be disgraced, or that ye dare not stand by me. If nothing is to be done, *fiat voluntas Dei.* I have writ to Lord Treasurer upon this subject, and having implored your kind intercession, I promise you it is the last remonstrance of this kind that I will ever make. Adieu, my lord; all honour, health, and pleasure to you. Yours ever, MATT."

"*P.S.*—Lady Jersey is just gone from me. We drank your healths together in usquebaugh after our tea: we are the greatest friends alive. Once more adieu. There is no such thing as the 'Book of Travels' you mentioned; if there be, let friend Tilson send us more particular account of them, for neither I nor Jacob Tonson can find them. Pray send Barton back to me, I hope with some comfortable tidings."—*Bolingbroke's Letters.*

* "I asked whether Prior's poems were to be printed entire. Johnson said they were. I mentioned Lord Hales' censure of Prior in his preface to a collection of sacred poems, by various hands, published by him at Edinburgh a great many years ago, where he mentions 'these impure tales, which will be the eternal opprobrium of their ingenious author.' Johnson: 'Sir, Lord Hales has forgot. There is nothing in Prior that will excite to lewdness. If Lord Hales thinks there is, he must be more combustible than other people.' I instanced the tale of 'Paulo Purganti and his wife.' Johnson: 'Sir, there is nothing there but that his wife wanted to be kissed, when poor Paulo was out of pocket. No, sir, Prior is a lady's book. No lady is ashamed to have it standing in her library.'"—BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson.*

† Gay was one of an old Devonshire family, but his pecuniary prospects not being great, was placed in his youth in the house of a

fond of him. His success offended nobody. He missed a fortune once or twice. He was talked of for court favour, and hoped to win it; but the court favour jilted him. Craggs gave him some South Sea Stock, and at one time Gay had very nearly made his fortune. But Fortune shook her swift wings and jilted him too; and so his friends, instead of being angry with him and jealous of him, were kind, and fond of honest Gay. In the portraits of the literary worthies of the early part of the last century, Gay's face is the pleasantest perhaps of all. It appears adorned with neither periwig nor nightcap (the full dress and *negligée* of learning, without which the painters of those days scarcely ever portrayed wits), and he laughs at you over his shoulder with an honest, boyish glee—an artless, sweet humour. He was so kind, so gentle, so jocular, so delightfully brisk at times, so dismally woe-begone at others, such a natural good creature, that the Giants loved him. The great Swift was gentle and sportive with him,* as the enormous Brobdingnag maids of honour were with little Gulliver. He could frisk and fondle round Pope,† and sport, and bark, and caper

silk-mercer in London. He was born in 1688—Pope's year—and in 1712 the Duchess of Monmouth made him her secretary. Next year he published his "Rural Sports," which he dedicated to Pope, and so made an acquaintance which became a memorable friendship.

"Gay," says Pope, "was quite a natural man, wholly without art or design, and spoke just what he thought and as he thought it. He dangled for twenty years about a court, and at last was offered to be made usher to the young princesses. Secretary Craggs made Gay a present of stock in the South Sea year; and he was once worth £20,000, but lost it all again. He got about £400 by the first 'Beggar's Opera,' and £1,100 or £1,200 by the second. He was negligent and a bad manager. Latterly, the Duke of Queensberry took his money into his keeping, and let him only have what was necessary out of it; and as he lived with them, he could not have occasion for much. He died worth upwards of £3,000."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

* "Mr. Gay is, in all regards, as honest and sincere a man as ever I knew."—SWIFT, *To Lady Betty Germaine*, Jan. 1733.

† "Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man; simplicity, a child;
With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
Formed to delight at once and lash the age;
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted e'en among the great;

without offending the most thin-skinned of poets and men; and when he was jilted in that little court affair of which we have spoken, his warm-hearted patrons, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry * (the "Kitty, beautiful and young,"

> A safe companion, and an easy friend,
> Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end.
> These are thy honours; not that here thy bust
> Is mixed with heroes, or with kings thy dust,
> But that the worthy and the good shall say,
> Striking their pensive bosoms, '*Here* lies Gay.'"
>
> POPE'S *Epitaph on Gay.*

> "A hare who, in a civil way,
> Complied with everything, like Gay."
>
> *Fables*, "*The Hare and many Friends.*"

* "I can give you no account of Gay," says Pope, curiously, "since he was raffled for and won back by his Duchess."—*Works*, *Roscoe's Ed.*, vol. ix. p. 392.

Here is the letter Pope wrote to him when the death of Queen Anne brought back Lord Clarendon from Hanover, and lost him the Secretaryship of that nobleman, of which he had had but a short tenure.

Gay's court prospects were never happy from this time. His dedication of the "Shepherd's Week" to Bolingbroke, Swift used to call the "original sin" which had hurt him with the House of Hanover.

"*Sept.* 23, 1714.

"DEAR MR. GAY,—Welcome to your native soil, welcome to your friends, thrice welcome to me, whether returned in glory, blest with court interest, the love and familiarity of the great, and filled with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future. Whether returned a triumphant Whig or a desponding Tory, equally all hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to partake in your elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worst of times at your service. If you are a Tory, or thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people who endeavoured to serve you, and whose politics were never your concern. If you are a Whig, as I rather hope, and as I think your principles and mine (as brother poets) had ever a bias to the side of liberty, I know you will be an honest man and an inoffensive one. Upon the whole, I know you are incapable of being so much of either party as to be good for nothing. Therefore, once more, whatever you are or in whatever state you are, all hail!

"One or two of your own friends complained they had heard nothing from you since the Queen's death. I told them no man living loved Mr. Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his voyage. This I thought a convincing proof how truly one may be a friend to another without telling him so every month. But they had reasons,

of Prior), pleaded his cause with indignation, and quitted the court in a huff, carrying off with them into their retirement their kind, gentle *protégé*. With these kind lordly folks, a real Duke and Duchess, as delightful as those who harboured Don Quixote and loved that dear old Sancho, Gay lived, and was lapped in cotton, and had his plate of chicken, and his saucer of cream, and frisked, and barked, and wheezed, and grew fat, and so ended.* He became very melancholy

too, themselves to allege in your excuse, as men who really value one another will never want such as make their friends and themselves easy. The late universal concern in public affairs threw us all into a hurry of spirits. Even I, who am more a philosopher than to expect anything from any reign, was borne away with the current, and full of the expectation of the successor. During your journeys, I knew not whither to aim a letter after you; that was a sort of shooting flying. Add to this the demand Homer had upon me, to write fifty verses a day, besides learned notes, all which are at a conclusion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my friend, that my labour is over; come and make merry with me in much feasting. We will feed among the lilies (by the lilies I mean the ladies). Are not the Rosalindas of Britain as charming as the Blousalindas of the Hague? or have the two great Pastoral poets of our nation renounced love at the same time? for Philips, immortal Philips, hath deserted, yea, and in a rustic manner kicked his Rosalind. Dr. Parnell and I have been inseparable ever since you went. We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged) your coming would be the greatest pleasure to us in the world. Talk not of expenses; Homer shall support his children. I beg a line from you, directed to the Post-house in Bath. Poor Parnell is in an ill state of health.

"Pardon me if I add a word of advice in the poetical way. Write something on the King, or Prince, or Princess. On whatsoever foot you may be with the court, this can do no harm. I shall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many things I have to say to you, though they all amount but to this, that I am entirely, as ever,

"Your," etc.

Gay took the advice "in the poetical way," and published "An Epistle to a Lady, occasioned by the arrival of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales." But though this brought him access to court and the attendance of the Prince and Princess at his farce of the "What d'ye call it?" it did not bring him a place. On the accession of George II., he was offered the situation of Gentleman Usher to the Princess Louisa (Her Highness being then two years old); but by "this offer," says Johnson, "he thought himself insulted."

* "Gay was a great eater. As the French philosopher used to prove his existence by *Cogito, ergo sum*, the greatest proof of Gay's existence is, *Edit, ergo est*."—CONGREVE, *in a Letter to Pope. Spence's Anecdotes.*

and lazy, sadly plethoric, and only occasionally diverting in his latter days. But everybody loved him, and the remembrance of his pretty little tricks; and the raging old Dean of St. Patrick's, chafing in his banishment, was afraid to open the letter which Pope wrote him, announcing the sad news of the death of Gay.*

Swift's letters to him are beautiful; and having no purpose but kindness in writing to him, no party aim to advocate, or slight or anger to wreak, every word the Dean says to his favourite is natural, trustworthy, and kindly. His admiration for Gay's parts and honesty, and his laughter at his weaknesses, were alike just and genuine. He paints his character in wonderful pleasant traits of jocular satire. "I writ lately to Mr. Pope," Swift says, writing to Gay. "I wish you had a little villakin in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan." "If your ramble," says Swift, in another letter, "was on horseback, I am glad of it, on account of your health; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between stage-coaches and friends' coaches, for you are as arrant a cockney as any hosier in Cheapside. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have some great work in scheme, which may take up seven years to finish, besides two or three under-ones that may add another thousand pounds to your stock, and then I shall be in less pain about you. I know you can find

* Swift endorsed the letter: "On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death; received Dec. 15, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune."

It was by Swift's interest that Gay was made known to Lord Bolingbroke and obtained his patronage."—SCOTT'S *Swift*, vol. i. p. 156.

Pope wrote on the occasion of Gay's death, to Swift, thus:—

"[*Dec.* 5, 1732.]

"……One of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had is broken all on a sudden by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days……He asked of you a few hours before when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast……His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows……Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all."

dinners, but you love twelvepenny coaches too well, without considering that the interest of a whole thousand pounds brings you but half a crown a day." And then Swift goes off from Gay to pay some grand compliments to Her Grace the Duchess of Queensberry, in whose sunshine Mr. Gay was basking, and in whose radiance the Dean would have liked to warm himself too.

But we have Gay here before us in these letters—lazy, kindly, uncommonly idle; rather slovenly I'm afraid; for ever eating and saying good things; a little round French abbé of a man, sleek, soft-handed, and soft-hearted.

Our object in these lectures is rather to describe the men than their works, or to deal with the latter only in as far as they seem to illustrate the character of their writers. Mr. Gay's "Fables," which were written to benefit that amiable Prince, the Duke of Cumberland, the warrior of Dettingen and Culloden, I have not, I own, been able to peruse since a period of very early youth; and it must be confessed that they did not effect much benefit upon the illustrious young Prince, whose manners they were intended to mollify, and whose natural ferocity our gentle-hearted Satirist perhaps proposed to restrain. But the six pastorals called the "Shepherd's Week," and the burlesque poem of "Trivia," any man fond of lazy literature will find delightful at the present day, and must read from beginning to end with pleasure. They are to poetry what charming little Dresden china figures are to sculpture—graceful, minikin, fantastic, with a certain beauty always accompanying them. The pretty little personages of the pastoral, with gold clocks to their stockings, and fresh satin ribbons to their crooks and waistcoats and bodices, dance their loves to a minuet-tune played on a bird-organ, approach the charmer, or rush from the false one daintily on their red-heeled tiptoes, and die of despair or rapture, with the most pathetic little grins and ogles; or repose, simpering at each other, under an arbour of pea-green crockery; or piping to pretty flocks that have just been washed with the best Naples in a stream of Bergamot. Gay's gay plan seems to me far pleasanter than that of Phillips—his rival and Pope's—a serious and dreary idyllic cockney. Not that Gay's "Bumkinets" and

"Hobnelias" are a whit more natural than the would-be serious characters of the other posture-master; but the quality of this true humorist was to laugh and make laugh, though always with a secret kindness and tenderness, to perform the drollest little antics and capers, but always with a certain grace, and to sweet music—as you may have seen a Savoyard boy abroad, with a hurdy-gurdy and a monkey, turning over head and heels, or clattering and pirouetting in a pair of wooden shoes, yet always with a look of love and appeal in his bright eyes, and a smile that asks and wins affection and protection. Happy they who have that sweet gift of nature! It was this which made the great folks and court ladies free and friendly with John Gay—which made Pope and Arbuthnot love him—which melted the savage heart of Swift when he thought of him—and drove away, for a moment or two, the dark frenzies which obscured the lonely tyrant's brain, as he heard Gay's voice with its simple melody and artless, ringing laughter.

What used to be said about Rubini, *qu'il avait des larmes dans la voix*, may be said of Gay,* and of one other humorist of whom we shall have to speak. In almost every ballad of his, however slight,† in the "Beggar's

* "Gay, like Goldsmith, had a musical talent. 'He could play on the flute,' says Malone, 'and was, therefore, enabled to adapt so happily some of the airs in the "Beggar's Opera."'"—*Notes to Spence.*

† "'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclined.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crowned with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.

"'Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long, tedious days;
Why didst thou, venturous lover—
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel Ocean,
And let my lover rest;
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

Opera,"* and in its wearisome continuation (where the verses are to the full as pretty as in the first piece, however), there is a peculiar, hinted, pathetic sweetness and melody.

"'The merchant, robbed of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

"'How can they say that Nature
Has nothing made in vain?
Why, then, beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep?

"All melancholy lying,
Thus wailed she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear:
When o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spied;
Then like a lily drooping,
She bowed her head, and died."

A Ballad from the "What d'ye call it?"

"What can be prettier than Gay's ballad, or rather, Swift's, Arbuthnot's, Pope's, and Gay's, in the 'What d'ye call it?' ''Twas when the seas were roaring'? I have been well informed that they all contributed."—*Cowper to Unwin*, 1783.

* "Dr. Swift had been observing once to Mr. Gay what an odd, pretty sort of thing a Newgate Pastoral might make. Gay was inclined to try at such a thing for some time, but afterwards thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan. This was what gave rise to the 'Beggar's Opera.' He began on it, and when he first mentioned it to Swift, the Doctor did not much like the project. As he carried it on, he showed what he wrote to both of us, and we now and then gave a correction or a word or two of advice; but it was wholly of his own writing. When it was done, neither of us thought it would succeed. We showed it to Congreve, who, after reading it over, said, 'It would either take greatly, or be damned confoundedly.' We were all at the first night of it in great uncertainty of the event, till we were very much encouraged by overhearing the Duke of Argyle, who sat in the next box

It charms and melts you. It's indefinable, but it exists, and is the property of John Gay's and Oliver Goldsmith's best verse, as fragrance is of a violet, or freshness of a rose.

Let me read a piece from one of his letters, which is so famous that most people here are no doubt familiar with it, but so delightful that it is always pleasant to hear :—

"I have just passed part of this summer at an old, romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's which he lent me. It overlooks a common field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers—as constant as ever were found in romance—beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hewet ; of the other, Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man, about five-and-twenty ; Sarah, a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah ; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood, for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding-clothes ; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July) a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sunk on a haycock ; and John (who never separated from her) sat by her side, having raked two or three heaps together, to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another ; those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay. They first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair—John, with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies—only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave."

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to us, say, 'It will do—it must do ! I see it in the eyes of them !' This was a good while before the first act was over, and so gave us ease soon ; for the Duke [besides his own good taste] has a more particular knack than any one now living in discovering the taste of the public. He was quite right in this as usual ; the good-nature of the audience appeared stronger and stronger every act, and ended in a clamour of applause."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

And the proof that this description is delightful and beautiful is, that the great Mr. Pope admired it so much that he thought proper to steal it and to send it off to a certain lady and wit, with whom he pretended to be in love in those days—my Lord Duke of Kingston's daughter, and married to Mr. Wortley Montagu, then His Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople.

We are now come to the greatest name on our list—the highest among the poets, the highest among the English wits and humorists with whom we have to rank him. If the author of the "Dunciad" be not a humorist, if the poet of the "Rape of the Lock" be not a wit, who deserves to be called so? Besides that brilliant genius and immense fame, for both of which we should respect him, men of letters should admire him as being the greatest literary *artist* that England has seen. He polished, he refined, he thought; he took thoughts from other works to adorn and complete his own—borrowing an idea or a cadence from another poet as he would a figure or a simile from a flower, or a river, stream, or any object which struck him in his walk or contemplation of Nature. He began to imitate at an early age,* and taught himself to write by copying printed books.

* "Waller, Spenser, and Dryden were Mr. Pope's great favourites, in the order they are named, in his first reading, till he was about twelve years old."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

"Mr. Pope's father (who was an honest merchant, and dealt in Hollands, wholesale) was no poet, but he used to set him to make English verses when very young. He was pretty difficult in being pleased, and used often to send him back to new turn them. 'These are not good rhimes;' for that was my husband's word for verses."—POPE'S MOTHER. *Spence.*

"I wrote things I'm ashamed to say how soon—part of an Epic Poem when about twelve. The scene of it lay at Rhodes and some of the neighbouring islands; and the poem opened under water with a description of the Court of Neptune."—POPE. *Ibid.*

"His perpetual application (after he set to study of himself) reduced him in four years' time to so bad a state of health, that, after trying physicians for a good while in vain, he resolved to give way to his distemper, and sat down calmly in a full expectation of death in a short time. Under this thought, he wrote letters to take a last farewell of some of his more particular friends, and, among the rest, one to the Abbé Southcote. The Abbé was extremely concerned, both for his very ill state of health and the resolution he said he had taken. He

Then he passed into the hands of the priests, and from his first clerical master, who came to him when he was eight years old, he went to a school at Twyford, and another school at Hyde Park, at which places he unlearned all that he had got from his first instructor. At twelve years old he went with his father into Windsor Forest, and there learned for a few months under a fourth priest. "And this was all the teaching I ever had," he said, "and God knows it extended a very little way."

When he had done with his priests he took to reading by himself, for which he had a very great eagerness and enthusiasm, especially for poetry. He learned versification from Dryden, he said. In his youthful poem of "Alcander" he imitated every poet—Cowley, Milton, Spenser, Statius, Homer, Virgil. In a few years he had dipped into a great number of the English, French, Italian, Latin, and Greek poets. "This I did," he says, "without any design, except to amuse myself; and got the languages by hunting after the stories in the several poets I read, rather than read the books to get the languages. I followed everywhere as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods, just as they fell in his way. These five or six years I looked upon as the happiest in my life." Is not here a beautiful holiday picture? The forest and the fairy storybook; the boy spelling Ariosto or Virgil under the trees, battling with the Cid for the love of Chimène, or dreaming of Armida's garden; peace and sunshine round about; the kindest love and tenderness waiting for him at his quiet home yonder; and Genius throbbing in his young heart, and whispering to him, "You shall be great; you shall be famous; you too shall love and sing; you will sing her so nobly that some kind heart shall forget you are weak and ill-formed. Every poet had a love. Fate must give one to you too." And day by day he walks the forest, very likely

thought there might yet be hope, and went immediately to Dr. Radcliffe, with whom he was well acquainted, told him Mr. Pope's case, got full directions from him, and carried them down to Pope in Windsor Forest. The chief thing the Doctor ordered him was to apply less, and to ride every day. The following his advice soon restored him to his health."—POPE. *Spence.*

looking out for that charmer. "They were the happiest days of his life," he says, when he was only dreaming of his fame: when he had gained that mistress, she was no consoler.

That charmer made her appearance, it would seem, about the year 1705, when Pope was seventeen. Letters of his are extant, addressed to a certain Lady M——, whom the youth courted, and to whom he expressed his ardour in language, to say no worse of it, that is entirely pert, odious, and affected. He imitated love compositions as he had been imitating love poems just before; it was a sham mistress he courted, and a sham passion, expressed as became it. These unlucky letters found their way into print years afterwards, and were sold to the congenial Mr. Curll. If any of my hearers, as I hope they may, should take a fancy to look at Pope's correspondence, let them pass over that first part of it; over, perhaps, almost all Pope's letters to women, in which there is a tone of not pleasant gallantry, and, amidst a profusion of compliments and politeness, a something which makes one distrust the little pert, prurient bard. There is very little indeed to say about his loves, and that little not edifying. He wrote flames and raptures and elaborate verse and prose for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; but that passion probably came to a climax in an impertinence, and was extinguished by a box on the ear, or some such rebuff, and he began on a sudden to hate her with a fervour much more genuine than that of his love had been. It was a feeble, puny grimace of love, and paltering with passion. After Mr. Pope had sent off one of his fine compositions to Lady Mary, he made a second draft from the rough copy, and favoured some other friend with it. He was so charmed with the letter of Gay's that I have just quoted, that he had copied that and amended it, and sent it to Lady Mary as his own. A gentleman who writes letters *à deux fins*, and after having poured out his heart to the beloved serves up the same dish *réchauffé* to a friend, is not very much in earnest about his loves, however much he may be in his piques and vanities when his impertinence gets its due.

But save that unlucky part of the "Pope Correspondence," I do not know, in the range of our literature, volumes more

delightful.* You live in them in the finest company in the world. A little stately, perhaps; a little *apprêté* and conscious that they are speaking to whole generations who are listening;

* "Mr. Pope to the Rev. Mr. Broom, Pulham, Norfolk.

"*Aug.* 29*th*, 1730.

"Dear Sir,—I intended to write to you on this melancholy subject, the death of Mr. Fenton, before yours came, but stayed to have informed myself and you of the circumstances of it. All I hear is, that he felt a gradual decay, though so early in life, and was declining for five or six months. It was not, as I apprehended, the gout in his stomach, but, I believe, rather a complication first of gross humours, as he was naturally corpulent, not discharging themselves, as he used no sort of exercise. No man better bore the approaches of his dissolution (as I am told), or with less ostentation yielded up his being. The great modesty which you know was natural to him, and the great contempt he had for all sorts of vanity and parade, never appeared more than in his last moments: he had a conscious satisfaction (no doubt) in acting right, in feeling himself honest, true, and unpretending to more than his own. So he died as he lived, with that secret yet sufficient contentment.

"As to any papers left behind him, I dare say they can be but few; for this reason, he never wrote out of vanity, or thought much of the applause of men. I know an instance when he did his utmost to conceal his own merit that way; and if we join to this his natural love of ease, I fancy we must expect little of this sort: at least, I have heard of none, except some few further remarks on Waller (which his cautious integrity made him leave an order to be given to Mr. Tonson), and perhaps, though it is many years since I saw it, a translation of the first book of 'Oppian.' He had begun a tragedy of 'Dion,' but made small progress in it.

"As to his other affairs, he died poor but honest, leaving no debts or legacies, except of a few pounds to Mr. Trumbull and my lady, in token of respect, gratefulness, and mutual esteem.

"I shall with pleasure take upon me to draw this amiable, quiet, deserving, unpretending, Christian, and philosophical character in his epitaph. There truth may be spoken in a few words; as for flourish, and oratory, and poetry, I leave them to younger and more lively writers, such as love writing for writing's sake, and would rather show their own fine parts than report the valuable ones of any other man. So the elegy I renounce.

"I condole with you from my heart on the loss of so worthy a man, and a friend to us both.....

"Adieu; let us love his memory and profit by his example. Am very sincerely, dear sir, Your affectionate and real servant."

"To the Earl of Burlington.

"*August*, 1714.

"My Lord,—If your mare could speak, she would give you an

but in the tone of their voices—pitched, as no doubt they are, beyond the mere conversation key—in the expression of their thoughts, their various views and natures, there is some-

account of what extraordinary company she had on the road, which, since she cannot do, I will.

"It was the enterprising Mr. Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonson, who, mounted on a stone-horse, overtook me in Windsor Forest. He said he heard I designed for Oxford, the seat of the Muses, and would, as my bookseller, by all means accompany me thither.

"I asked him where he got his horse. He answered he got it of his publisher; 'for that rogue, my printer,' said he, 'disappointed me. I hoped to put him in good humour by a treat at the tavern of a brown fricassée of rabbits, which cost ten shillings, with two quarts of wine, besides my conversation. I thought myself cocksure of his horse, which he readily promised me, but said that Mr. Tonson had just such another design of going to Cambridge, expecting there the copy of a new kind of Horace from Dr. ——; and if Mr. Tonson went, he was pre-engaged to attend him, being to have the printing of the said copy. So, in short, I borrowed this stone-horse of my publisher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a debt. He lent me, too, the pretty boy you see after me. He was a smutty dog yesterday, and cost me more than two hours to wash the ink off his face; but the devil is a fair-conditioned devil, and very forward in his catechism. If you have any more bags he shall carry them.'

"I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected, so gave the boy a small bag containing three shirts and an Elzevir Virgil, and mounting in an instant, proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid devil behind.

"Mr. Lintot began in this manner: 'Now, damn them! What if they should put it into the newspaper how you and I went together to Oxford? What would I care? If I should go down into Sussex, they would say I was gone to the Speaker; but what of that? If my son were but big enough to go on with the business, by G—d, I would keep as good company as old Jacob.'

"Hereupon I inquired of his son. 'The lad,' says he, 'has fine parts, but is somewhat sickly, much as you are. I spare for nothing in his education at Westminster. Pray, don't you think Westminster to be the best school in England? Most of the late Ministry came out of it; so did many of this Ministry. I hope the boy will make his fortune.'

"'Don't you design to let him pass a year at Oxford?' 'To what purpose?' said he. 'The Universities do but make pedants, and I intend to breed him a man of business.'

"As Mr. Lintot was talking I observed he sat uneasy on his saddle, for which I expressed some solicitude. 'Nothing,' says he. 'I can bear it well enough; but since we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest awhile under the woods.' When we were alighted, 'See, here, what a mighty pretty Horace I have in my pocket! What if you amused yourself in turning an ode till we

thing generous, and cheering, and ennobling. You are in the society of men who have filled the greatest parts in the world's story—you are with St. John the statesman; Peter-

mount again? Lord, if you pleased, what a clever miscellany might you make at leisure hours!' 'Perhaps I may,' said I, 'if we ride on: the motion is an aid to my fancy; a round trot very much awakens my spirits. Then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can.'

"Silence ensued for a full hour; after which Mr. Lintot lugged the reins, stopped short, and broke out, 'Well, sir, how far have you gone?' I answered seven miles. 'Z—ds, sir,' said Lintot, 'I thought you had done seven stanzas. Oldsworth, in a ramble round Wimbledon Hill, would translate a whole ode in half this time. I'll say that for Oldsworth [though I lost by his Timothy's], he translates an ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England. I remember Dr. King would write verses in a tavern, three hours after he could not speak: and there is Sir Richard, in that rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleet Ditch and St. Giles's Pound, shall make you half a Job.'

"'Pray, Mr. Lintot,' said I, 'now you talk of translators, what is your method of managing them?' 'Sir,' replied he, 'these are the saddest pack of rogues in the world: in a hungry fit, they'll swear they understand all the languages in the universe. I have known one of them take down a Greek book upon my counter and cry, "Ah, this is Hebrew, and must read it from the latter end." By G—d, I can never be sure in these fellows, for I neither understand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian myself. But this is my way: I agree with them for ten shillings per sheet, with a proviso that I will have their doings corrected with whom I please; so by one or the other they are led at last to the true sense of an author, my judgment giving the negative to all my translators.' 'Then how are you sure these correctors may not impose upon you?' 'Why, I get any civil gentleman (especially any Scotchman) that comes into my shop to read the original to me in English; by this I know whether my first translator be deficient, and whether my corrector merits his money or not.

"'I'll tell you what happened to me last month. I bargained with S—— for a new version of "Lucretius," to publish against Tonson's, agreeing to pay the author so many shillings at his producing so many lines. He made a great progress in a very short time, and I gave it to the corrector to compare with the Latin; but he went directly to Creech's translation, and found it the same, word for word, all but the first page. Now, what d'ye think I did? I arrested the translator for a cheat; nay, and I stopped the corrector's pay, too, upon the proof that he had made use of Creech instead of the original.'

"'Pray tell me next how you deal with the critics.' 'Sir,' said he, 'nothing more easy. I can silence the most formidable of them—the rich ones for a sheet apiece of the blotted manuscript, which cost me nothing. They'll go about with it to their acquaintance, and pretend they had it from the author, who submitted it to their correction. This has given some of them such an air, that in time they come to be

borough the conqueror; Swift, the greatest wit of all times; Gay, the kindliest laugher. It is a privilege to sit in that company. Delightful and generous banquet! with a little

consulted with and dedicated to as the tip-top critics of the town. As for the poor critics, I'll give you one instance of my management, by which you may guess the rest. A lean man, that looked like a very good scholar, came to me t'other day; he turned over your Homer, shook his head, shrugged up his shoulders, and pished at every line of it. "One would wonder," says he, "at the strange presumption of some men; Homer is no such easy task as every stripling, every versifier" ——he was going on when my wife called to dinner. "Sir," said I, "will you please to eat a piece of beef with me?" "Mr. Lintot," said he, "I am very sorry you should be at the expense of this great book; I am really concerned on your account." "Sir, I am much obliged to you: if you can dine upon a piece of beef, together with a slice of pudding——?" "Mr. Lintot, I do not say but Mr. Pope, if he would condescend to advise with men of learning——" —"Sir, the pudding is upon the table, if you please to go in." My critic complies; he comes to a taste of your poetry, and tells me in the same breath that the book is commendable, and the pudding excellent.

"'Now, sir,' continued Mr. Lintot, 'in return for the frankness I have shown, pray tell me, is it the opinion of your friends at court that my Lord Lansdowne will be brought to the bar, or not?' I told him I heard he would not, and I hoped it, my lord being one I had particular obligations to. 'That may be,' replied Mr. Lintot; 'but by G—— if he is not, I shall lose the printing of a very good trial.'

"These, my lord, are a few traits with which you discern the genius of Mr. Lintot, which I have chosen for the subject of a letter. I dropped him as soon as I got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my Lord Carleton, at Middleton. . . . . I am," etc.

"Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope.

"*Sept.* 29, 1725.

"I am now returning to the noble scene of Dublin—into the *grand monde*—for fear of burying my parts; to signalize myself among curates and vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in relating to the weight of bread-and-butter through those dominions where I govern. I have employed my time (besides ditching) in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my 'Travels' [Gulliver's], in four parts complete, newly augmented, and intended for the press when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after distresses and dispersions; but the chief end I propose to myself in all my labours is to vex the world rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen, without reading. I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with translations. Lord Treasurer Oxford often lamented that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of

faith and a little fancy any one of us here may enjoy it, and conjure up those great figures out of the past and listen to their wit and wisdom. Mind that there is always a certain

misemploying your genius for so long a time; but since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one lash the more at my request. I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities, and all my love is towards individuals: for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love Councillor Such-a-one and Judge Such-a-one; it is so with physicians (I will not speak of my own trade), soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth.....

"I have got materials towards a treatise proving the falsity of that definition *animal rationale*, and to show it should be only *rationis capax*.....The matter is so clear that it will admit of no dispute—nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point.....

"Mr. Lewis sent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illness, which is a very sensible affliction to me, who, by living so long out of the world, have lost that hardness of heart contracted by years and general conversation. I am daily losing friends, and neither seeking nor getting others. Oh, if the world had but a dozen of Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my 'Travels!'"

"Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.

"*October* 15, 1725.

"I am wonderfully pleased with the suddenness of your kind answer. It makes me hope you are coming towards us, and that you incline more and more to your old friends.....Here is one [Lord Bolingbroke] who was once a powerful planet, but has now (after long experience of all that comes of shining) learned to be content with returning to his first point without the thought or ambition of shining at all. Here is another [Edward, Earl of Oxford], who thinks one of the greatest glories of his father was to have distinguished and loved you, and who loves you hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot, recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleased with the hope of seeing you again than of reviewing a world every part of which he has long despised but what is made up of a few men like yourself.....

"Our friend Gay is used as the friends of Tories are by Whigs—and generally by Tories too. Because he had humour, he was supposed to have dealt with Dr. Swift, in like manner as when any one had learning formerly he was thought to have dealt with the devil.....

"Lord Bolingbroke had not the least harm by his fall; I wish he had received no more by his other fall. But Lord Bolingbroke is the most improved mind since you saw him that ever was improved without shifting into a new body, or being *paullo minus ab angelis*. I have often imagined to myself, that if ever all of us meet again, after so many varieties and changes, after so much of the old world and of the old man in each of us has been altered, that scarce a single thought of the one, any more than a single atom of the other, remains just the same; I have

cachet about great men: they may be as mean on many points as you or I, but they carry their great air; they speak of common life more largely and generously than common men do; they regard the world with a manlier countenance, and see its real features more fairly than the timid shufflers who only dare to look up at life through blinkers, or to have an opinion when there is a crowd to back it. He who reads those noble records of a past age salutes and reverences the great spirits who adorn it. You may go home now and talk with St. John; you may take a volume from your library and listen to Swift and Pope.

Might I give counsel to any young hearer, I would say to him, Try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life that is the most wholesome society. Learn to admire rightly: the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great men admired; they admired great things: narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly. I know nothing in any story more gallant and cheering than the love and friendship which this company of famous men bore towards one another. There never has been a society of men more friendly, as there never was one more illustrious. Who dares quarrel with Mr. Pope, great and famous himself, for liking the society of men great and famous, and for liking them for the qualities which made them so? A mere pretty fellow from White's could not have written the "Patriot King," and would very likely have despised little Mr. Pope, the decrepit Papist, whom the great St. John held to be one of the best and greatest of men; a mere nobleman of the court could no more have won Barcelona than he could have written Peterborough's letters to Pope,*

fancied, I say, that we should meet like the righteous in the millennium, quite in peace, divested of all our former passions, smiling at our past follies, and content to enjoy the kingdom of the just in tranquillity.

* * * * * *

"I designed to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill, but he is so touched with the period in yours to me, concerning him, that he intends to answer it by a whole letter. * * *"

* Of the Earl of Peterborough, Walpole says:—"He was one of those men of careless wit and negligent grace who scatter a thousand *bon-mots* and idle verses which we painful compilers gather and hoard, till the authors stare to find themselves authors. Such was this lord, of an advantageous figure and enterprising spirit; as gallant as Amadis, and as brave; but a little more expeditious in his journeys, for he

which are as witty as Congreve; a mere Irish Dean could not have written "Gulliver:" and all these men loved Pope, and Pope loved all these men. To name his friends is to name the best men of his time. Addison had a senate; Pope reverenced his equals. He spoke of Swift with respect and admiration always. His admiration for Bolingbroke was so great that when some one said of his friend, "There is something in that great man which looks as if he was placed here by mistake," "Yes," Pope answered, "and when the comet appeared to us a month or two ago, I had sometimes an imagination that it might possibly be come to carry him home, as a coach comes to one's door for visitors." So these great spirits spoke of one another. Show me six of the dullest middle-aged gentlemen that ever dawdled round a club table, so faithful and so friendly.

We have said before that the chief wits of this time, with the exception of Congreve, were what we should now call men's men. They spent many hours of the four-and-twenty, a fourth part of each day nearly, in clubs and coffee-houses,

is said to have seen more kings and more postilions than any man in Europe.....He was a man, as his friend said, who would neither live nor die like any other mortal."

"FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH TO POPE.

"You must receive my letters with a just impartiality, and give grains of allowance for a gloomy or rainy day. I sink grievously with the weather-glass, and am quite spiritless when oppressed with the thoughts of a birthday or a return.

"Dutiful affection was bringing me to town; but undutiful laziness, and being much out of order, keep me in the country: however, if alive, I must make my appearance at the birthday.....

"You seem to think it vexatious that I shall allow you but one woman at a time either to praise or love. If I dispute with you upon this point, I doubt every jury will give a verdict against me. So, sir, with a Mahometan indulgence, I allow you pluralities—the favourite privilege of our church.

"I find you don't mend upon correction. Again I tell you, you must not think of women in a reasonable way: you know we always make goddesses of those we adore upon earth; and do not all the good men tell us we must lay aside reason in what relates to the Deity?.....

"I should have been glad of anything of Swift's. Pray, when you write to him next, tell him I expect him with impatience, in a place as odd and as much out of the way as himself. Yours."

Peterborough married Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, the celebrated singer.

where they dined, drank, and smoked. Wit and news went by word of mouth; a journal of 1710 contained the very smallest portion of one or the other. The chiefs spoke, the faithful *habitués* sat round, strangers came to wonder and listen. Old Dryden had his headquarters at "Will's," in Russell Street, at the corner of Bow Street, at which place Pope saw him when he was twelve years old. The company used to assemble on the first floor—what was called the dining-room floor in those days—and sat at various tables smoking their pipes. It is recorded that the beaux of the day thought it a great honour to be allowed to take a pinch out of Dryden's snuff-box. When Addison began to reign, he, with a certain crafty propriety—a policy, let us call it—which belonged to his nature, set up his court, and appointed the officers of his royal house. His palace was "Button's," opposite "Will's." * A quiet opposition, a silent assertion of empire, distinguished this great man. Addison's ministers were Budgell, Tickell, Phillips, Carey; his master of the horse, honest Dick Steele, who was what Duroc was to Napoleon, or Hardy to Nelson—the man who performed his master's bidding, and would have cheerfully died in his quarrel. Addison lived with these people for seven or eight hours every day. The male society passed over their punch-bowls and tobacco-pipes about as much time as ladies of that age spent over Spadille and Manille.

For a brief space, upon coming up to town, Pope formed part of King Joseph's court, and was his rather too eager and obsequious humble servant.† Dick Steele, the editor of the

* "Button had been a servant in the Countess of Warwick's family, who, under the patronage of Addison, kept a coffee-house on the west side of Russell Street, about two doors from Covent Garden. Here it was that the wits of that time used to assemble. It is said that when Addison had suffered any vexation from the countess, he withdrew the company from Button's house.

"From the coffee-house he went again to a tavern, where he often sat late and drank too much wine."—*Dr. Johnson.*

Will's coffee-house was on the west side of Bow Street and "corner of Russell Street." See "Handbook of London."

† "My acquaintance with Mr. Addison commenced in 1712. I then knew him as well as I have any man, and was very fond of his conversation. It was very soon after that Mr. Addison advised me 'not to be content with the applause of half the nation.' He used to talk much

Tatler, Mr. Addison's man, and his own man too—a person of no little figure in the world of letters—patronized the young poet, and set him a task or two. Young Mr. Pope did the tasks very quickly and smartly (he had been at the feet, quite as a boy, of Wycherley's * decrepit reputation, and propped

and often to me of moderation in parties, and used to blame his dear friend Steele for being too much of a party man. He encouraged me in my design of translating the 'Iliad,' which was begun that year, and finished in 1718."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

"Addison had Budgell, and I think Phillips, in the house with him. Gay they would call one of my *élèves*. They were angry with me for keeping so much with Dr. Swift and some of the late ministry."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

* "TO MR. BLOUNT.

"*Jan.* 21, 1715-16.

"I know of nothing that will be so interesting to you at present as some circumstances of the last act of that eminent comic poet and our friend, Wycherley. He had often told me, and I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as soon as his life was despaired of. Accordingly, a few days before his death, he underwent the ceremony, and joined together those two sacraments which wise men say we should be the last to receive; for, if you observe, matrimony is placed after extreme unction in our catechism, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, satisfied in the consciousness of having, by this one act, obliged a woman who (he was told) had merit, and shown an heroic resentment of the ill-usage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the lady discharged his debts; a jointure of £500 a year made her a recompence; and the nephew was left to comfort himself as well as he could with the miserable remains of a mortgaged estate. I saw our friend twice after this was done—less peevish in his sickness than he used to be in his health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much ashamed of marrying. The evening before he expired, he called his young wife to the bedside, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request—the last he should make. Upon her assurances of consenting to it, he told her: 'My dear, it is only this—that you will never marry an old man again.' I cannot help remarking that sickness, which often destroys both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that talent which we call humour. Mr. Wycherley showed his even in his last compliment; though I think his request a little hard, for why should he bar her from doubling her jointure on the same easy terms?

"So trivial as these circumstances are, I should not be displeased myself to know such trifles when they concern or characterize any eminent person. The wisest and wittiest of men are seldom wiser or wittier than others in these sober moments—at least, our friend ended much in the same character he had lived in; and Horace's rule for play may as well be applied to him as a playwright:—

up for a year that doting old wit): he was anxious to be well with the men of letters, to get a footing and a recognition. He thought it an honour to be admitted into their company —to have the confidence of Mr. Addison's friend, Captain Steele. His eminent parts obtained for him the honour of heralding Addison's triumph of "Cato" with his admirable prologue, and heading the victorious procession, as it were. Not content with this act of homage and admiration, he wanted to distinguish himself by assaulting Addison's enemies, and attacked John Dennis with a prose lampoon, which highly offended his lofty patron. Mr. Steele was instructed to write to Mr. Dennis, and inform him that Mr. Pope's pamphlet against him was written quite without Mr. Addison's approval.* Indeed, "The Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris on the Phrenzy of J. D." is a vulgar and mean satire, and such a blow as the magnificent Addison could never desire to see any partisan of his strike in any literary quarrel. Pope was closely allied with Swift when he wrote this pamphlet. It is so dirty that it has been printed in Swift's works, too. It bears the foul marks of the master hand. Swift admired and enjoyed with all his heart the prodigious genius of the young Papist lad out of Windsor Forest, who had never seen a university in his life, and came and conquered the Dons and the doctors with his wit. He applauded, and loved him, too, and protected him, and taught him mischief. I wish Addison could have loved him better. The best satire that ever has been penned would never have been written then; and one of the best characters the world ever knew would have been without a flaw. But he who had so few equals could not bear one, and Pope was more than that. When Pope, trying for himself, and soaring on his immortal young wings, found that his, too, was a genius which no pinion of that age could follow, he

'Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit et sibi constet.'

"I am," etc.

* "Addison, who was no stranger to the world, probably saw the selfishness of Pope's friendship; and resolving that he should have the consequences of his officiousness to himself, informed Dennis by Steele that he was sorry for the insult."—JOHNSON: *Life of Addison.*

rose and left Addison's company, settling on his own eminence, and singing his own song.

It was not possible that Pope should remain a retainer of Mr. Addison, nor likely that after escaping from his vassalage and assuming an independent crown, the sovereign whose allegiance he quitted should view him amicably.* They did not do wrong to mislike each other. They but followed the impulse of nature, and the consequence of position. When Bernadotte became heir to a throne, the Prince Royal of Sweden was naturally Napoleon's enemy. "There are many passions and tempers of mankind," says Mr. Addison in the *Spectator*, speaking a couple of years before their little differences between him and Mr. Pope took place, "which naturally dispose us to depress and vilify the merit of one rising in the esteem of mankind. All those who made their entrance into the world with the same advantages, and were once looked on as his equals, are apt to think the fame of his merits a reflection on their own deserts. Those who were once his equals envy and defame him, because they now see him the superior; and those who were once his superiors, because they look upon him as their equal." Did Mr. Addison, justly perhaps thinking that as young Mr. Pope had not had the benefit of a university education he couldn't know Greek, therefore he couldn't translate Homer, encourage his young friend Mr. Tickell of Queen's to translate that poet, and aid him with his own known scholarship and skill? † It was natural that Mr. Addison should doubt of

* "While I was heated with what I heard, I wrote a letter to Mr. Addison to let him know 'that I was not unacquainted with this behaviour of his; that if I was to speak of him severely in return for it, it should not be in such a dirty way; that I should rather tell him himself fairly of his faults, and allow his good qualities; and that it should be something in the following manner.' I then subjoined the first sketch of what has since been called my satire on Addison. He used me very civilly ever after, and never did me any injustice, that I know of, from that time to his death, which was about three years after."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

† "That Tickell should have been guilty of a villainy seems to us highly improbable; that Addison should have been guilty of a villainy seems to us highly improbable; but that these two men should have conspired together to commit a villainy seems to us improbable in a tenfold degree."—MACAULAY.

the learning of an amateur Grecian, should have a high opinion of Mr. Tickell of Queen's, and should help that ingenious young man. It was natural, on the other hand, that Mr. Pope and Mr. Pope's friends should believe that this counter-translation, suddenly advertised and so long written, though Tickell's college friends had never heard of it; though, when Pope first wrote to Addison regarding his scheme, Mr. Addison knew nothing of the similar project of Tickell of Queen's—it was natural that Mr. Pope and his friends, having interests, passions, and prejudices of their own, should believe that Tickell's translation was but an act of opposition against Pope, and that they should call Mr. Tickell's emulation Mr. Addison's envy—if envy it were.

"And were there one whose fires
True genius kindles and fair fame inspires,
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
And hate, for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame as to commend,
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend;
Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise;—
Who but must laugh if such a man there be,
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?"

"I sent the verses to Mr. Addison," said Pope, "and he used me very civilly ever after." No wonder he did. It was shame, very likely, more than fear that silenced him. Johnson recounts an interview between Pope and Addison after their quarrel, in which Pope was angry, and Addison tried to be contemptuous and calm. Such a weapon as Pope's must have pierced any scorn. It flashes for ever, and quivers in Addison's memory. His great figure looks

out on us from the past—stainless but for that—pale, calm, and beautiful: it bleeds from that black wound. He should be drawn, like St. Sebastian, with that arrow in his side. As he sent to Gay and asked his pardon, as he bade his stepson come and see his death, be sure he had forgiven Pope when he made ready to show how a Christian could die.

Pope then formed part of the Addisonian court for a short time, and describes himself in his letters as sitting with that coterie until two o'clock in the morning over punch and burgundy, amidst the fumes of tobacco. To use an expression of the present day, the "pace" of those *viveurs* of the former age was awful. Peterborough lived into the very jaws of death; Godolphin laboured all day and gambled at night; Bolingbroke,* writing to Swift from Dawley, in his retirement, dating his letter at six o'clock in the morning, and rising, as he says, refreshed, serene, and calm, calls to mind the time of his London life—when about that hour he used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure and jaded with business; his head often full of schemes, and his heart as often full of anxiety. It was too hard, too coarse a life for the sensitive, sickly Pope. He was the only wit of the day, a friend writes to me, who wasn't fat.† Swift was fat; Addison was fat; Steele was fat; Gay and Thomson were preposterously fat: all that fuddling and

* "Lord Bolingbroke to the Three Yahoos of Twickenham.

"*July* 23, 1726.

"Jonathan, Alexander, John, most excellent Triumvirs of Parnassus,—Though you are probably very indifferent where I am or what I am doing, yet I resolve to believe the contrary. I persuade myself that you have sent at least fifteen times within this fortnight to Dawley Farm, and that you are extremely mortified at my long silence. To relieve you, therefore, from this great anxiety of mind, I can do no less than write a few lines to you; and I please myself beforehand with the vast pleasure which this epistle must needs give you. That I may add to this pleasure, and give further proofs of my beneficent temper, I will likewise inform you that I shall be in your neighbourhood again by the end of next week, by which time I hope that Jonathan's imagination of business will be succeeded by some imagination more becoming a professor of that divine science *la bagatelle*. Adieu. Jonathan, Alexander, John, mirth be with you!"

† Prior must be excepted from this observation. "He was lank and lean."

punch-drinking, that club and coffee-house boozing, shortened the lives and enlarged the waistcoats of the men of that age. Pope withdrew in a great measure from this boisterous London company, and being put into an independence by the gallant exertions of Swift* and his private friends, and by the enthusiastic national admiration which justly rewarded his great achievement of the "Iliad," purchased that famous villa of Twickenham which his song and life celebrated; duteously bringing his old parent to live and die there; entertaining his friends there, and making occasional visits to London in his little chariot, in which Atterbury compared him to "Homer in a nutshell."

"Mr. Dryden was not a genteel man," Pope quaintly said to Spence, speaking of the manner and habits of the famous old patriarch of "Will's." With regard to Pope's own manners, we have the best contemporary authority that they were singularly refined and polished. With his extraordinary sensibility, with his known tastes, with his delicate frame, with his power and dread of ridicule, Pope could have been no other than what we call a highly-bred person.† His closest friends, with the exception of Swift, were among the delights and ornaments of the polished society of their age. Garth,‡ the accomplished and benevolent, whom Steele has described so charmingly, of whom Codrington said that his character was "all beauty," and whom Pope himself called the best of Christians without knowing it; Arbuthnot,§ one of the wisest,

* Swift exerted himself very much in promoting the "Iliad" subscription, and also introduced Pope to Harley and Bolingbroke. Pope realized by the "Iliad" upwards of £5,000, which he laid out partly in annuities and partly in the purchase of his famous villa. Johnson remarks that "it would be hard to find a man so well entitled to notice by his wit that ever delighted so much in talking of his money."

† "His (Pope's) voice in common conversation was so naturally musical, that I remember honest Tom Southerne used always to call him 'the little nightingale.'"—ORRERY.

‡ Garth, whom Dryden calls "generous as his Muse," was a Yorkshireman. He graduated at Cambridge, and was made M.D. in 1691. He soon distinguished himself in his profession by his poem of the "Dispensary," and in society, and pronounced Dryden's funeral oration. He was a strict Whig, a notable member of the "Kit-Cat," and a friendly, convivial, able man. He was knighted by George I., with the Duke of Marlborough's sword. He died in 1718.

§ "Arbuthnot was the son of an episcopal clergyman in Scotland,

wittiest, most accomplished, gentlest of mankind; Bolingbroke, the Alcibiades of his age; the generous Oxford; the magnificent, the witty, the famous, and chivalrous Peter-

and belonged to an ancient and distinguished Scotch family. He was educated at Aberdeen, and coming up to London — according to a Scotch practice often enough alluded to—to make his fortune, first made himself known by 'An Examination of Dr. Woodward's Account of the Deluge.' He became physician successively to Prince George of Denmark and to Queen Anne. He is usually allowed to have been the most learned as well as one of the most witty and humorous members of the Scriblerus Club. The opinion entertained of him by the humorists of the day is abundantly evidenced in their correspondence. When he found himself in his last illness, he wrote thus, from his retreat at Hampstead, to Swift:—

"'HAMPSTEAD, *Oct.* 4, 1734.

"'MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,—You have no reason to put me among the rest of your forgetful friends, for I wrote two long letters to you to which I never received one word of answer. The first was about your health; the last I sent a great while ago, by one De la Mar. I can assure you with great truth that none of your friends or acquaintance has a more warm heart towards you than myself. I am going out of this troublesome world, and you, among the rest of my friends, shall have my last prayers and good wishes.....

"'I came out to this place so reduced by a dropsy and an asthma, that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat, nor move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God that He would take me. Contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to ride (which I had forborne for many years) I recovered my strength to a pretty considerable degree, slept, and had my stomach again.....What I did, I can assure you, was not for life, but ease; for I am at present in the case of a man that was almost in harbour and then blown back to sea—who has a reasonable hope of going to a good place, and an absolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular disgust at the world, for I have as great comfort in my own family and from the kindness of my friends as any man; but the world in the main displeases me, and I have too true a presentiment of calamities that are to befall my country. However, if I should have the happiness to see you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my usual cheerfulness. I cannot imagine why you are frightened from a journey to England: the reasons you assign are not sufficient; the journey, I am sure, would do you good. In general, I recommend riding, of which I have always had a good opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience.

"'My family give you their love and service. The great loss I sustained in one of them gave me my first shock, and the trouble I have with the rest to bring them to a right temper to bear the loss of a father who loves them, and whom they love, is really a most sensible affliction to me. I am afraid, my dear friend, we shall never

borough—these were the fast and faithful friends of Pope, the most brilliant company of friends, let us repeat, that the world has ever seen. The favourite recreation of his leisure hours was the society of painters, whose art he practised. In his correspondence are letters between him and Jervas, whose pupil he loved to be; Richardson, a celebrated artist of his time, and who painted for him a portrait of his old mother, and for whose picture he asked and thanked Richardson in one of the most delightful letters that ever were penned;* and

see one another more in this world. I shall, to the last moment, preserve my love and esteem for you, being well assured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour; for all that is in this world is not worth the least deviation from the way. It will be great pleasure to me to hear from you sometimes, for none are with more sincerity than I am, my dear friend, your most faithful friend and humble servant.'"

"Arbuthnot," Johnson says, "was a man of great comprehension, skilful in his profession, versed in the sciences, acquainted with ancient literature, and able to animate his mass of knowledge by a bright and active imagination; a scholar with great brilliance of wit; a wit who, in the crowd of life, retained and discovered a noble ardour of religious zeal."

Dugald Stewart has testified to Arbuthnot's ability in a department of which he was particularly qualified to judge: "Let me add that, in the list of philosophical reformers, the authors of 'Martinus Scriblerus' ought not to be overlooked. Their happy ridicule of the scholastic logic and metaphysics is universally known; but few are aware of the acuteness and sagacity displayed in their allusions to some of the most vulnerable passages in Locke's 'Essay.' In this part of the work it is commonly understood that Arbuthnot had the principal share."—See *Preliminary Dissertation to Encyclopædia Britannica*, note to p. 242, and also note B. B. B., p. 285.

* "To Mr. Richardson.

"Twickenham, *June* 10, 1733.

"As I know you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hope that this day our wishes would have met, and brought you hither; and this for the very reason, which possibly might hinder you coming, that my poor mother is dead. I thank God her death was as easy as her life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, or even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of tranquillity, nay, almost of pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a saint expired that ever painting drew; and it would be the greatest obligation which even that obliging art could ever bestow on a friend, if you could come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no very prevalent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this; and I hope to see you this evening, as late as you

the wonderful Kneller, who bragged more, spelt worse, and painted better than any artist of his day.*

It is affecting to note, through Pope's Correspondence, the marked way in which his friends, the greatest, the most famous, and wittiest men of the time—generals and statesmen, philosophers and divines—all have a kind word and a kind thought for the good, simple old mother, whom Pope tended so affectionately. Those men would have scarcely valued her, but that they knew how much he loved her, and that they pleased him by thinking of her. If his early letters to women are affected and insincere, whenever he speaks about this one, it is with a childish tenderness and an almost sacred simplicity. In 1713, when young Mr. Pope had, by a series of the most astonishing victories and dazzling achievements, seized the crown of poetry, and the town was in an uproar of admiration, or hostility for the young chief; when Pope was issuing his famous decrees for the translation of the "Iliad;" when Dennis and the lower critics were hooting and assailing him; when Addison and the gentlemen of his court were sneering with sickening hearts at the prodigious triumphs of the young conqueror; when Pope, in a fever of victory, and genius, and hope, and anger, was struggling through the crowd of shouting friends and furious detractors to his temple of Fame, his old mother writes from the country. "My deare," says she—"my deare, there's Mr. Blount of Mapel Durom dead the same day that Mr. Inglefield died. Your sister is well, but your brother is sick. My service to Mrs. Blount, and all that ask of me. I hope to hear from you, and that you are well, which is my daily prayer; and this with my blessing." The triumph marches

will, or to-morrow morning as early, before this winter flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to-morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this—I could not (at this time) have written at all. Adieu! May you die as happily! Yours," etc.

* "Mr. Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day, when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in. 'Nephew,' said Sir Godfrey, 'you have the honour of seeing the two greatest men in the world.' 'I don't know how great you may be,' said the Guinea man, 'but I don't like your looks; I have often bought a man much better than both of you together, all muscles and bones, for ten guineas.'"—Dr. Warburton. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

by, and the car of the young conqueror, the hero of a hundred brilliant victories; the fond mother sits in the quiet cottage at home and says, "I send you my daily prayers, and I bless you, my deare."

In our estimate of Pope's character, let us always take into account that constant tenderness and fidelity of affection which pervaded and sanctified his life, and never forget that maternal benediction.* It accompanied him always: his life seems purified by those artless and heartfelt prayers. And he seems to have received and deserved the fond attachment of the other members of his family. It is not a little touching to read in Spence of the enthusiastic admiration with which his half-sister regarded him, and the simple anecdote by which she illustrates her love. "I think no man was ever so little fond of money." Mrs. Rackett says about her brother, "I think my brother, when he was young, read more books than any man in the world;" and she falls to telling stories of his schooldays, and the manner in which his master at Twyford ill-used him. "I don't think my brother knew what fear was," she continues; and the accounts of Pope's friends bear out this character for courage. When he had exasperated the dunces, and threats of violence and personal assault were brought to him, the dauntless little champion never for one instant allowed fear to disturb him, or condescended to take any guard in his daily walks, except occasionally his faithful dog to bear him company. "I had rather die at once," said the gallant little cripple, "than live in fear of those rascals."

As for his death, it was what the noble Arbuthnot asked and enjoyed for himself—a euthanasia—a beautiful end. A perfect benevolence, affection, serenity, hallowed the departure of that high soul. Even in the very hallucinations of his brain and weaknesses of his delirium there was some-

* Swift's mention of him as one

"Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells,"

is well known. And a sneer of Walpole's may be put to a better use than he ever intended it for, *à propos* of this subject. He charitably sneers, in one of his letters, at Spence's fondling an old mother—in imitation of Pope.

thing almost sacred. Spence describes him in his last days, looking up, and with a rapt gaze, as if something had suddenly passed before him. "He said to me, 'What's that?' pointing into the air with a very steady regard, and then looked down and said, with a smile of the greatest softness, ''Twas a vision!'" He laughed scarcely ever, but his companions describe his countenance as often illuminated by a peculiar sweet smile.

"When," said Spence,* the kind anecdotist whom Johnson despised—"when I was telling Lord Bolingbroke that Mr. Pope, on every catching and recovery of his mind, was always saying something kindly of his present or absent friends, and that this was so surprising, as it seemed to me as if humanity had outlasted understanding, Lord Bolingbroke said, 'It has so,' and then added, 'I never in my life knew a man who had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or a more general friendship for mankind. I have known him these thirty years, and value myself more for that man's love than——' Here," Spence says, "St. John sunk his head, and lost his voice in tears." The sob which finishes the epitaph is finer than words. It is the cloak thrown over the father's face in the famous Greek picture, which hides the grief and heightens it.

In Johnson's "Life of Pope" you will find described, with rather a malicious minuteness, some of the personal habits and infirmities of the great little Pope. His body was crooked; he was so short that it was necessary to raise his chair in order to place him on a level with other people at table.† He was sewed up in a buckram suit every morning, and required a nurse like a child. His

* Joseph Spence was the son of a clergyman, near Winchester. He was a short time at Eton, and afterwards became a fellow of New College, Oxford, a clergyman, and professor of poetry. He was a friend of Thomson's, whose reputation he aided. He published an "Essay on the Odyssey" in 1726, which introduced him to Pope. Everybody liked him. His "Anecdotes" were placed, while still in MS., at the service of Johnson and also of Malone. They were published by Mr. Singer in 1820.

† He speaks of Arbuthnot's having helped him through "that long disease, my life." But not only was he so feeble, as is implied in his use of the "buckram," but "it now appears," says Mr. Peter Cunning-

contemporaries reviled these misfortunes with a strange acrimony, and made his poor deformed person the butt for many a bolt of heavy wit. The facetious Mr. Dennis, in speaking of him, says—"If you take the first letter of Mr. Alexander Pope's Christian name, and the first and last letters of his surname, you have A. P. E." Pope catalogues, at the end of the "Dunciad," with a rueful precision, other pretty names, besides Ape, which Dennis called him. That great critic pronounced Mr. Pope was a little ass, a fool, a coward, a Papist, and therefore a hater of Scripture, and so forth. It must be remembered that the pillory was a flourishing and popular institution in those days. Authors stood in it in the body sometimes, and dragged their enemies thither morally, hooted them with foul abuse, and assailed them with garbage of the gutter. Poor Pope's figure was an easy one for those clumsy caricaturists to draw. Any stupid hand could draw a hunchback, and write Pope underneath. They did. A libel was published against Pope with such a frontispiece. This kind of rude jesting was an evidence not only of an ill nature but a dull one. When a child makes a pun, or a lout breaks out into a laugh, it is some very obvious combination of words, or discrepancy of objects, which provokes the infantine satirist, or tickles the boorish wag; and many of Pope's revilers laughed, not so much because they were wicked, as because they knew no better.

Without the utmost sensibility, Pope could not have been the poet he was; and through his life, however much he protested that he disregarded their abuse, the coarse ridicule of his opponents stung and tore him. One of Cibber's pamphlets coming into Pope's hands whilst Richardson the painter was with him, Pope turned round and said, "These things are my diversions;" and Richardson, sitting by whilst Pope perused the libel, said he saw his features "writhing with anguish." How little human nature changes! Can't

ham, "from his unpublished letters, that, like Lord Hervey, he had recourse to ass's milk for the preservation of his health." It is to his lordship's use of that simple beverage that he alludes when he says,—

> "Let Sporus tremble!—A. What, that thing of silk,
> Sporus, that mere white-curd of ass's milk."

one see that little figure? Can't one fancy one is reading Horace? Can't one fancy one is speaking of to-day?

The tastes and sensibilities of Pope, which led him to cultivate the society of persons of fine manners, or wit, or taste, or beauty, caused him to shrink equally from that shabby and boisterous crew which formed the rank and file of literature in his time; and he was as unjust to these men as they to him. The delicate little creature sickened at habits and company which were quite tolerable to robuster men; and in the famous feud between Pope and the Dunces, and without attributing any peculiar wrong to either, one can quite understand how the two parties should so hate each other. As I fancy it was a sort of necessity that when Pope's triumph passed Mr. Addison and his men should look rather contemptuously down on it from their balcony; so it was natural for Dennis and Tibbald, and Welsted and Cibber, and the worn and hungry pressmen in the crowd below, to howl at him and assail him. And Pope was more savage to Grub Street than Grub Street was to Pope. The thong with which he lashed them was dreadful; he fired upon that howling crew such shafts of flame and poison, he slew and wounded so fiercely, that in reading the "Dunciad" and the prose lampoons of Pope, one feels disposed to side against the ruthless little tyrant—at least to pity those wretched folks upon whom he was so unmerciful. It was Pope, and Swift to aid him, who established among us the Grub Street tradition. He revels in base descriptions of poor men's want; he gloats over poor Dennis's garret, and flannel nightcap, and red stockings; he gives instructions how to find Curll's authors, the historian at the tallow chandler's under the blind arch in Petty France, the two translators in bed together, the poet in the cockloft in Budge Row whose landlady keeps the ladder. It was Pope, I fear, who contributed, more than any man who ever lived, to depreciate the literary calling. It was not an unprosperous one before that time, as we have seen; at least there were great prizes in the profession which had made Addison a Minister, and Prior an Ambassador, and Steele a Commissioner, and Swift all but a Bishop. The profession of letters was ruined by that libel of the "Dun-

ciad." If authors were wretched and poor before, if some of them lived in haylofts of which their landladies kept the ladders, at least nobody came to disturb them in their straw. If three of them had but one coat between them, the two remained invisible in the garret; the third, at any rate, appeared decently at the coffee-house and paid his twopence like a gentleman. It was Pope that dragged into light all this poverty and meanness, and held up those wretched shifts and rags to public ridicule. It was Pope that has made generations of the reading world (delighted with the mischief, as who would not be that reads it?) believe that author and wretch, author and rags, author and dirt, author and drink, gin, cow-heel, tripe, poverty, duns, bailiffs, squalling children and clamorous landladies, were always associated together. The condition of authorship began to fall from the days of the "Dunciad;" and I believe in my heart that much of that obloquy which has since pursued our calling was occasioned by Pope's libels and wicked wit. Everybody read those. Everybody was familiarized with the idea of the poor devil the author. The manner is so captivating that young authors practise it, and begin their career with satire. It is so easy to write, and so pleasant to read! to fire a shot that makes a giant wince, perhaps; and fancy one's self his conqueror. It is easy to shoot—but not as Pope did. The shafts of his satire rise sublimely; no poet's verse ever mounted higher than that wonderful flight with which the "Dunciad" concludes:*—

"She comes, she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval and of Chaos old;
Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away;
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one at dread Medea's strain
The sickening stars fade off the ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppressed,
Closed, one by one, to everlasting rest—
Thus, at her felt approach and secret might,
Art after art goes out, and all is night.

* "He (Johnson) repeated to us, in his forcible, melodious manner, the concluding lines of the 'Dunciad.'"—BOSWELL.

See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head;
Philosophy, that leaned on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine,
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine.
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored,
Light dies before thy uncreating word;
Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all." *

In these astonishing lines Pope reaches, I think, to the very greatest height which his sublime art has attained, and shows himself the equal of all poets of all times. It is the brightest ardour, the loftiest assertion of truth, the most generous wisdom, illustrated by the noblest poetic figure, and spoken in words the aptest, grandest, and most harmonious. It is heroic courage speaking—a splendid declaration of righteous wrath and war. It is the gage flung down, and the silver trumpet ringing defiance to falsehood and tyranny, deceit, dullness, superstition. It is Truth, the champion, shining and intrepid, and fronting the great world-tyrant with armies of slaves at his back. It is a wonderful and victorious single combat in that great battle which has always been waging since society began.

In speaking of a work of consummate art, one does not try to show what it actually is—for that were vain—but what it is like, and what are the sensations produced in the mind of him who views it. And in considering Pope's admirable career, I am forced into similitudes drawn from other courage and greatness, and into comparing him with those who achieved triumphs in actual war. I think of the works of young Pope as I do of the actions of young Bonaparte or young Nelson. In their common life you will find frailties and meannesses as great as the vices and follies of the meanest men. But in the presence of the great occasion the great soul flashes out, and conquers transcendent. In

* "Mr. Langton informed me that he once related to Johnson (on the authority of Spence) that Pope himself admired these lines so much that when he repeated them his voice faltered. 'And well it might, sir,' said Johnson, 'for they are noble lines.'"—J. Boswell, junior.

thinking of the splendour of Pope's young victories, of his merit, unequalled as his renown, I hail and salute the achieving genius, and do homage to the pen of a hero.

HOGARTH, SMOLLETT, AND FIELDING.

I SUPPOSE, as long as novels last and authors aim at interesting their public, there must always be in the story a virtuous and gallant hero, a wicked monster his opposite, and a pretty girl who finds a champion; bravery and virtue conquer beauty; and vice, after seeming to triumph through a certain number of pages, is sure to be discomfited in the last volume, when justice overtakes him and honest folks come by their own. There never was perhaps a greatly popular story but this simple plot was carried through it: mere satiric wit is addressed to a class of readers and thinkers quite different to those simple souls who laugh and weep over the novel. I fancy very few ladies indeed, for instance, could be brought to like "Gulliver" heartily, and (putting the coarseness and difference of manners out of the question) to relish the wonderful satire of "Jonathan Wild." In that strange apologue the author takes for a hero the greatest rascal, coward, traitor, tyrant, hypocrite that his wit and experience, both large in this matter, could enable him to devise or depict; he accompanies this villain through all the actions of his life, with a grinning deference and a wonderful mock respect, and doesn't leave him till he is dangling at the gallows, when the satirist makes him a low bow and wishes the scoundrel good day.

It was not by satire of this sort, or by scorn and contempt, that Hogarth achieved his vast popularity and acquired his reputation.* His art is quite simple:† he speaks popular

* Coleridge speaks of the "beautiful female faces" in Hogarth's pictures, "in whom," he says, "the satirist never extinguished that love of beauty which belonged to him as a poet."—*The Friend.*

† "I was pleased with the reply of a gentleman who, being asked which book he esteemed most in his library, answered 'Shakespeare;' being asked which he esteemed next best, replied 'Hogarth.' His graphic representations are indeed books: they have the teeming,

parables to interest simple hearts, and to inspire them with pleasure or pity or warning and terror. Not one of his tales

fruitful, suggestive meaning of *words*. Other pictures we look at—his prints we read.....

"The quantity of thought which Hogarth crowds into every picture would almost unvulgarize every subject which he might choose.....

"I say not that all the ridiculous subjects of Hogarth have necessarily something in them to make us like them—some are indifferent to us, some in their nature repulsive, and only made interesting by the wonderful skill and truth to nature in the painter; but I contend that there is in most of them that sprinkling of the better nature which, like holy water, chases away and disperses the contagion of the bad. They have this in them, besides, that they bring us acquainted with the every-day human face; they give us skill to detect those gradations of sense and virtue (which escape the careless or fastidious observer) in the circumstances of the world about us, and prevent that disgust at common life, that *tædium quotidianarum formarum*, which an unrestricted passion for ideal forms and beauties is in danger of producing. In this, as in many other things, they are analogous to the best novels of Smollett and Fielding."—CHARLES LAMB.

"It has been observed that Hogarth's pictures are exceedingly unlike any other representations of the same kind of subjects—that they form a class, and have a character, peculiar to themselves. It may be worth while to consider in what this general distinction consists.

"In the first place, they are, in the strictest sense, *historical* pictures; and if what Fielding says be true, that his novel of 'Tom Jones' ought to be regarded as an epic prose-poem, because it contained a regular development of fable, manners, character, and passion, the compositions of Hogarth will, in like manner, be found to have a higher claim to the title of epic pictures than many which have of late arrogated that denomination to themselves. When we say that Hogarth treated his subject historically, we mean that his works represent the manners and humours of mankind in action, and their characters by varied expression. Everything in his pictures has life and motion in it. Not only does the business of the scene never stand still, but every feature and muscle is put into full play; the exact feeling of the moment is brought out, and carried to its utmost height, and then instantly seized and stamped on the canvas for ever. The expression is always taken *en passant*, in a state of progress or change, and, as it were, at the salient point.....His figures are not like the background on which they are painted: even the pictures on the wall have a peculiar look of their own. Again, with the rapidity, variety, and scope of history, Hogarth's heads have all the reality and correctness of portraits. He gives the extremes of character and expression, but he gives them with perfect truth and accuracy. This is, in fact, what distinguishes his compositions from all others of the same kind—that they are equally remote from caricature and from mere still life.....His faces go to the very verge of caricature, and yet never (we believe in any single instance) go beyond it."—HAZLITT.

but is as easy as "Goody Twoshoes;" it is the moral of Tommy was a naughty boy and the master flogged him, and Jacky was a good boy and had plum-cake, which pervades the whole works of the homely and famous English moralist. And if the moral is written in rather too large letters after the fable, we must remember how simple the scholars and schoolmaster both were, and like neither the less because they are so artless and honest. "It was a maxim of Dr. Harrison's," Fielding says, in "Amelia"—speaking of the benevolent and divine philosopher who represents the good principle in that novel—"that no man can descend below himself, in doing any act which may contribute to protect an innocent person, *or to bring a rogue to the gallows.*" The moralists of that age had no compunction, you see; they had not begun to be sceptical about the theory of punishment, and thought that the hanging of a thief was a spectacle for edification. Masters sent their apprentices, fathers took their children, to see Jack Sheppard or Jonathan Wild hanged, and it was as undoubting subscribers to this moral law that Fielding wrote and Hogarth painted. Except in one instance, where, in the mad-house scene in the "Rake's Progress," the girl whom he has ruined is represented as still tending and weeping over him in his insanity, a glimpse of pity for his rogues never seems to enter honest Hogarth's mind. There's not the slightest doubt in the breast of the jolly Draco.

The famous set of pictures called "Marriage à la Mode," and which are now exhibited in the National Gallery in London, contains the most important and highly wrought of the Hogarth comedies. The care and method with which the moral grounds of these pictures are laid is as remarkable as the wit and skill of the observing and dexterous artist. He has to describe the negotiations for a marriage pending between the daughter of a rich citizen Alderman and young Lord Viscount Squanderfield, the dissipated son of a gouty old Earl. Pride and pomposity appear in every accessory surrounding the Earl. He sits in gold lace and velvet—as how should such an Earl wear anything but velvet and gold lace? His coronet is everywhere: on his footstool, on which reposes one gouty toe turned out; on the sconces and look-

ing-glasses; on the dogs; on his lordship's very crutches; on his great chair of state and the great baldaquin behind him, under which he sits pointing majestically to his pedigree, which shows that his race is sprung from the loins of William the Conqueror, and confronting the old Alderman from the City, who has mounted his sword for the occasion, and wears his Alderman's chain, and has brought a bag full of money, mortgage-deeds, and thousand-pound notes, for the arrangement of the transaction pending between them. Whilst the steward (a Methodist—therefore a hypocrite and cheat; for Hogarth scorned a Papist and a Dissenter) is negotiating between the old couple, their children sit together, united but apart. My lord is admiring his countenance in the glass, while his bride is twiddling her marriage ring on her pocket-handkerchief, and listening with rueful countenance to Counsellor Silvertongue, who has been drawing the settlements. The girl is pretty, but the painter, with a curious watchfulness, has taken care to give her a likeness to her father; as in the young Viscount's face you see a resemblance to the Earl, his noble sire. The sense of the coronet pervades the picture, as it is supposed to do the mind of its wearer. The pictures round the room are sly hints indicating the situation of the parties about to marry. A martyr is led to the fire; Andromeda is offered to sacrifice; Judith is going to slay Holofernes. There is the ancestor of the house (in the picture it is the Earl himself as a young man), with a comet over his head, indicating that the career of the family is to be brilliant and brief. In the second picture, the old lord must be dead, for Madam has now the Countess's coronet over her bed and toilet-glass, and sits listening to that dangerous Counsellor Silvertongue, whose portrait now actually hangs up in her room, whilst the counsellor takes his ease on the sofa by her side, evidently the familiar of the house, and the confidant of the mistress. My lord takes his pleasure elsewhere than at home, whither he returns jaded and tipsy from the "Rose," to find his wife yawning in her drawing-room, her whist-party over, and the daylight streaming in; or he amuses himself with the very worst company abroad, whilst his wife sits at home listening to foreign singers, or wastes her money at auctions, or, worse

still, seeks amusement at masquerades. The dismal end is known. My lord draws upon the counsellor, who kills him, and is apprehended whilst endeavouring to escape. My lady goes back perforce to the Alderman in the City, and faints upon reading Counsellor Silvertongue's dying speech at Tyburn, where the counsellor has been executed for sending his lordship out of the world. Moral:—Don't listen to evil silver-tongued counsellors; don't marry a man for his rank, or a woman for her money; don't frequent foolish auctions and masquerade balls unknown to your husband; don't have wicked companions abroad and neglect your wife, otherwise you will be run through the body, and ruin will ensue, and disgrace, and Tyburn. The people are all naughty, and Bogey carries them all off. In the "Rake's Progress," a loose life is ended by a similar sad catastrophe. It is the spendthrift coming into possession of the wealth of the paternal miser; the prodigal surrounded by flatterers, and wasting his substance on the very worst company; the bailiffs, the gambling-house, and Bedlam for an end. In the famous story of "Industry and Idleness," the moral is pointed in a manner similarly clear. Fair-haired Frank Goodchild smiles at his work, whilst naughty Tom Idle snores over his loom. Frank reads the edifying ballads of "Whittington" and the "London 'Prentice," whilst that reprobate Tom Idle prefers "Moll. Flanders," and drinks hugely of beer. Frank goes to church of a Sunday, and warbles hymns from the gallery; while Tom lies on a tombstone outside playing at "halfpenny-under-the-hat" with street blackguards, and is deservedly caned by the beadle. Frank is made overseer of the business, whilst Tom is sent to sea. Frank is taken into partnership and marries his master's daughter, sends out broken victuals to the poor, and listens in his nightcap and gown, with the lovely Mrs. Goodchild by his side, to the nuptial music of the City bands and the marrow-bones and cleavers; whilst idle Tom, returned from sea, shudders in a garret lest the officers are coming to take him for picking pockets. The Worshipful Francis Goodchild, Esq., becomes Sheriff of London, and partakes of the most splendid dinners which money can purchase or Alderman devour; whilst poor Tom is taken

up in a night-cellar, with that one-eyed and disreputable accomplice who first taught him to play chuck-farthing on a Sunday. What happens next? Tom is brought up before the justice of his country, in the person of Mr. Alderman Goodchild, who weeps as he recognizes his old brother 'prentice, as Tom's one-eyed friend peaches on him, and the clerk makes out the poor rogue's ticket for Newgate. Then the end comes. Tom goes to Tyburn in a cart with a coffin in it; whilst the Right Honourable Francis Goodchild, Lord Mayor of London, proceeds to his Mansion House, in his gilt coach with four footmen and a sword-bearer; whilst the Companies of London march in the august procession; whilst the trainbands of the City fire their pieces and get drunk in his honour; and—O crowning delight and glory of all—whilst His Majesty the King looks out from his royal balcony, with his ribbon on his breast, and his Queen and his star by his side, at the corner house of St. Paul's Churchyard.

How the times have changed! The new Post Office now not disadvantageously occupies that spot where the scaffolding is in the picture, where the tipsy trainband-man is lurching against the post, with his wig over one eye, and the 'prentice-boy is trying to kiss the pretty girl in the gallery. Passed away 'prentice-boy and pretty girl! Passed away tipsy trainband-man with wig and bandolier! On the spot where Tom Idle (for whom I have an unaffected pity) made his exit from this wicked world, and where you see the hangman smoking his pipe as he reclines on the gibbet and views the hills of Harrow or Hampstead beyond, a splendid marble arch, a vast and modern city — clean, airy, painted drab, populous with nursery-maids and children, the abode of wealth and comfort—the elegant, the prosperous, the polite Tyburnia rises, the most respectable district in the habitable globe!

In that last plate of the London Apprentices, in which the apotheosis of the Right Honourable Francis Goodchild is drawn, a ragged fellow is represented in the corner of the simple, kindly piece, offering for sale a broadside, purporting to contain an account of the appearance of the ghost of Tom Idle, executed at Tyburn. Could Tom's ghost have

made its appearance in 1847, and not in 1747, what changes would have been remarked by that astonished escaped criminal! Over that road which the hangman used to travel constantly, and the Oxford stage twice a week, go ten thousand carriages every day; over yonder road, by which Dick Turpin fled to Windsor, and Squire Western journeyed into town, when he came to take up his quarters at the "Hercules Pillars" on the outskirts of London, what a rush of civilization and order flows now! What armies of gentlemen with umbrellas march to banks, and chambers, and counting-houses! What regiments of nursery-maids and pretty infantry, what peaceful processions of policemen, what light broughams and what gay carriages, what swarms of busy apprentices and artificers, riding on omnibus-roofs, pass daily and hourly! Tom Idle's times are quite changed—many of the institutions gone into disuse which were admired in his day. There's more pity and kindness and a better chance for poor Tom's successors now than at that simpler period when Fielding hanged him and Hogarth drew him.

To the student of history, these admirable works must be invaluable, as they give us the most complete and truthful picture of the manners and even the thoughts of the past century. We look, and see pass before us the England of a hundred years ago—the peer in his drawing-room, the lady of fashion in her apartment, foreign singers surrounding her, and the chamber filled with gewgaws in the mode of that day; the church, with its quaint florid architecture and singing congregation; the parson with his great wig, and the beadle with his cane: all these are represented before us, and we are sure of the truth of the portrait. We see how the Lord Mayor dines in state; how the prodigal drinks and sports at the bagnio; how the poor girl beats hemp in Bridewell; how the thief divides his booty and drinks his punch at the night-cellar, and how he finishes his career at the gibbet. We may depend upon the perfect accuracy of these strange and varied portraits of the bygone generation. We see one of Walpole's Members of Parliament chaired after his election, and the lieges celebrating the event, and drinking confusion to the Pretender: we see the grenadiers and

trainbands of the City marching out to meet the enemy; and have before us, with sword and firelock, and white Hanoverian horse embroidered on the cap, the very figures of the men who ran away with Johnny Cope, and who conquered at Culloden. The Yorkshire wagon rolls into the inn yard; the country parson, in his jack-boots, and his bands and short cassock, comes trotting into town, and we fancy it is Parson Adams, with his sermons in his pocket. The Salisbury fly sets forth from the old "Angel:" you see the passengers entering the great heavy vehicle, up the wooden steps, their hats tied down with handkerchiefs over their faces, and under their arms sword, hanger, and case-bottle; the landlady—apoplectic with the liquors in her own bar—is tugging at the bell; the hunchbacked postilion—he may have ridden the leaders to Humphrey Clinker—is begging a gratuity; the miser is grumbling at the bill; Jack of the "Centurion" lies on the top of the clumsy vehicle, with a soldier by his side—it may be Smollett's Jack Hatchway—it has a likeness to Lismahago. You see the suburban fair and the strolling company of actors; the pretty milkmaid singing under the windows of the enraged French musician: it is such a girl as Steele charmingly described in the *Guardian*, a few years before this date, singing, under Mr. Ironside's window in Shire Lane, her pleasant carol of a May morning. You see noblemen and blacklegs bawling and betting in the Cockpit; you see Garrick as he was arrayed in "King Richard;" Macheath and Polly in the dresses which they wore when they charmed our ancestors, and when noblemen in blue ribbons sat on the stage and listened to their delightful music. You see the ragged French soldiery, in their white coats and cockades, at Calais Gate: they are of the regiment, very likely, which friend Roderick Random joined before he was rescued by his preserver Monsieur de Strap, with whom he fought on the famous day of Dettingen. You see the judges on the bench, the audience laughing in the pit, the student in the Oxford theatre, the citizen on his country walk; you see Broughton the boxer, Sarah Malcolm the murderess, Simon Lovat the traitor, John Wilkes the demagogue, leering at you with that squint which has become historical, and that face which, ugly as it was, he

said he could make as captivating to woman as the countenance of the handsomest beau in town. All these sights and people are with you. After looking in the "Rake's Progress" at Hogarth's picture of St. James's Palace Gate, you may people the street, but little altered within these hundred years, with the gilded carriages and thronging chairmen that bore the courtiers, your ancestors, to Queen Caroline's drawing-room more than a hundred years ago.

What manner of man * was he who executed these por-

* Hogarth (whose family name was Hogart) was the grandson of a Westmoreland yeoman. His father came to London, and was an author and schoolmaster. William was born in 1698 (according to the most probable conjecture), in the parish of St. Martin, Ludgate. He was early apprenticed to an engraver of arms on plate. The following touches are from his "Anecdotes of Himself" (edition of 1833):—

"As I had naturally a good eye and a fondness for drawing, shows of all sorts gave me uncommon pleasure when an infant; and mimicry, common to all children, was remarkable in me. An early access to a neighbouring painter drew my attention from play, and I was, at every possible opportunity, employed in making drawings. I picked up an acquaintance of the same turn, and soon learned to draw the alphabet with great correctness. My exercises, when at school, were more remarkable for the ornaments which adorned them than for the exercise itself. In the former, I soon found that blockheads with better memories could much surpass me; but for the latter I was particularly distinguished.....

"I thought it still more unlikely that by pursuing the common method, and copying *old* drawings, I could ever attain the power of making *new* designs, which was my first and greatest ambition. I therefore endeavoured to habituate myself to the exercise of a sort of technical memory; and by repeating in my own mind the parts of which objects were composed, I could by degrees combine and put them down with my pencil. Thus, with all the drawbacks which resulted from the circumstances I have mentioned, I had one material advantage over my competitors—namely, the early habit I thus acquired of retaining in my mind's eye, without coldly copying it on the spot, whatever I intended to imitate.

"The instant I became master of my own time, I determined to qualify myself for engraving on copper. In this I readily got employment; and frontispieces to books, such as prints to 'Hudibras,' in twelves, etc., soon brought me into the way. But the tribe of booksellers remained as my father had left them.....which put me upon publishing on my own account. But here again I had to encounter a monopoly of printsellers, equally mean and destructive to the ingenious; for the first plate I published, called 'The Taste of the Town,' in which the reigning follies were lashed, had no sooner begun to take a run than I found copies of it in the print-shops, vending at half-price, while

traits—so various, so faithful, and so admirable? In the National Collection of Pictures most of us have seen the best and most carefully finished series of his comic paintings,

the original prints were returned to me again, and I was thus obliged to sell the plate for whatever these pirates pleased to give me, as there was no place of sale but at their shops. Owing to this and other circumstances, by engraving until I was near thirty, I could do little more than maintain myself; *but even then I was a punctual paymaster.*

"I then married, and——"

[But William is going too fast here. He made "a stolen union," on March 23, 1729, with Jane, daughter of Sir James Thornhill, serjeant-painter. For some time Sir James kept his heart and his purse-strings close, but "soon after became both reconciled and generous to the young couple."—*Hogarth's Works*, by NICHOLS and STEEVENS, vol. i. p. 44.]

"—commenced painter of small Conversation Pieces, from twelve to fifteen inches high. This being a novelty, succeeded for a few years."

[About this time Hogarth had summer lodgings at South Lambeth, and did all kinds of work, "embellishing" the "Spring Gardens" at "Vauxhall," and the like. In 1731, he published a satirical plate against Pope, founded on the well-known imputation against him of his having satirized the Duke of Chandos, under the name of Timon, in his poem on "Taste." The plate represented a view of Burlington House, with Pope whitewashing it, and bespattering the Duke of Chandos's coach. Pope made no retort, and has never mentioned Hogarth.]

"Before I had done anything of much consequence in this walk, I entertained some hopes of succeeding in what the puffers in books call *The Great Style of History Painting;* so that without having had a stroke of this *grand* business before, I quitted small portraits and familiar conversations, and with a smile at my own temerity commenced history-painter, and on a great staircase at St. Bartholomew's Hospital painted two Scripture stories, the 'Pool of Bethesda' and the 'Good Samaritan,' with figures seven feet high.....But as religion, the great promoter of this style in other countries, rejected it in England, I was unwilling to sink into a *portrait manufacturer;* and still ambitious of being singular, dropped all expectations of advantage from that source, and returned to the pursuit of my former dealings with the public at large.

"As to portrait-painting, the chief branch of the art by which a painter can procure himself a tolerable livelihood, and the only one by which a lover of money can get a fortune, a man of very moderate talents may have great success in it, as the artifice and address of a mercer is infinitely more useful than the abilities of a painter. By the manner in which the present race of professors in England conduct it, that also becomes still life."

* * * * *

"By this inundation of folly and puff" (*he has been speaking of the success of Vanloo, who came over here in* 1737) "I must confess I was

and the portrait of his own honest face, of which the bright blue eyes shine out from the canvas and give you an idea of that keen and brave look with which William Hogarth

much disgusted, and determined to try if by any means I could stem the torrent, and, *by opposing, end it.* I laughed at the pretensions of these quacks in colouring, ridiculed their productions as feeble and contemptible, and asserted that it required neither taste nor talents to excel their most popular performances. This interference excited much enmity, because, as my opponents told me, my studies were in another way. 'You talk,' added they, 'with ineffable contempt of portrait-painting; if it is so easy a task, why do not you convince the world by painting a portrait yourself?' Provoked at this language, I, one day at the Academy in St. Martin's Lane, put the following question: 'Supposing any man, at this time, were to paint a portrait as well as Vandyke, would it be seen or acknowledged, and could the artist enjoy the benefit or acquire the reputation due to his performance?'

"They asked me in reply if I could paint one as well; and I frankly answered I believed I could.....

"Of the mighty talents said to be requisite for portrait-painting I had not the most exalted opinion."

Let us now hear him on the question of the Academy:—

"To pester the three great estates of the empire, about twenty or thirty students drawing after a man or a horse, appears, as must be acknowledged, foolish enough; but the real motive is, that a few bustling characters, who have access to people of rank, think they can thus get a superiority over their brethren, be appointed to places, and have salaries, as in France, for telling a lad when a leg or an arm is too long or too short.....

"France, ever aping the magnificence of other nations, has in its turn assumed a foppish kind of splendour sufficient to dazzle the eyes of the neighbouring states, and draw vast sums of money from this country.....

"To return to our Royal Academy: I am told that one of their leading objects will be sending young men abroad to study the antique statues, for such kind of studies may sometimes improve an exalted genius, but they will not create it; and whatever has been the cause, this same travelling to Italy has, in several instances that I have seen, reduced the student from nature, and led him to paint marble figures, in which he has availed himself of the great works of antiquity, as a coward does when he puts on the armour of an Alexander; for with similar pretensions and similar vanity, the painter supposes he shall be adored as a second Raphael Urbino."

We must now hear him on his "Sigismunda:"—

"As the most violent and virulent abuse thrown on 'Sigismunda' was from a set of miscreants with whom I am proud of having been ever at war—I mean the expounders of the mysteries of old pictures—I have been sometimes told they were beneath my notice. This is true of them individually; but as they have access to people of rank, who seem as happy in being cheated as these *merchants* are in cheating them, they

regarded the world. No man was ever less of a hero; you see him before you, and can fancy what he was—a jovial, honest London citizen, stout and sturdy; a hearty, plain-spoken man,* loving his laugh, his friend, his glass, his

have a power of doing much mischief to a modern artist. However mean the vendor of poisons, the mineral is destructive: to me its operation was troublesome enough. Ill-nature spreads so fast that now was the time for every little dog in the profession to bark!"

Next comes a characteristic account of his controversy with Wilkes and Churchill.

"The stagnation rendered it necessary that I should do some *timed thing* to recover my lost time, and stop a gap in my income. This drew forth my print of 'The Times'—a subject which tended to the restoration of peace and unanimity, and put the opposers of these humane objects in a light which gave great offence to those who were trying to foment disaffection in the minds of the populace. One of the most notorious of them, till now my friend and flatterer, attacked me in the *North Briton*, in so infamous and malign a style that he himself, when pushed even by his best friends, was driven to so poor an excuse as to say he was drunk when he wrote it.....

"This renowned patriot's portrait, drawn like as I could as to features, and marked with some indications of his mind, fully answered my purpose. The ridiculous was apparent to every eye. A Brutus, a saviour of his country with such an aspect, was so arrant a farce that though it gave rise to much laughter in the lookers-on, galled both him and his adherents to the bone.....

"Churchill, Wilkes's toad-echo, put the *North Briton* into verse, in an Epistle to Hogarth; but as the abuse was precisely the same, except a little poetical heightening, which goes for nothing, it made no impression.....However, having an old plate by me, with some parts ready, such as the background and a dog, I began to consider how I could turn so much work laid aside to some account, and so patched up a print of Master Churchill in the character of a bear. The pleasure and pecuniary advantage which I derived from these two engravings, together with occasionally riding on horseback, restored me to as much health as can be expected at my time of life."

* "It happened, in the early part of Hogarth's life, that a nobleman who was uncommonly ugly and deformed came to sit to him for his picture. It was executed with a skill that did honour to the artist's abilities; but the likeness was rigidly observed, without even the necessary attention to compliment or flattery. The peer, disgusted at this counterpart of himself, never once thought of paying for a reflection that would only disgust him with his deformities. Some time was suffered to elapse before the artist applied for his money; but afterwards many applications were made by him (who had then no need of a banker) for payment, without success. The painter, however, at last hit upon an expedient.....It was couched in the following card:—

"'Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ——. Finding that he

roast-beef of Old England, and having a proper *bourgeois* scorn for French frogs, for mounseers, and wooden shoes in general, for foreign fiddlers, foreign singers, and, above all, for foreign painters, whom he held in the most amusing contempt.

It must have been great fun to hear him rage against Correggio and the Carracci; to watch him thump the table and snap his fingers, and say, "Historical painters be hanged! here's the man that will paint against any of them for a hundred pounds. Correggio's 'Sigismunda!' Look at Bill Hogarth's 'Sigismunda;' look at my altar-piece at St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol; look at my 'Paul before Felix,' and see whether I'm not as good as the best of them." *

Posterity has not quite confirmed honest Hogarth's opinion about his talents for the sublime. Although Swift could not see the difference between tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum, posterity has not shared the Dean's contempt for Handel;

does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr. Hogarth's necessity for the money. If, therefore, His Lordship does not send for it, in three days it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail and some other little appendages, to Mr. Hare, the famous wild-beast man—Mr. Hogarth having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it, for an exhibition picture, on His Lordship's refusal."

"This intimation had the desired effect."—*Works*, by NICHOLS and STEEVENS, vol. i. p. 25.

* "Garrick himself was not more ductile to flattery. A word in favour of 'Sigismunda' might have commanded a proof-print or forced an original print out of our artist's hands."

"The following authenticated story of our artist (furnished by the late Mr. Belchior, F.R.S., a surgeon of eminence) will also serve to show how much more easy it is to detect ill-placed or hyperbolical adulation respecting others than when applied to ourselves. Hogarth, being at dinner with the great Cheselden and some other company, was told that Mr. John Freke, surgeon of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a few evenings before at Dick's Coffee-House, had asserted that Greene was as eminent in composition as Handel. 'That fellow Freke,' replied Hogarth, 'is always shooting his bolt absurdly, one way or another. Handel is a giant in music; Greene only a light Florimel kind of a composer.' 'Ay,' says our artist's informant, 'but at the same time Mr. Freke declared you were as good a portrait-painter as Vandyke.' '*There* he was right,' adds Hogarth; 'and so, by G——, I am, give me my time and let me choose my subject.'"—*Works*, by NICHOLS and STEEVENS, vol. i. pp. 236, 237.

the world has discovered a difference between tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum, and given a hearty applause and admiration to Hogarth, too, but not exactly as a painter of scriptural subjects, or as a rival of Correggio. It does not take away from one's liking for the man, or from the moral of his story, or the humour of it—from one's admiration for the prodigious merit of his performances—to remember that he persisted to the last in believing that the world was in a conspiracy against him with respect to his talents as an historical painter, and that a set of miscreants, as he called them, were employed to run his genius down. They say it was Liston's firm belief that he was a great and neglected tragic actor; they say that every one of us believes in his heart, or would like to have others believe, that he is something which he is not. One of the most notorious of the "miscreants," Hogarth says, was Wilkes, who assailed him in the *North Briton;* the other was Churchill, who put the *North Briton* attack into heroic verse, and published his "Epistle to Hogarth." Hogarth replied by that caricature of Wilkes in which the patriot still figures before us, with his Satanic grin and squint; and by a caricature of Churchill, in which he is represented as a bear with a staff, on which lie the first, lie the second—lie the tenth, are engraved in unmistakable letters. There is very little mistake about honest Hogarth's satire: if he has to paint a man with his throat cut, he draws him with his head almost off; and he tried to do the same for his enemies in this little controversy. "Having an old plate by me," says he, "with some parts ready, such as the background and a dog, I began to consider how I could turn so much work laid aside to some account, and so patched up a print of Master Churchill, in the character of a bear. The pleasure and pecuniary advantage which I derived from these two engravings, together with occasionally riding on horseback, restored me to as much health as I can expect at my time of life."

And so he concludes his queer little book of Anecdotes: "I have gone through the circumstances of a life which till lately passed pretty much to my own satisfaction, and I hope in no respect injurious to any other man. This I may safely assert, that I have done my best to make those about me

tolerably happy, and my greatest enemy cannot say I ever did an intentional injury. What may follow God knows."

A queer account still exists of a holiday jaunt taken by Hogarth and four friends of his, who set out, like the redoubted Mr. Pickwick and his companions, but just a hundred years before those heroes, and made an excursion to Gravesend, Rochester, Sheerness, and adjacent places.* One of the gentlemen noted down the proceedings of the journey, for which Hogarth and a brother artist made drawings. The book is chiefly curious at this moment from showing the citizen life of those days, and the rough, jolly style of merriment, not of the five companions merely, but of thousands of jolly fellows of their time. Hogarth and his friends, quitting the "Bedford Arms," Covent Garden, with a song, took water to Billingsgate, exchanging compliments with the bargemen as they went down the river. At Billingsgate, Hogarth made "a caracatura" of a facetious porter, called the Duke of Puddledock, who agreeably entertained the party with the humours of the place. Hence they took a Gravesend boat for themselves; had straw to lie upon, and a tilt over their heads, they say, and went down the river at night, sleeping and singing jolly choruses.

They arrived at Gravesend at six, when they washed their faces and hands, and had their wigs powdered. Then they sallied forth for Rochester on foot, and drank by the way three pots of ale. At one o'clock they went to dinner with excellent port, and a quantity more beer, and afterwards Hogarth and Scott played at hopscotch in the town hall. It would appear that they slept most of them in one room, and the chronicler of the party describes them all as waking at seven o'clock and telling each other their dreams. You have rough sketches by Hogarth of the incidents of this holiday excursion. The sturdy little painter is seen sprawling over a plank to a boat at Gravesend; the whole company are represented in one design, in a fisherman's room, where they had all passed the night. One gentleman in a nightcap is shaving himself; another is being shaved by the fisherman;

* He made this excursion in 1732, his companions being John Thornhill (son of Sir James), Scott the landscape-painter, Tothall, and Forrest.

a third, with a handkerchief over his bald pate, is taking his breakfast; and Hogarth is sketching the whole scene.

They describe at night how they returned to their quarters, drank to their friends, as usual, emptied several cans of good flip, all singing merrily.

It is a jolly party of tradesmen engaged at high jinks. These were the manners and pleasures of Hogarth, of his time very likely, of men not very refined, but honest and merry. It is a brave London citizen, with John Bull habits, prejudices, and pleasures.*

Of SMOLLETT'S associates and manner of life the author of the admirable "Humphrey Clinker" has given us an interesting account, in that most amusing of novels.†

* "Dr. Johnson made four lines once, on the death of poor Hogarth, which were equally true and pleasing; I know not why Garrick's were preferred to them:—

'The hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew th' essential forms of grace;
Here, closed in death, th' attentive eyes
That saw the manners in the face.'

"Mr. Hogarth, among the variety of kindnesses shown to me when I was too young to have a proper sense of them, was used to be very earnest that I should obtain the acquaintance, and if possible the friendship, of Dr. Johnson; whose conversation was, to the talk of other men, like Titian's painting compared to Hudson's, he said. 'But don't you tell people now that I say so,' continued he; 'for the connoisseurs and I are at war, you know; and because I hate *them*, they think I hate *Titian*—and let them!'.....Of Dr. Johnson, when my father and he were talking about him one day, 'That man,' says Hogarth, 'is not contented with believing the Bible; but he fairly resolves, I think, to believe nothing *but* the Bible. Johnson,' added he, 'though so wise a fellow, is more like King David than King Solomon, for he says in his haste, *All men are liars*.'"—Mrs. PIOZZI.

Hogarth died on the 26th of October 1764. The day before his death, he was removed from his villa at Chiswick to Leicester Fields, "in a very weak condition, yet remarkably cheerful." He had just received an agreeable letter from Franklin. He lies buried at Chiswick.

† TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART., OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXON.

"DEAR PHILLIPS,—In my last I mentioned my having spent an evening with a society of authors, who seemed to be jealous and afraid of one another. My uncle was not at all surprised to hear me say I was disappointed in their conversation. 'A man may be very entertaining and

I have no doubt that this picture by Smollett is as faithful a one as any from the pencil of his kindred humorist, Hogarth.

We have before us, and painted by his own hand, Tobias

instructive upon paper,' said he, 'and exceedingly dull in common discourse. I have observed that those who shine most in private company are but secondary stars in the constellation of genius. A small stock of ideas is more easily managed and sooner displayed than a great quantity crowded together. There is very seldom anything extraordinary in the appearance and address of a good writer; whereas a dull author generally distinguishes himself by some oddity or extravagance. For this reason I fancy that an assembly of grubs must be very diverting.'

"My curiosity being excited by this hint, I consulted my friend Dick Ivy, who undertook to gratify it the very next day, which was Sunday last. He carried me to dine with S——, whom you and I have long known by his writings. He lives in the skirts of the town; and every Sunday his house is open to all unfortunate brothers of the quill, whom he treats with beef, pudding, and potatoes, port, punch, and Calvert's entire butt beer. He has fixed upon the first day of the week for the exercise of his hospitality, because some of his guests could not enjoy it on any other, for reasons that I need not explain. I was civilly received in a plain yet decent habitation, which opened backwards into a very pleasant garden, kept in excellent order; and, indeed, I saw none of the outward signs of authorship either in the house or the landlord, who is one of those few writers of the age that stand upon their own foundation, without patronage, and above dependence. If there was nothing characteristic in the entertainer, the company made ample amends for his want of singularity.

"At two in the afternoon I found myself one of ten messmates seated at table; and I question if the whole kingdom could produce such another assemblage of originals. Among their peculiarities I do not mention those of dress, which may be purely accidental. What struck me were oddities originally produced by affectation, and afterwards confirmed by habit. One of them wore spectacles at dinner, and another his hat flapped; though (as Ivy told me) the first was noted for having a seaman's eye when a bailiff was in the wind, and the other was never known to labour under any weakness or defect of vision, except about five years ago, when he was complimented with a couple of black eyes by a player, with whom he had quarrelled in his drink. A third wore a laced stocking, and made use of crutches, because, once in his life, he had been laid up with a broken leg, though no man could leap over a stick with more agility. A fourth had contracted such an antipathy to the country, that he insisted upon sitting with his back towards the window that looked into the garden; and when a dish of cauliflower was set upon the table, he snuffed up volatile salts to keep him from fainting; yet this delicate person was the son of a cottager, born under a hedge, and had many years run wild among asses on a common. A fifth affected distraction: when spoke to, he always answered from the purpose. Some-

Smollett, the manly, kindly, honest, and irascible; worn and battered, but still brave and full of heart, after a long struggle against a hard fortune. His brain had been busied with a hundred different schemes: he had been

times he suddenly started up, and rapped out a dreadful oath; sometimes he burst out a-laughing; then he folded his arms, and sighed; and then he hissed like fifty serpents.

"At first I really thought he was mad, and, as he sat near me, began to be under some apprehensions for my own safety; when our landlord, perceiving me alarmed, assured me aloud that I had nothing to fear. 'The gentleman,' said he, 'is trying to act a part for which he is by no means qualified: if he had all the inclination in the world, it is not in his power to be mad; his spirits are too flat to be kindled into frenzy.' ''Tis no bad p-p-puff, how-owever,' observed a person in a tarnished laced coat: 'aff-ffected m-madness w-ill p-pass for w-wit w-with nine-nineteen out of t-twenty.' 'And affected stuttering for humour,' replied our landlord; 'though, God knows, there is no affinity between them.' It seems this wag, after having made some abortive attempts in plain speaking, had recourse to this defect, by means of which he frequently extorted the laugh of the company, without the least expense of genius; and that imperfection, which he had at first counterfeited, was now become so habitual that he could not lay it aside.

"A certain winking genius, who wore yellow gloves at dinner, had, on his first introduction, taken such offence at S——, because he looked and talked and ate and drank like any other man, that he spoke contemptuously of his understanding ever after, and never would repeat his visit until he had exhibited the following proof of his caprice. Wat Wyvil the poet, having made some unsuccessful advances towards an intimacy with S——, at last gave him to understand, by a third person, that he had written a poem in his praise and a satire against his person: that if he would admit him to his house, the first should be immediately sent to press; but that if he persisted in declining his friendship, he would publish the satire without delay. S—— replied that he looked upon Wyvil's panegyric as in effect a species of infamy, and would resent it accordingly with a good cudgel; but if he published the satire, he might deserve his compassion, and had nothing to fear from his revenge. Wyvil having considered the alternative, resolved to mortify S—— by printing the panegyric, for which he received a sound drubbing. Then he swore the peace against the aggressor, who, in order to avoid a prosecution at law, admitted him to his good graces. It was the singularity in S——'s conduct on this occasion that reconciled him to the yellow-gloved philosopher, who owned he had some genius, and from that period cultivated his acquaintance.

"Curious to know upon what subjects the several talents of my fellow-guests were employed, I applied to my communicative friend Dick Ivy, who gave me to understand that most of them were, or had been, under-strappers, or journeymen, to more creditable authors, for whom they translated, collated, and compiled, in the business of bookmaking; and

reviewer and historian, critic, medical writer, poet, pamphleteer. He had fought endless literary battles, and braved and wielded for years the cudgels of controversy. It was a hard and savage fight in those days, and a niggard pay.

that all of them had, at different times, laboured in the service of our landlord, though they had now set up for themselves in various departments of literature. Not only their talents, but also their nations and dialects, were so various that our conversation resembled the confusion of tongues at Babel. We had the Irish brogue, the Scotch accent, and foreign idiom, twanged off by the most discordant vociferation; for as they all spoke together, no man had any chance to be heard unless he could bawl louder than his fellows. It must be owned, however, there was nothing pedantic in their discourse; they carefully avoided all learned disquisitions, and endeavoured to be facetious. Nor did their endeavours always miscarry: some droll repartee passed, and much laughter was excited; and if any individual lost his temper so far as to transgress the bounds of decorum, he was effectually checked by the master of the feast, who exerted a sort of paternal authority over this irritable tribe.

"The most learned philosopher of the whole collection, who had been expelled the university for atheism, has made great progress in a refutation of Lord Bolingbroke's metaphysical works, which is said to be equally ingenious and orthodox; but in the meantime he has been presented to the grand jury as a public nuisance for having blasphemed in an alehouse on the Lord's Day. The Scotchman gives lectures on the pronunciation of the English language, which he is now publishing by subscription.

"The Irishman is a political writer, and goes by the name of my Lord Potato. He wrote a pamphlet in vindication of a Minister, hoping his zeal would be rewarded with some place or pension; but finding himself neglected in that quarter, he whispered about that the pamphlet was written by the Minister himself, and he published an answer to his own production. In this he addressed the author, under the title of 'your lordship,' with such solemnity that the public swallowed the deceit, and bought up the whole impression. The wise politicians of the metropolis declared they were both masterly performances, and chuckled over the flimsy reveries of an ignorant garreteer as the profound speculations of a veteran statesman, acquainted with all the secrets of the cabinet. The imposture was detected in the sequel, and our Hibernian pamphleteer retains no part of his assumed importance but the bare title of 'my lord,' and the upper part of the table at the potato-ordinary in Shoe Lane.

"Opposite to me sat a Piedmontese, who had obliged the public with a humorous satire, entitled 'The Balance of the English Poets;' a performance which evinced the great modesty and taste of the author, and in particular his intimacy with the elegancies of the English language. The sage, who laboured under the *ἀγροφοβία*, or 'horror of green fields,' had just finished a treatise on practical agriculture, though, in fact, he had never seen corn growing in his life, and was so ignorant of grain

He was oppressed by illness, age, narrow fortune; but his spirit was still resolute, and his courage steady: the battle over, he could do justice to the enemy with whom he had been so fiercely engaged, and give a not unfriendly grasp to the hand that had mauled him. He is like one of those Scotch cadets of whom history gives us so many examples, and whom, with a national fidelity, the great Scotch novelist has painted so charmingly: of gentle birth * and narrow

that our entertainer, in the face of the whole company, made him own that a plate of hominy was the best rice-pudding he had ever eat.

"The stutterer had almost finished his travels through Europe and part of Asia, without ever budging beyond the liberties of the King's Bench, except in term-time, with a tipstaff for his companion; and as for little Tim Cropdale, the most facetious member of the whole society, he had happily wound up the catastrophe of a virgin tragedy, from the exhibition of which he promised himself a large fund of profit and reputation. Tim had made shift to live many years by writing novels, at the rate of five pounds a volume; but that branch of business is now engrossed by female authors, who publish merely for the propagation of virtue, with so much ease, and spirit, and delicacy, and knowledge of the human heart, and in all the serene tranquillity of high life, that the reader is not only enchanted by their genius, but reformed by their morality.

"After dinner we adjourned into the garden, where I observed Mr. S—— give a short separate audience to every individual in a small remote filbert-walk, from whence most of them dropped off one after another, without further ceremony."

Smollett's house was in Lawrence Lane, Chelsea, and is now destroyed. (See *Handbook of London*, p. 115.)

"The person of Smollett was eminently handsome, his features prepossessing, and, by the joint testimony of all his surviving friends, his conversation in the highest degree instructive and amusing. Of his disposition, those who have read his works (and who has not?) may form a very accurate estimate; for in each of them he has presented, and sometimes under various points of view, the leading features of his own character without disguising the most unfavourable of them.....When unseduced by his satirical propensities, he was kind, generous, and humane to others; bold, upright, and independent in his own character; stooped to no patron, sued for no favour, but honestly and honourably maintained himself on his literary labours.....He was a doting father and an affectionate husband; and the warm zeal with which his memory was cherished by his surviving friends showed clearly the reliance which they placed upon his regard."—Sir Walter Scott.

* Smollett of Bonhill, in Dumbartonshire. *Arms*, azure, a bend or, between a lion rampant, ppr., holding in his paw a banner argent and a bugle-horn, also ppr. *Crest*, an oak tree, ppr. *Motto*, *Viresco*.

Smollett's father, Archibald, was the fourth son of Sir James Smollett

means, going out from his northern home to win his fortune in the world, and to fight his way, armed with courage, hunger, and keen wits. His crest is a shattered oak tree, with green leaves yet springing from it. On his ancient coat-of-arms there is a lion and a horn: this shield of his was battered and dinted in a hundred fights and brawls,*

of Bonhill, a Scotch judge and member of Parliament, and one of the commissioners for framing the Union with England. Archibald married, without the old gentleman's consent, and died early, leaving his children dependent on their grandfather. Tobias, the second son, was born in 1721, in the old house of Dalquharn in the valley of Leven; and all his life loved and admired that valley and Loch Lomond beyond all the valleys and lakes in Europe. He learned the "rudiments" at Dumbarton Grammar School, and studied at Glasgow.

But when he was only ten, his grandfather died, and left him without provision (figuring as the old judge in "Roderick Random" in consequence, according to Sir Walter). Tobias, armed with the "Regicide, a Tragedy"—a provision precisely similar to that with which Dr. Johnson had started, just before—came up to London. The "Regicide" came to no good, though at first patronized by Lord Lyttelton ("one of those little fellows who are sometimes called great men," Smollett says); and Smollett embarked as "surgeon's mate" on board a line-of-battle ship, and served in the Carthagena expedition, in 1741. He left the service in the West Indies, and after residing some time in Jamaica, returned to England in 1746.

He was now unsuccessful as a physician, to begin with; published the satires, "Advice" and "Reproof," without any luck; and (1747) married the "beautiful and accomplished Miss Lascelles."

In 1748 he brought out his "Roderick Random," which at once made a "hit." The subsequent events of his life may be presented chronologically in a bird's-eye view:—

1750. Made a tour to Paris, where he chiefly wrote "Peregrine Pickle."
1751. Published "Peregrine Pickle."
1753. Published "Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom."
1755. Published version of "Don Quixote."
1756. Began the "Critical Review."
1758. Published his "History of England."
1763–1766. Travelling in France and Italy; published his "Travels."
1769. Published "Adventures of an Atom."
1770. Set out for Italy; died at Leghorn 21st of Oct. 1771, in the fifty-first year of his age.

* A good specimen of the old "slashing" style of writing is presented by the paragraph on Admiral Knowles, which subjected Smollett to prosecution and imprisonment. The admiral's defence on the occasion of the failure of the Rochefort expedition came to be examined before the tribunal of the "Critical Review."

through which the stout Scotchman bore it courageously. You see somehow that he is a gentleman, through all his battling and struggling, his poverty, his hard-fought successes, and his defeats. His novels are recollections of his own adventures; his characters drawn, as I should think, from personages with whom he became acquainted in his own career of life. Strange companions he must have had; queer acquaintances he made in the Glasgow College, in the country apothecary's shop, in the gun-room of the

"He is," said our author, "an admiral without conduct, an engineer without knowledge, an officer without resolution, and a man without veracity!"

Three months' imprisonment in the King's Bench avenged this stinging paragraph.

But the "Critical" was to Smollett a perpetual fountain of "hot water." Among less important controversies may be mentioned that with Grainger, the translator of "Tibullus." Grainger replied in a pamphlet; and in the next number of the "Review" we find him threatened with "castigation," as an "owl that has broken from his mew!"

In Dr. Moore's biography of him is a pleasant anecdote. After publishing the "Don Quixote," he returned to Scotland, to pay a visit to his mother.

"On Smollett's arrival, he was introduced to his mother, with the connivance of Mrs. Telfer (her daughter), as a gentleman from the West Indies, who was intimately acquainted with her son. The better to support his assumed character, he endeavoured to preserve a serious countenance, approaching to a frown; but while his mother's eyes were riveted on his countenance, he could not refrain from smiling. She immediately sprung from her chair, and throwing her arms round his neck, exclaimed, 'Ah, my son, my son! I have found you at last!'

"She afterwards told him that if he had kept his austere looks and continued to *gloom*, he might have escaped detection some time longer; but 'your old roguish smile,' added she, 'betrayed you at once.'"

"Shortly after the publication of 'The Adventures of an Atom,' disease again attacked Smollett with redoubled violence. Attempts being vainly made to obtain for him the office of Consul in some part of the Mediterranean, he was compelled to seek a warmer climate, without better means of provision than his own precarious finances could afford. The kindness of his distinguished friend and countryman Dr. Armstrong (then abroad) procured for Dr. and Mrs. Smollett a house at Monte Nero, a village situated on the side of a mountain overlooking the sea, in the neighbourhood of Leghorn; a romantic and salutary abode, where he prepared for the press the last and, like music 'sweetest in the close,' the most pleasing of his compositions, 'The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker.' This delightful work was published in 1771."—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

man-of-war where he served as surgeon, and in the hard life on shore, where the sturdy adventurer struggled for fortune. He did not invent much, as I fancy, but had the keenest perceptive faculty, and described what he saw with wonderful relish and delightful broad humour. I think Uncle Bowling, in "Roderick Random," is as good a character as Squire Western himself; and Mr. Morgan, the Welsh apothecary, is as pleasant as Dr Caius. What man who has made his inestimable acquaintance—what novel-reader who loves Don Quixote and Major Dalgetty—will refuse his most cordial acknowledgments to the admirable Lieutenant Lismahago? The novel of "Humphrey Clinker" is, I do think, the most laughable story that has ever been written since the goodly art of novel-writing began. Winifred Jenkins and Tabitha Bramble must keep Englishmen on the grin for ages yet to come; and in their letters and the story of their loves there is a perpetual fount of sparkling laughter, as inexhaustible as Bladud's well.

Fielding, too, has described, though with a greater hand, the characters and scenes which he knew and saw. He had more than ordinary opportunities for becoming acquainted with life. His family and education first, his fortunes and misfortunes afterwards, brought him into the society of every rank and condition of man. He is himself the hero of his books: he is wild Tom Jones, he is wild Captain Booth—less wild, I am glad to think, than his predecessor; at least heartily conscious of demerit, and anxious to amend.

When Fielding first came upon the town in 1727, the recollection of the great wits was still fresh in the coffee-houses and assemblies, and the judges there declared that young Harry Fielding had more spirits and wit than Congreve or any of his brilliant successors. His figure was tall and stalwart; his face handsome, manly, and noble-looking; to the very last days of his life he retained a grandeur of air, and, although worn down by disease, his aspect and presence imposed respect upon the people round about him.

A dispute took place between Mr. Fielding and the cap-

tain * of the ship in which he was making his last voyage, and Fielding relates how the man finally went down on his knees and begged his passenger's pardon. He was living up to the last days of his life, and his spirit never gave in. His vital power must have been immensely strong. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu † prettily characterizes Fielding and this capacity for happiness which he possessed, in a little notice of his death, when she compares him to Steele, who was as improvident and as happy as he was, and says that both should have gone on living for ever. One can fancy the eagerness and gusto with which a man of Fielding's frame, with his vast health and robust appetite, his ardent spirits, his joyful humour, and his keen and hearty relish for life, must have seized and drunk that cup of pleasure which

* The dispute with the captain arose from the wish of that functionary to intrude on his right to his cabin, for which he had paid thirty pounds. After recounting the circumstances of the apology, he characteristically adds :—

"And here, that I may not be thought the sly trumpeter of my own praises, I do utterly disclaim all praise on the occasion. Neither did the greatness of my mind dictate nor the force of my Christianity exact this forgiveness. To speak truth, I forgave him from a motive which would make men much more forgiving, if they were much wiser than they are—because it was convenient for me so to do."

† Lady Mary was his second-cousin—their respective grandfathers being sons of George Fielding, Earl of Desmond, son of William, Earl of Denbigh.

In a letter dated just a week before his death, she says :—

"H. Fielding has given a true picture of himself and his first wife in the characters of *Mr.* and *Mrs. Booth*, some compliments to his own figure excepted ; and I am persuaded several of the incidents he mentions are real matters of fact. I wonder he does not perceive *Tom Jones* and *Mr. Booth* are sorry scoundrels.....Fielding has really a fund of true humour, and was to be pitied at his first entrance into the world, having no choice, as he said himself, but to be a hackney writer or a hackney coachman. His genius deserved a better fate ; but I cannot help blaming that continued indiscretion, to give it the softest name, that has run through his life, and I am afraid still remains.....Since I was born no original has appeared excepting Congreve, and Fielding, who would, I believe, have approached nearer to his excellences, if not forced by his necessities to publish without correction, and throw many productions into the world he would have thrown into the fire, if meat could have been got without money, or money without scribbling.....I am sorry not to see any more of Peregrine Pickle's performances ; I wish you would tell me his name."—*Letters and Works* (Lord WHARNCLIFFE's Ed.), vol. iii. pp. 93, 94.

the town offered to him. Can any of my hearers remember the youthful feats of a college breakfast—the meats devoured and the cups quaffed in that Homeric feast? I can call to mind some of the heroes of those youthful banquets, and fancy young Fielding from Leyden rushing upon the feast, with his great laugh and immense healthy young appetite, eager and vigorous to enjoy. The young man's wit and manners made him friends everywhere: he lived with the grand Man's society of those days; he was courted by peers and men of wealth and fashion. As he had a paternal allowance from his father, General Fielding, which, to use Henry's own phrase, any man might pay who would; as he liked good wine, good clothes, and good company, which are all expensive articles to purchase, Harry Fielding began to run into debt, and borrow money in that easy manner in which Captain Booth borrows money in the novel, was in nowise particular in accepting a few pieces from the purses of his rich friends, and bore down upon more than one of them, as Walpole tells us only too truly, for a dinner or a guinea. To supply himself with the latter, he began to write theatrical pieces, having already, no doubt, a considerable acquaintance amongst the Oldfields and Bracegirdles behind the scenes. He laughed at these pieces and scorned them. When the audience upon one occasion began to hiss a scene which he was too lazy to correct, and regarding which, when Garrick remonstrated with him, he said that the public was too stupid to find out the badness of his work—when the audience began to hiss, Fielding said, with characteristic coolness, "They have found it out, have they?" He did not prepare his novels in this way, and with a very different care and interest laid the foundations and built up the edifices of his future fame.

Time and shower have very little damaged those. The fashion and ornaments are, perhaps, of the architecture of that age; but the buildings remain strong and lofty, and of admirable proportions—masterpieces of genius and monuments of workmanlike skill.

I cannot offer or hope to make a hero of Harry Fielding. Why hide his faults? Why conceal his weaknesses in a cloud of periphrases? Why not show him, like him, as

he is—not robed in a marble toga, and draped and polished in a heroic attitude, but with inked ruffles, and claret-stains on his tarnished laced coat, and on his manly face the marks of good-fellowship, of illness, of kindness, of care, and wine. Stained as you see him, and worn by care and dissipation, that man retains some of the most precious and splendid human qualities and endowments. He has an admirable natural love of truth, the keenest instinctive antipathy to hypocrisy, the happiest satirical gift of laughing it to scorn. His wit is wonderfully wise and detective; it flashes upon a rogue and lightens up a rascal like a policeman's lantern. He is one of the manliest and kindliest of human beings: in the midst of all his imperfections, he respects female innocence and infantine tenderness, as you would suppose such a great-hearted, courageous soul would respect and care for them. He could not be so grave, generous, truth-telling as he is, were he not infinitely merciful, pitiful, and tender. He will give any man his purse—he can't help kindness and profusion. He may have low tastes: but not a mean mind; he admires with all his heart good and virtuous men, stoops to no flattery, bears no rancour, disdains all disloyal arts, does his public duty uprightly, is fondly loved by his family, and dies at his work.*

If that theory be—and I have no doubt it is—the right and safe one, that human nature is always pleased with the spectacle of innocence rescued by fidelity, purity, and courage, I suppose that, of the heroes of Fielding's three novels, we should like honest Joseph Andrews the best, and Captain Booth the second, and Tom Jones the third.†

Joseph Andrews, though he wears Lady Booby's cast-off

* He sailed for Lisbon, from Gravesend, on Sunday morning, June 30th, 1754, and began "The Journal of a Voyage" during the passage. He died at Lisbon, in the beginning of October of the same year. He lies buried there, in the English Protestant churchyard, near the Estrella Church, with this inscription over him:—

"HENRICUS FIELDING.
LUGET BRITANNIA GREMIO NON DATUM
FOVERE NATUM."

† Fielding himself is said by Dr. Warton to have preferred "Joseph Andrews" to his other writings.

livery, is, I think, to the full as polite as Tom Jones in his fustian suit, or Captain Booth in regimentals. He has, like those heroes, large calves, broad shoulders, a high courage, and a handsome face. The accounts of Joseph's bravery and good qualities; his voice, too musical to halloo to the dogs; his bravery in riding races for the gentlemen of the county, and his constancy in refusing bribes and temptation, have something affecting in their *naïveté* and freshness, and prepossesses one in favour of that handsome young hero. The rustic bloom of Fanny, and the delightful simplicity of Parson Adams, are described with a friendliness which wins the reader of their story; we part from them with more regret than from Booth and Jones.

Fielding, no doubt, began to write this novel in ridicule of "Pamela," for which work one can understand the hearty contempt and antipathy which such an athletic and boisterous genius as Fielding's must have entertained. He couldn't do otherwise than laugh at the puny cockney bookseller, pouring out endless volumes of sentimental twaddle, and hold him up to scorn as a mollcoddle and a milksop. *His* genius had been nursed on sack-posset, and not on dishes of tea. *His* muse had sung the loudest in tavern choruses, had seen the daylight streaming in over thousands of emptied bowls, and reeled home to chambers on the shoulders of the watchman. Richardson's goddess was attended by old maids and dowagers, and fed on muffins and bohea. "Milksop!" roars Harry Fielding, clattering at the timid shop-shutters. "Wretch! Monster! Mohock!" shrieks the sentimental author of "Pamela;"* and all the ladies of his court cackle out an affrighted chorus. Fielding proposes to write a book in ridicule of the author, whom he disliked and utterly scorned and laughed at; but he is himself of so generous, jovial, and kindly a turn

* "Richardson," says worthy Mrs. Barbauld, in her Memoir of him, prefixed to his Correspondence, "was exceedingly hurt at this ('Joseph Andrews'), the more so as they had been on good terms, and he was very intimate with Fielding's two sisters. He never appears cordially to have forgiven it (perhaps it was not in human nature he should), and he always speaks in his letters with a great deal of asperity of 'Tom Jones'—more indeed than was quite graceful in a rival author. No doubt he himself thought his indignation was solely excited by the loose morality of the work and of its author, but he could tolerate Cibber."

that he begins to like the characters which he invents, can't help making them manly and pleasant as well as ridiculous, and before he has done with them all, loves them heartily every one.

Richardson's sickening antipathy for Harry Fielding is quite as natural as the other's laughter and contempt at the sentimentalist. I have not learned that these likings and dislikings have ceased in the present day, and every author must lay his account not only to misrepresentation, but to honest enmity among critics, and to being hated and abused for good as well as for bad reasons. Richardson disliked Fielding's works quite honestly; Walpole quite honestly spoke of them as vulgar and stupid. Their squeamish stomachs sickened at the rough fare and the rough guests assembled at Fielding's jolly revel. Indeed the cloth might have been cleaner, and the dinner and the company were scarce such as suited a dandy. The kind and wise old Johnson would not sit down with him.* But a greater scholar than Johnson could afford to admire that astonishing genius of Harry Fielding; and we all know the lofty panegyric which Gibbon wrote of him, and which remains a towering monument to the great novelist's memory. "Our immortal Fielding," Gibbon writes, "was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburgh. The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren of England, but the romance of 'Tom Jones,' that exquisite picture of humour and manners, will outlive the palace of the Escurial and the Imperial Eagle of Austria."

There can be no gainsaying the sentence of this great judge. To have your name mentioned by Gibbon is like having it written on the dome of St. Peter's. Pilgrims from all the world admire and behold it.

As a picture of manners, the novel of "Tom Jones" is indeed exquisite; as a work of construction, quite a wonder:

* It must always be borne in mind that besides that the Doctor couldn't be expected to like Fielding's wild life (to say nothing of the fact that they were of opposite sides in politics), Richardson was one of his earliest and kindest friends. Yet Johnson too (as Boswell tells us) read "Amelia" through without stopping.

the by-play of wisdom, the power of observation, the multiplied felicitous turns and thoughts, the varied character of the great Comic Epic, keep the reader in a perpetual admiration and curiosity.* But against Mr. Thomas Jones himself we have a right to put in a protest, and quarrel with the esteem the author evidently has for that character. Charles Lamb says finely of Jones that a single hearty laugh from him "clears the air," but then it is in a certain state of the atmosphere. It might clear the air when such personages as Blifil or Lady Bellaston poison it. But I fear very much that (except until the very last scene of the story), when Mr. Jones enters Sophia's drawing-room, the pure air there is rather tainted with the young gentleman's tobacco-pipe and punch. I can't say that I think Mr. Jones a virtuous character; I can't say but that I think Fielding's evident liking and admiration for Mr. Jones shows that the great humorist's moral sense was blunted by his life, and that here, in Art and Ethics, there is a great error. If it is right to have a hero whom we may admire, let us at least take care that he is admirable. If, as is the plan of some authors (a plan decidedly against their interests, be it said), it is propounded that there exists in life no such being, and therefore that in novels, the picture of life, there should appear no such character, then Mr. Thomas Jones becomes an admissible person, and we examine his defects and good qualities as we do those of Parson Thwackum or

* "Manners change from generation to generation, and with manners morals appear to change—actually change with some, but appear to change with all but the abandoned. A young man of the present day who should act as Tom Jones is supposed to act at Upton, with Lady Bellaston, etc., would not be a Tom Jones; and a Tom Jones of the present day, without perhaps being in the ground a better man, would have perished rather than submit to be kept by a harridan of fortune. Therefore, this novel is, and indeed pretends to be, no example of conduct. But, notwithstanding all this, I do loathe the cant which can recommend 'Pamela' and 'Clarissa Harlowe' as strictly moral, although they poison the imagination of the young with continued doses of *tinct. lyttæ*, while Tom Jones is prohibited as loose. I do not speak of young women; but a young man whose heart or feelings can be injured, or even his passions excited by this novel, is already thoroughly corrupt. There is a cheerful, sunshiny, breezy spirit, that prevails everywhere, strongly contrasted with the close, hot, day-dreamy continuity of Richardson."—COLERIDGE: *Literary Remains*, vol. ii. p. 374.

Miss Seagrim. But a hero with a flawed reputation, a hero spunging for a guinea, a hero who can't pay his landlady, and is obliged to let his honour out to hire, is absurd, and his claim to heroic rank untenable. I protest against Mr. Thomas Jones holding such rank at all. I protest even against his being considered a more than ordinary young fellow, ruddy-cheeked, broad-shouldered, and fond of wine and pleasure. He would not rob a church, but that is all: and a pretty long argument may be debated, as to which of these old types, the spendthrift, the hypocrite—Jones and Blifil, Charles and Joseph Surface—is the worst member of society and the most deserving of censure. The prodigal Captain Booth is a better man than his predecessor, Mr. Jones, in so far as he thinks much more humbly of himself than Jones did—goes down on his knees, and owns his weaknesses, and cries out, "Not for my sake, but for the sake of my pure and sweet and beautiful wife Amelia, I pray you, O critical reader, to forgive me." That stern moralist regards him from the bench (the judge's practice out of court is not here the question), and says, "Captain Booth, it is perfectly true that your life has been disreputable, and that on many occasions you have shown yourself to be no better than a scamp: you have been tippling at the tavern, when the kindest and sweetest lady in the world has cooked your little supper of boiled mutton and awaited you all the night; you have spoiled the little dish of boiled mutton thereby, and caused pangs and pains to Amelia's tender heart.* You have got into debt without the means of paying

* "Nor was she (Lady Mary Wortley Montagu) a stranger to that beloved first wife whose picture he drew in his 'Amelia,' when, as she said, even the glowing language he knew how to employ did not do more than justice to the amiable qualities of the original, or to her beauty, although this had suffered a little from the accident related in the novel—a frightful overturn, which destroyed the gristle of her nose. He loved her passionately, and she returned his affection.....

"His biographers seem to have been shy of disclosing that, after the death of this charming woman, he married her maid. And yet the act was not so discreditable to his character as it may sound. The maid had few personal charms, but was an excellent creature, devotedly attached to her mistress, and almost broken-hearted for her loss. In the first agonies of his own grief, which approached to frenzy, he found no relief but from weeping along with her, nor solace, when a degree

it. You have gambled the money with which you ought to have paid your rent. You have spent in drink or in worse amusements the sums which your poor wife has raised upon her little home treasures, her own ornaments, and the toys of her children. But, you rascal, you own humbly that you are no better than you should be; you never for one moment pretend that you are anything but a miserable, weak-minded rogue. You do in your heart adore that angelic woman, your wife, and for her sake, sirrah, you shall have your discharge. Lucky for you and for others like you, that in spite of your failings and imperfections, pure hearts pity and love you. For your wife's sake you are permitted to go hence without a remand; and I beg you, by the way, to carry to that angelical lady the expression of the cordial respect and admiration of this court." Amelia pleads for her husband, Will Booth; Amelia pleads for her reckless, kindly old father, Harry Fielding. To have invented that character is not only a triumph of art, but it is a good action. They say it was in his own home that Fielding knew her and loved her, and from his own wife that he drew the most charming character in English fiction. Fiction! why fiction? why not history? I know Amelia just as well as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. I believe in Colonel Bath almost as much as in Colonel Gardiner or the Duke of Cumberland. I admire the author of "Amelia," and thank the kind master who introduced me to that sweet and delightful companion and friend. "Amelia" perhaps is not a better story than "Tom Jones," but it has the better ethics—the

calmer, but in talking to her of the angel they mutually regretted. This made her his habitual confidential associate, and in process of time he began to think he could not give his children a tenderer mother, or secure for himself a more faithful housekeeper and nurse. At least, this was what he told his friends; and it is certain that her conduct as his wife confirmed it, and fully justified his good opinion."—*Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.* Edited by Lord WHARNCLIFFE. *Introductory Anecdotes*, vol. i. pp. 80, 81.

Fielding's first wife was Miss Craddock, a young lady from Salisbury, with a fortune of £1,500, whom he married in 1736. About the same time he succeeded, himself, to an estate of £200 per annum, and on the joint amount he lived for some time as a splendid country gentleman in Dorsetshire. Three years brought him to the end of his fortune, when he returned to London, and became a student of law.

prodigal repents, at least, before forgiveness; whereas that odious, broad-backed Mr. Jones carries off his beauty with scarce an interval of remorse for his manifold errors and shortcomings, and is not half punished enough before the great prize of fortune and love falls to his share. I am angry with Jones. Too much of the plum-cake and rewards of life fall to that boisterous, swaggering young scapegrace. Sophia actually surrenders without a proper sense of decorum—the fond, foolish, palpitating little creature! "Indeed, Mr. Jones," she says, "it rests with you to appoint the day." I suppose Sophia is drawn from life as well as Amelia; and many a young fellow, no better than Mr. Thomas Jones, has carried by a *coup de main* the heart of many a kind girl who was a great deal too good for him.

What a wonderful art! What an admirable gift of nature was it by which the author of these tales was endowed, and which enabled him to fix our interest, to waken our sympathy, to seize upon our credulity, so that we believe in his people, speculate gravely upon their faults or their excellences, prefer this one or that, deplore Jones's fondness for drink and play, Booth's fondness for play and drink, and the unfortunate position of the wives of both gentlemen, love and admire those ladies with all our hearts, and talk about them as faithfully as if we had breakfasted with them this morning in their actual drawing-rooms, or should meet them this afternoon in the Park! What a genius! what a vigour! what a bright-eyed intelligence and observation! what a wholesome hatred for meanness and knavery! what a vast sympathy! what a cheerfulness! what a manly relish of life! what a love of humankind! what a poet is here, watching, meditating, brooding, creating! What multitudes of truths has that man left behind him! What generations he has taught to laugh wisely and fairly! What scholars he has formed and accustomed to the exercise of thoughtful humour and the manly play of wit! What a courage he had! What a dauntless and constant cheerfulness of intellect, that burned bright and steady through all the storms of his life, and never deserted its last wreck! It is wonderful to think of the pains and misery which the man suffered; the pressure of want, illness, remorse which he endured; and that the writer was

neither malignant nor melancholy, his view of truth never warped, and his generous human kindness never surrendered.*

In the quarrel mentioned before, which happened on

* In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1786 an anecdote is related of Harry Fielding, "in whom," says the correspondent, "good nature and philanthropy in their extreme degree were known to be the prominent features." It seems that "some parochial taxes" for his house in Beaufort Buildings had long been demanded by the collector. "At last Harry went off to Johnson, and obtained by a process of literary mortgage the needful sum. He was returning with it, when he met an old college chum whom he had not seen for many years. He asked the chum to dinner with him at a neighbouring tavern, and learning that he was in difficulties, emptied the contents of his pocket into his. On returning home he was informed that the collector had been twice for the money. 'Friendship has called for the money and had it,' said Fielding; 'let the collector call again.'"

It is elsewhere told of him that, being in company with the Earl of Denbigh, his kinsman, and the conversation turning upon their relationship, the Earl asked him how it was that he spelled his name "Fielding" and not "Feilding," like the head of the house. "I cannot tell, my lord," said he, "except it be that my branch of the family were the first that knew how to spell."

In 1748 he was made Justice of the Peace for Westminster and Middlesex—an office then paid by fees, and very laborious, without being particularly reputable. It may be seen from his own words, in the introduction to the "Voyage," what kind of work devolved upon him, and in what a state he was, during these last years, and still more clearly how he comported himself through all.

"Whilst I was preparing for my journey, and when I was almost fatigued to death with several long examinations, relating to five different murders, all committed within the space of a week, by different gangs of street-robbers, I received a message from His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, by Mr. Carrington, the King's messenger, to attend His Grace the next morning in Lincoln's Inn Fields upon some business of importance; but I excused myself from complying with the message, as, besides being lame, I was very ill with the great fatigues I had lately undergone, added to my distemper.

"His Grace, however, sent Mr. Carrington the very next morning with another summons, with which, though in the utmost distress, I immediately complied. But the Duke happening, unfortunately for me, to be then particularly engaged, after I had waited some time, sent a gentleman to discourse with me on the best plan which could be invented for these murders and robberies, which were every day committed in the streets; upon which I promised to transmit my opinion in writing to His Grace, who, as the gentleman informed me, intended to lay it before the Privy Council.

"Though this visit cost me a severe cold, I, notwithstanding, set myself down to work, and in about four days sent the Duke as regular a

Fielding's last voyage to Lisbon, and when the stout captain of the ship fell down on his knees and asked the sick man's pardon, "I did not suffer," Fielding says, in his hearty, manly way, his eyes lighting up as it were with their old fire—"I did not suffer a brave man and an old man to remain a moment in that posture, but immediately forgave him." Indeed I think, with his noble spirit and unconquerable generosity, Fielding reminds one of those brave men of whom one reads in stories of English shipwrecks and disasters: of the officer on the African shore, when disease has destroyed the crew, and he himself is seized by fever, who throws the lead with a death-stricken hand, takes the soundings, carries the ship out of the river or off the dangerous coast, and dies in the manly endeavour; of the wounded

plan as I could form, with all the reasons and arguments I could bring to support it, drawn out on several sheets of paper, and soon received a message from the Duke, by Mr. Carrington, acquainting me that my plan was highly approved of, and that all the terms of it would be complied with.

"The principal and most material of these terms was the immediately depositing £600 in my hands, at which small charge I undertook to demolish the then reigning gangs, and to put the civil policy into such order that no such gangs should ever be able for the future to form themselves into bodies, or at least to remain any time formidable to the public.

"I had delayed my Bath journey for some time, contrary to the repeated advice of my physical acquaintances and the ardent desire of my warmest friends, though my distemper was now turned to a deep jaundice, in which case the Bath waters are generally reputed to be almost infallible. But I had the most eager desire to demolish this gang of villains and cut-throats.....

"After some weeks the money was paid at the Treasury, and within a few days after £200 of it had come into my hands, the whole gang of cut-throats was entirely dispersed."

Further on he says,—

"I will confess that my private affairs at the beginning of the winter had but a gloomy aspect, for I had not plundered the public or the poor of those sums which men who are always ready to plunder both as much as they can have been pleased to suspect me of taking; on the contrary, by composing instead of inflaming the quarrels of porters and beggars (which I blush when I say hath not been universally practised), and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I had reduced an income of about £500 a year of the dirtiest money upon earth to little more than £300, a considerable portion of which remained with my clerk."

captain, when the vessel founders, who never loses his heart, who eyes the danger steadily, and has a cheery word for all, until the inevitable fate overwhelms him, and the gallant ship goes down. Such a brave and gentle heart, such an intrepid and courageous spirit, I love to recognize in the manly, the English Harry Fielding.

STERNE AND GOLDSMITH.

Roger Sterne, Sterne's father, was the second son of a numerous race, descendants of Richard Sterne, Archbishop of York in the reign of James II., and children of Simon Sterne and Mary Jaques, his wife, heiress of Elvington, near York.* Roger was a lieutenant in Handyside's regiment, and engaged in Flanders in Queen Anne's wars. He married the daughter of a noted sutler—"*N.B.*, he was in debt to him," his son writes, pursuing the paternal biography—and marched through the world with this companion, she following the regiment and bringing many children to poor Roger Sterne. The captain was an irascible but kind and simple little man, Sterne says, and informs us that his sire was run through the body at Gibraltar, by a brother officer, in a duel which arose out of a dispute about a goose. Roger never entirely recovered from the effects of this rencontre, but died presently at Jamaica, whither he had followed the drum.

Laurence, his second child, was born at Clonmel, in Ireland, in 1713, and travelled, for the first ten years of his life, on his father's march, from barrack to transport, from Ireland to England.†

One relative of his mother's took her and her family under shelter for ten months at Mullingar; another collateral descendant of the Archbishop's housed them for a year at his castle near Carrickfergus. Larry Sterne was put to school at

* He came of a Suffolk family, one of whom settled in Nottinghamshire. The famous "starling" was actually the family crest.

† "It was in this parish (of Animo, in Wicklow), during our stay, that I had that wonderful escape in falling through a mill-race, whilst the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt. The story is incredible, but known for truth in all that part of Ireland, where hundreds of the common people flocked to see me."—Sterne.

Halifax in England, finally was adopted by his kinsman of Elvington, and parted company with his father, the Captain, who marched on his path of life till he met the fatal goose, which closed his career. The most picturesque and delightful parts of Laurence Sterne's writings we owe to his recollections of the military life. Trim's montero cap, and Le Fevre's sword, and dear Uncle Toby's roquelaure, are doubtless reminiscences of the boy, who had lived with the followers of William and Marlborough, and had beat time with his little feet to the fifes of Ramillies in Dublin barrack-yard, or played with the torn flags and halberds of Malplaquet on the parade-ground at Clonmel.

Laurence remained at Halifax school till he was eighteen years old. His wit and cleverness appear to have acquired the respect of his master here; for when the usher whipped Laurence for writing his name on the newly-whitewashed schoolroom ceiling, the pedagogue in chief rebuked the understrapper, and said that the name should never be effaced, for Sterne was a boy of genius, and would come to preferment.

His cousin, the squire of Elvington, sent Sterne to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he remained five years, and taking orders, got, through his uncle's interest, the living of Sutton and the prebendary of York. Through his wife's connections he got the living of Stillington. He married her in 1741, having ardently courted the young lady for some years previously. It was not until the young lady fancied herself dying that she made Sterne acquainted with the extent of her liking for him. One evening when he was sitting with her, with an almost broken heart to see her so ill (the Rev. Mr. Sterne's heart was a good deal broken in the course of his life), she said, "My dear Laurey, I never can be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live; but I have left you every shilling of my fortune"—a generosity which overpowered Sterne. She recovered, and so they were married, and grew heartily tired of each other before many years were over. "Nescio quid est materia cum me," Sterne writes to one of his friends (in dog-Latin, and very sad dog-Latin too); "sed sum fatigatus et ægrotus de meâ uxore plus quam unquam:" which means, I am sorry to say, "I don't know what is the

matter with me, but I am more tired and sick of my wife than ever." *

This, to be sure, was five-and-twenty years after Laurey had been overcome by her generosity and she by Laurey's love. Then he wrote to her of the delights of marriage, saying, "We will be as merry and as innocent as our first parents in Paradise before the arch-fiend entered that indescribable scene. The kindest affections will have room to expand in our retirement: let the human tempest and hurricane rage at a distance, the desolation is beyond the horizon of peace. My L. has seen a polyanthus blow in December? Some friendly wall has sheltered it from the biting wind. No planetary influence shall reach us but that which presides and cherishes the sweetest flowers. The gloomy family of care and distrust shall be banished from our dwelling, guarded by thy kind and tutelar deity. We will sing our choral songs of gratitude and rejoice to the end of our pilgrimage. Adieu, my L. Return to one who languishes for thy society. As I take up my pen, my poor pulse quickens, my pale face glows, and tears are trickling down on my paper as I trace the word L."

And it is about this woman, with whom he finds no fault but that she bores him, that our philanthropist writes, "Sum fatigatus et ægrotus"—*Sum mortaliter in amore* with somebody else! That fine flower of love, that Polyanthus over which Sterne snivelled so many tears, could not last for a quarter of a century!

Or rather it could not be expected that a gentleman with such a fountain at command should keep it to *arroser* one homely old lady, when a score of younger and prettier people might be refreshed from the same gushing source.† It was

* "My wife returns to Toulouse, and proposes to pass the summer at Bignaères. I, on the contrary, go and visit my wife, the church, in Yorkshire. We all live the longer, at least the happier, for having things our own way; this is my conjugal maxim. I own 'tis not the best of maxims, but I maintain 'tis not the worst."—STERNE'S *Letters:* 20th January 1764.

† In a collection of "Seven Letters by Sterne and his Friends" (printed for private circulation in 1844) is a letter of M. Tollot, who was in France with Sterne and his family in 1764. Here is a paragraph:—

in December 1767 that the Rev. Laurence Sterne, the famous Shandean, the charming Yorick, the delight of the fashionable world, the delicious divine for whose sermons the whole polite world was subscribing,* the occupier of

"Nous arrivâmes le lendemain à Montpellier, où nous trouvâmes notre ami Mr. Sterne, sa femme, sa fille, Mr. Huet, et quelques autres Anglaises. J'eus, je vous l'avoue, beaucoup de plaisir en revoyant le bon et agréable Tristram.....Il avait été assez longtemps à Toulouse, où il se serait amusé sans sa femme, qui le poursuivit partout, et qui voulait être de tout. Ces dispositions dans cette bonne dame lui ont fait passer d'assez mauvais momens; il supporte tous ces désagrémens avec une patience d'ange."

About four months after this very characteristic letter, Sterne wrote to the same gentleman to whom Tollot had written, and from his letter we may extract a companion paragraph:—

"All which being premised, I have been for eight weeks smitten with the tenderest passion that ever tender wight underwent. I wish, dear cousin, thou couldst conceive (perhaps thou canst without my wishing it) how deliciously I cantered away with it the first month, two up, two down, always upon my *hanches*, along the street from my hotel to hers—at first once, then twice, then three times a day, till at length I was within an ace of setting up my hobby-horse in her stable for good and all. I might as well, considering how the enemies of the Lord have blasphemed thereupon. The last three weeks we were every hour upon the doleful ditty of parting; and thou mayst conceive, dear cousin, how it altered my gait and air: for I went and came like any loudened carl, and did nothing but *jouer des sentimens* with her from sunrising even to the setting of the same; and now she is gone to the south of France, and to finish the *comédie*, I fell ill, and broke a vessel in my lungs, and half bled to death. Voilà mon histoire!"

Whether husband or wife had most of the "*patience d'ange*" may be uncertain, but there can be no doubt which needed it most!

* "'Tristram Shandy" is still a greater object of admiration, the man as well as the book: one is invited to dinner where he dines a fortnight before. As to the volumes yet published, there is much good fun in them, and humour sometimes hit and sometimes missed. Have you read his 'Sermons,' with his own comick figure, from a painting by Reynolds, at the head of them? They are in the style I think most proper for the pulpit, and show a strong imagination and a sensible heart; but you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience."—GRAY'S *Letters: June 22nd*, 1760.

"It having been observed that there was little hospitality in London—Johnson: 'Nay, sir, any man who has a name, or who has the power of pleasing, will be very generally invited in London. The man Sterne, I have been told, has had engagements for three months.' Goldsmith: 'And a very dull fellow.' Johnson: 'Why, no, sir.'"—BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*.

"Her (Miss Monckton's) vivacity enchanted the sage, and they used to

Rabelais's easy-chair, only fresh stuffed and more elegant than when in possession of the cynical old curate of Meudon,* the more than rival of the Dean of St. Patrick's,

talk together with all imaginable ease. A singular instance happened one evening, when she insisted that some of Sterne's writings were very pathetic. Johnson bluntly denied it. 'I am sure," said she, 'they have affected me.' 'Why,' said Johnson, smiling and rolling himself about, 'that is because, dearest, you're a dunce.' When she some time afterwards mentioned this to him, he said, with equal truth and politeness, 'Madam, if I had thought so, I certainly should not have said it.'" —*Ibid.*

* A passage or two from Sterne's "Sermons" may not be without interest here. Is not the following, levelled against the cruelties of the Church of Rome, stamped with the autograph of the author of the "Sentimental Journey"?—

"To be convinced of this, go with me for a moment into the prisons of the Inquisition; behold *religion* with mercy and justice chained down under her feet—there, sitting ghastly upon a black tribunal, propped up with racks and instruments of torment. Hark! what a piteous groan! See the melancholy wretch who uttered it, just brought forth to undergo the anguish of a mock trial, and endure the utmost pain that a studied system of *religious cruelty* has been able to invent. Behold this helpless victim delivered up to his tormentors! *his body so wasted with sorrow and long confinement, you'll see every nerve and muscle as it suffers.* Observe the last movement of that horrid engine. What convulsions it has thrown him into! Consider the nature of the posture in which he now lies stretched. What exquisite torture he endures by it! 'Tis all nature can bear. Good GOD! see how it keeps his weary soul hanging upon his trembling lips, willing to take its leave, but not suffered to depart. Behold the unhappy wretch led back to his cell, dragged out of it again to meet the flames, and the insults in his last agonies, which this principle—this principle that there can be religion without morality—has prepared for him."—*Sermon 27th.*

The next extract is preached on a text to be found in Judges xix., ver. 1–3, concerning a "certain Levite":—

"Such a one the Levite wanted to share his solitude and fill up that uncomfortable blank in the heart in such a situation; for notwithstanding all we meet with in books, in many of which, no doubt, there are a good many handsome things said upon the sweets of retirement, etc..... yet still 'it *is not good for man to be alone;*' nor can all which the cold-hearted pedant stuns our ears with upon the subject ever give one answer of satisfaction to the mind. In the midst of the loudest vauntings of philosophy, nature will have her yearnings for society and friendship. A good heart wants some object to be kind to, and the best parts of our blood, and the purest of our spirits, suffer most under the destitution.

"Let the torpid monk seek Heaven comfortless and alone. God speed him! For my own part, I fear I should never so find the way. *Let me be wise and religious, but let me be* MAN. Wherever Thy Provi-

wrote the above-quoted respectable letter to his friend in London; and it was in April of the same year that he was pouring out his fond heart to Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, wife of "Daniel Draper, Esq., Councillor of Bombay, and in 1775 chief of the factory of Surat—a gentleman very much respected in that quarter of the globe."

"I got thy letter last night, Eliza," Sterne writes, "on my return from Lord Bathurst's, where I dined" (the letter has this merit in it, that it contains a pleasant reminiscence of better men than Sterne, and introduces us to a portrait of a kind old gentleman) —"I got thy letter last night, Eliza, on my return from Lord Bathurst's, and where I was heard—as I talked of thee an hour without intermission—with so much pleasure and attention that the good old Lord toasted your health three different times; and now he is in his eighty-fifth year, says he hopes to live long enough to be introduced as a friend to my fair Indian disciple, and to see her eclipse all other Nabobesses as much in wealth as she does already in exterior and, what is far better" (for Sterne is nothing without his morality), "in interior merit. This nobleman is an old friend of mine. You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius, and has had those of the last century —Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Prior, etc.—always at his table. The manner in which his notice began of me was as singular as it was polite. He came up to me one day as I was at the Princess of Wales's court, and said, 'I want to know you, Mr. Sterne; but it is fit you also should know who it is that wishes this pleasure. You have heard of an old Lord Bathurst, of whom your Popes and Swifts have sung and spoken so much? I have lived my life with geniuses of that cast, but have survived them, and despairing ever to find their equals, it is some years since I have shut up my books and

dence places me, or whatever be the road I take to Thee, give me some companion in my journey, be it only to remark to, 'How our shadows lengthen as our sun goes down!' To whom I may say, 'How fresh is the face of Nature! how sweet the flowers of the field! how delicious are these fruits!'"—*Sermon 18th.*

The first of these passages gives us another drawing of the famous "Captive." The second shows that the same reflection was suggested to the Rev. Laurence by a text in Judges as by the *fille de chambre.*

Sterne's Sermons were published as those of "Mr. Yorick."

closed my accounts. But you have kindled a desire in me of opening them once more before I die, which I now do; so go home and dine with me.' This nobleman, I say, is a prodigy, for he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty, a disposition to be pleased, and a power to please others, beyond whatever I knew; added to which a man of learning, courtesy, and feeling.

"He heard me talk of thee, Eliza, with uncommon satisfaction—for there was only a third person, *and of sensibility*, with us; and a most sentimental afternoon till nine o'clock have we passed.* But thou, Eliza, wert the star that conducted and enlivened the discourse. And when I talked not of thee, still didst thou fill my mind and warm every thought I uttered, for I am not ashamed to acknowledge I greatly miss thee. Best of all good girls, the sufferings I have sustained all night in consequence of thine, Eliza, are beyond the power of words.....And so thou hast fixed thy Bramin's portrait over thy writing-desk, and wilt consult it in all doubts and difficulties? Grateful and good girl! Yorick smiles contentedly over all thou dost: his picture does not do justice to his own complacency. I am glad your shipmates are friendly beings" (Eliza was at Deal, going back to the Councillor at Bombay, and indeed it was high time she should be off). "You could least dispense with what is contrary to your own nature, which is soft and gentle, Eliza; it would civilize savages—though pity were it thou shouldst be tainted

* "I am glad that you are in love: 'twill cure you at least of the spleen, which has a bad effect on both man and woman. I myself must ever have some Dulcinea in my head—it harmonizes the soul; and in these cases I first endeavour to make the lady believe so, or rather, I begin first to make myself believe that I am in love; but I carry on my affairs quite in the French way—sentimentally. '*L'amour*,' say they, '*n'est rien sans sentiment.*' Now, notwithstanding they make such a pother about the *word*, they have no precise idea annexed to it. And so much for that same subject called love."—STERNE'S *Letters:* May 23, 1765.

"P.S.—My 'Sentimental Journey' will please Mrs. J—— and my Lydia" (his daughter, afterwards Mrs. Medalle). "I can answer for those two. It is a subject which works well, and suits the frame of mind I have been in for some time past. I told you my design in it was to teach us to love the world and our fellow-creatures better than we do—so it runs most upon those gentler passions and affections which aid so much to it."—*Letters* (1767).

with the office. Write to me, my child, thy delicious letters Let them speak the easy carelessness of a heart that open itself anyhow, everyhow. Such, Eliza, I write to thee! (The artless rogue, of course he did!) "And so I should ever love thee, most artlessly, most affectionately, if Providence permitted thy residence in the same section of the globe; for I am all that honour and affection can make me— 'THY BRAMIN.'"

The Bramin continues addressing Mrs. Draper until the departure of the *Earl of Chatham* Indiaman from Deal, on the 2nd of April, 1767. He is amiably anxious about the fresh paint for Eliza's cabin; he is uncommonly solicitous about her companions on board. "I fear the best of your shipmates are only genteel by comparison with the contrasted crew with which thou beholdest them. So was—you know who—from the same fallacy which was put upon your judgment when— But I will not mortify you!"

"You know who" was, of course, Daniel Draper, Esq. of Bombay—a gentleman very much respected in that quarter of the globe, and about whose probable health our worthy Bramin writes with delightful candour:—

"I honour you, Eliza, for keeping secret some thing which, if explained, had been a panegyric on yourself. There is a dignity in venerable affliction which will not allow it to appeal to the world for pity or redress. Well have you supported that character, my amiable, my philosophic friend! And, indeed, I begin to think you have as many virtues as my uncle Toby's widow. Talking of widows—pray, Eliza, if ever you are such, do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy Nabob, because I design to marry you myself. My wife cannot live long, and I know not the woman I should like so well for her substitute as yourself. 'Tis true I am ninety-five in constitution, and you but twenty-five; but what I want in youth, I will make up in wit and good-humour. Not Swift so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Saccharissa. Tell me, in answer to this, that you approve and honour the proposal."

Approve and honour the proposal! The coward was writing gay letters to his friends this while, with sneering allusions to this poor foolish *Bramine*. Her ship was not

out of the Downs, and the charming Sterne was at the "Mount Coffee-house," with a sheet of gilt-edged paper before him, offering that precious treasure, his heart, to Lady P——, asking whether it gave her pleasure to see him unhappy, whether it added to her triumph that her eyes and lips had turned a man into a fool, quoting the Lord's Prayer, with a horrible baseness of blasphemy, as a proof that he had desired not to be led into temptation, and swearing himself the most tender and sincere fool in the world. It was from his home at Coxwould that he wrote the Latin letter, which, I suppose, he was ashamed to put into English. I find in my copy of the Letters that there is a note of, I can't call it admiration, at Letter 112, which seems to announce that there was a No. 3 to whom the wretched, worn-out old scamp was paying his addresses;* and the year after, having come back to his lodgings in Bond Street, with his "Sentimental Journey" to launch upon the town, eager as ever for praise and pleasure—as vain, as wicked, as witty, as false as he had ever been—death at length seized the feeble wretch, and, on the 18th of March, 1768, that "bale of cadaverous goods," as he calls his body,

* "To Mrs. H——.

"Coxwould, *Nov.* 15, 1767.

"Now be a good dear woman, my H——, and execute those commissions well, and when I see you I will give you a kiss—there's for you! But I have something else for you which I am fabricating at a great rate, and that is my 'Sentimental Journey,' which shall make you cry as much as it has affected me, or I will give up the business of sentimental writing..... I am yours, etc., etc.

"T. Shandy."

"To the Earl of ——

"Coxwould, *Nov.* 28, 1767.

"My Lord,—'Tis with the greatest pleasure I take my pen to thank your lordship for your letter of inquiry about Yorick. He was worn out, both his spirits and body, with the 'Sentimental Journey.' 'Tis true, then, an author must feel himself, or his reader will not; but I have torn my whole frame into pieces by my feelings. I believe the brain stands as much in need of recruiting as the body. Therefore I shall set out for town the twentieth of next month, after having recruited myself a week at York. I might indeed solace myself with my wife (who is come from France); but, in fact, I have long been a sentimental being, whatever your lordship may think to the contrary."

was consigned to Pluto.* In his last letter there is one sign of grace—the real affection with which he entreats a friend to be a guardian to his daughter Lydia. All his letters to her are artless, kind, affectionate, and *not* sentimental; as a hundred pages in his writings are beautiful, and full, not of surprising humour merely, but of genuine love and kindness. A perilous trade, indeed, is that of a man who has to bring his tears and laughter, his recollections, his personal griefs and joys, his private thoughts and feelings to market, to write them on paper, and sell them for money. Does he exaggerate his grief, so as to get his reader's pity for a false sensibility? feign indignation, so as to establish a character for virtue? elaborate repartees, so that he may pass for a wit? steal from other authors, and put down the theft to the credit side of his own reputation for ingenuity and learning? feign originality? affect benevolence or misanthropy? appeal to the gallery gods with claptraps and vulgar baits to catch applause?

How much of the paint and emphasis is necessary for the fair business of the stage, and how much of the rant and rouge is put on for the vanity of the actor? His audience trusts him: can he trust himself? How much was deliberate

* "In February 1768 Laurence Sterne, his frame exhausted by long debilitating illness, expired at his lodgings in Bond Street, London. There was something in the manner of his death singularly resembling the particulars detailed by Mrs. Quickly as attending that of Falstaff, the compeer of Yorick for infinite jest, however unlike in other particulars. As he lay on his bed totally exhausted, he complained that his feet were cold, and requested the female attendant to chafe them. She did so, and it seemed to relieve him. He complained that the cold came up higher, and whilst the assistant was in the act of chafing his ankles and legs, he expired without a groan. It was also remarkable that his death took place much in the manner which he himself had wished, and that the last offices were rendered him, not in his own house, or by the hand of kindred affection, but in an inn, and by strangers.

"We are well acquainted with Sterne's features and personal appearance, to which he himself frequently alludes. He was tall and thin, with a hectic and consumptive appearance."—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

"It is known that Sterne died in hired lodgings, and I have been told that his attendants robbed him even of his gold sleeve-buttons while he was expiring."—Dr. FERRIAR.

"He died at No. 41 (now a cheesemonger's) on the west side of Old Bond Street."—*Handbook of London.*

calculation and imposture? how much was false sensibility, and how much true feeling? Where did the lie begin, and did he know where? and where did the truth end in the art and scheme of this man of genius, this actor, this quack? Some time since, I was in the company of a French actor, who began after dinner, and at his own request, to sing French songs of the sort called *des chansons grivoises*, and which he performed admirably, and to the dissatisfaction of most persons present. Having finished these, he commenced a sentimental ballad. It was so charmingly sung that it touched all persons present, and especially the singer himself, whose voice trembled, whose eyes filled with emotion, and who was snivelling and weeping quite genuine tears by the time his own ditty was over. I suppose Sterne had this artistical sensibility. He used to blubber perpetually in his study; and finding his tears infectious, and that they brought him a great popularity, he exercised the lucrative gift of weeping; he utilized it, and cried on every occasion. I own that I don't value or respect much the cheap dribble of those fountains. He fatigues me with his perpetual disquiet and his uneasy appeals to my risible or sentimental faculties. He is always looking in my face, watching his effect, uncertain whether I think him an impostor or not—posture-making, coaxing, and imploring me. "See what sensibility I have; own now that I'm very clever; do cry now—you can't resist this." The humour of Swift and Rabelais, whom he pretended to succeed, poured from them as naturally as song does from a bird; they lose no manly dignity with it, but laugh their hearty great laugh out of their broad chests as nature bade them. But this man—who can make you laugh, who can make you cry too—never lets his reader alone, or will permit his audience repose. When you are quiet, he fancies he must rouse you, and turns over head and heels, or sidles up and whispers a nasty story. The man is a great jester, not a great humorist. He goes to work systematically and of cold blood—paints his face, puts on his ruff and motley clothes, and lays down his carpet and tumbles on it.

For instance, take the "Sentimental Journey," and see in the writer the deliberate propensity to make points and seek

applause. He gets to "Dessein's Hotel;" he wants a carriage to travel to Paris; he goes to the inn-yard, and begins what the actors call "business" at once. There is that little carriage, the *désobligeante*. "Four months had elapsed since it had finished its career of Europe in the corner of Monsieur Dessein's coachyard, and having sallied out thence but a vamped-up business at first, though it had been twice taken to pieces on Mount Sennis, it had not profited much by its adventures, but by none so little as the standing so many months unpitied in the corner of Monsieur Dessein's coachyard. Much, indeed, was not to be said for it, but something might; and when a few words will rescue Misery out of her distress, I hate the man who can be a churl of them."

Le tour est fait! Paillasse has tumbled! Paillasse has jumped over the *désobligeante*, cleared it, hood and all, and bows to the noble company. Does anybody believe that this is a real Sentiment—that this luxury of generosity, this gallant rescue of Misery, out of an old cab, is genuine feeling? It is as genuine as the virtuous oratory of Joseph Surface when he begins, "The man who," etc., etc., and wishes to pass off for a saint with his credulous, good-humoured dupes.

Our friend purchases the carriage, after turning that notorious old monk to good account; and effecting (like a soft and good-natured Paillasse as he was, and very free with his money when he had it) an exchange of snuff-boxes with the old Franciscan, jogs out of Calais; sets down in immense figures on the credit side of his account the sous he gives away to the Montreuil beggars; and, at Nampont, gets out of the chaise and whimpers over that famous dead donkey, for which any sentimentalist may cry who will. It is agreeably and skilfully done—that dead jackass. Like M. de Soubise's cook on the campaign, Sterne dresses it, and serves it up quite tender and with a very piquant sauce. But tears, and fine feelings, and a white pocket-handkerchief, and a funeral sermon, and horses and feathers, and a procession of mutes, and a hearse with a dead donkey inside! Pshaw, mountebank! I'll not give thee one penny more for that trick, donkey and all!

This donkey had appeared once before with signal effect.

In 1765, three years before the publication of the "Sentimental Journey," the seventh and eighth volumes of "Tristram Shandy" were given to the world, and the famous Lyons donkey makes his entry in those volumes (pp. 315, 316):—

"'Twas by a poor ass, with a couple of large panniers at his back, who had just turned in to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops and cabbage leaves, and stood dubious, with his two forefeet at the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

"Now 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike. There is a patient endurance of suffering wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage which pleads so mightily for him that it always disarms me, and to that degree that I do not like to speak unkindly to him. On the contrary, meet him where I will, whether in town or country, in cart or under panniers, whether in liberty or bondage, I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and, as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I), I generally fall into conversation with him; and surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing responses from the etchings of his countenance; and where those carry me not deep enough, in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man—upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me with whom I can do this..... With an ass I can commune for ever.

"'Come, Honesty,' said I, seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate, 'art thou for coming in or going out?'

"The ass twisted his head round to look up the street.

"'Well,' replied I, 'we'll wait a minute for thy driver.'

"He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wistfully the opposite way.

"'I understand thee perfectly,' answered I; 'if thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death. Well, a minute is but a minute; and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill-spent.'

"He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse

went on, and, in the little peevish contentions between hunger and unsavouriness, had dropped it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and had picked it up again. 'God help thee, Jack!' said I; 'thou hast a bitter breakfast on't, and many a bitter day's labour, and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages. 'Tis all, all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others. And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I daresay, as soot' (for he had cast aside the stem), 'and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world that will give thee a macaroon.' In saying this, I pulled out a paper of 'em, which I had just bought, and gave him one: and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit of seeing *how* an ass would eat a macaroon, than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

"When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I pressed him to come in. The poor beast was heavy loaded: his legs seemed to tremble under him; he hung rather backwards; and as I pulled at his halter it broke in my hand. He looked up pensive in my face: 'Don't thrash me with it, but if you will, you may.' 'If I do,' said I, 'I'll be d——.'"

A critic who refuses to see in this charming description wit, humour, pathos, a kind nature speaking, and a real sentiment, must be hard indeed to move and to please. A page or two farther we come to a description not less beautiful—a landscape and figures, deliciously painted by one who had the keenest enjoyment and the most tremulous sensibility:—

"'Twas in the road between Nismes and Lunel, where is the best Muscatto wine in all France. The sun was set; they had done their work. The nymphs had tied up their hair afresh, and the swains were preparing for a carousal. My mule made a dead point. ''Tis the pipe and tambourine,' said I; 'I never will argue a point with one of your family as long as I live.' So, leaping off his back, and kicking off one boot into this ditch and t'other into that, 'I'll take a dance,' said I; 'so stay you here.'

"A sunburnt daughter of labour rose up from the group to meet me as I advanced towards them; her hair, which was of a dark chestnut approaching to a black, was tied up in a knot, all but a single tress.

"'We want a cavalier,' said she, holding out both her hands, as if to offer them. 'And a cavalier you shall have,' said I, taking hold of both of them. 'We could not have done without you,' said she, letting go one hand, with self-taught politeness, and leading me up with the other.

"A lame youth, whom Apollo had recompensed with a pipe, and to which he had added a tambourine of his own accord, ran sweetly over the prelude as he sat upon the bank. 'Tie me up this tress instantly,' said Nannette, putting a piece of string into my hand. It taught me to forget I was a stranger. The whole knot fell down—we had been seven years acquainted. The youth struck the note upon the tambourine, his pipe followed, and off we bounded.

"The sister of the youth—who had stolen her voice from heaven—sang alternately with her brother. 'Twas a Gascoigne roundelay: '*Viva la joia, fidon la tristessa.*' The nymphs joined in unison, and their swains an octave below them.

"*Viva la joia* was in Nannette's lips, *viva la joia* in her eyes. A transient spark of amity shot across the space betwixt us. She looked amiable. Why could I not live and end my days thus? 'Just Disposer of our joys and sorrows,' cried I, 'why could not a man sit down in the lap of content here, and dance, and sing, and say his prayers, and go to heaven with this nut-brown maid?' Capriciously did she bend her head on one side and dance up insidious. 'Then 'tis time to dance off,' quoth I."

And with this pretty dance and chorus the volume artfully concludes. Even here one can't give the whole description. There is not a page in Sterne's writing but has something that were better away—a latent corruption, a hint as of an impure presence.*

* "With regard to Sterne, and the charge of licentiousness which presses so seriously upon his character as a writer, I would remark that there is a sort of knowingness, the wit of which depends, first, on the modesty it gives pain to; or, secondly, on the innocence and innocent ignorance over which it triumphs; or, thirdly, on a certain oscillation in the individual's own mind between the remaining good and the encroaching evil of his nature—a sort of dallying with the devil—a fluxionary art of combining courage and cowardice, as when a man snuffs a candle with his fingers for the first time; or better still, perhaps, like that trembling

Some of that dreary *double entendre* may be attributed to freer times and manners than ours, but not all. The foul Satyr's eyes leer out of the leaves constantly; the last words the famous author wrote were bad and wicked; the last lines the poor stricken wretch penned were for pity and pardon. I think of these past writers and of one who lives amongst us now, and am grateful for the innocent laughter and the sweet and unsullied page which the author of "David Copperfield" gives to my children.

"Jeté sur cette boule,
Laid, chétif et souffrant;
Etouffé dans la foule,
Faute d'être assez grand:

"Une plainte touchante
De ma bouche sortit.
Le bon Dieu me dit: Chante,
Chante, pauvre petit!

"Chanter, ou je m'abuse,
Est ma tâche ici bas.
Tous ceux qu'ainsi j'amuse,
Ne m'aimeront-ils pas?"

In those charming lines of Béranger one may fancy de-

daring with which a child touches a hot tea-urn, because it has been forbidden: so that the mind has its own white and black angel; the same or similar amusement as may be supposed to take place between an old debauchee and a prude—the feeling resentment, on the one hand, from a prudential anxiety to preserve appearances and have a character; and on the other, an inward sympathy with the enemy. We have only to suppose society innocent, and then nine-tenths of this sort of wit would be like a stone that falls in snow, making no sound, because exciting no resistance; the remainder rests on its being an offence against the good manners of human nature itself.

"This source, unworthy as it is, may doubtless be combined with wit, drollery, fancy, and even humour; and we have only to regret the misalliance. But that the latter are quite distinct from the former, may be made evident by abstracting in our imagination the morality of the characters of Mr. Shandy, my Uncle Toby, and Trim, which are all antagonists to this spurious sort of wit, from the rest of 'Tristram Shandy,' and by supposing, instead of them, the presence of two or three callous debauchees. The result will be pure disgust. Sterne cannot be too severely censured for thus using the best dispositions of our nature as the panders and condiments for the basest."—COLERIDGE: *Literary Remains*, vol. I. pp. 141, 142.

scribed the career, the sufferings, the genius, the gentle nature of GOLDSMITH, and the esteem in which we hold him. Who of the millions whom he has amused doesn't love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! * A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune; and after years of dire struggle, and neglect, and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home: he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home-relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant: in repose it longs for change, as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air-castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage and necessity keep him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style, and humour? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind, vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon, save the harp on which he plays to you, and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents, or the soldiers round the fire, or the

* "He was a friend to virtue, and in his most playful pages never forgets what is due to it. A gentleness, delicacy, and purity of feeling distinguishes whatever he wrote, and bears a correspondence to the generosity of a disposition which knew no bounds but his last guinea.....

"The admirable ease and grace of the narrative, as well as the pleasing truth with which the principal characters are designed, make the 'Vicar of Wakefield' one of the most delicious morsels of fictitious composition on which the human mind was ever employed.....

"We read the 'Vicar of Wakefield' in youth and in age—we return to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature."—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of the "Vicar of Wakefield" * he has found

* "Now Herder came," says Goethe in his Autobiography, relating his first acquaintance with Goldsmith's masterpiece, "and together with his great knowledge brought many other aids, and the later publications besides. Among these he announced to us the 'Vicar of Wakefield' as an excellent work, with the German translation of which he would make us acquainted by reading it aloud to us himself.....

"A Protestant country clergyman is perhaps the most beautiful subject for a modern Idyl; he appears, like Melchizedek, as priest and king in one person. To the most innocent situation which can be imagined on earth, to that of a husbandman, he is, for the most part, united by similarity of occupation as well as by equality in family relationships: he is a father, a master of a family, an agriculturist, and thus perfectly a member of the community. On this pure, beautiful earthly foundation rests his higher calling; to him is it given to guide men through life, to take care of their spiritual education, to bless them at all the leading epochs of their existence, to instruct, to strengthen, to console them; and if consolation is not sufficient for the present, to call up and guarantee the hope of a happier future. Imagine such a man with pure human sentiments, strong enough not to deviate from them under any circumstances, and by this already elevated above the multitude of whom one cannot expect purity and firmness; give him the learning necessary for his office, as well as a cheerful, equable activity, which is even passionate, as it neglects no moment to do good—and you will have him well endowed. But at the same time add the necessary limitation, so that he must not only pause in a small circle, but may also, perchance, pass over to a smaller; grant him good nature, placability, resolution, and everything else praiseworthy that springs from a decided character, and over all this a cheerful spirit of compliance, and a smiling toleration of his own failings and those of others;—then you will have put together pretty well the image of our excellent Wakefield.

"The delineation of this character on his course of life through joys and sorrows, the ever-increasing interest of the story, by the combination of the entirely natural with the strange and the singular, make this novel one of the best which has ever been written; besides this, it has the great advantage that it is quite moral, nay, in a pure sense, Christian—represents the reward of a good will and perseverance in the right, strengthens an unconditional confidence in God, and attests the final triumph of good over evil—and all this without a trace of cant or pedantry. The author was preserved from both of these by an elocution of mind that shows itself throughout in the form of irony, by which this little work must appear to us as wise as it is amiable. The author, Dr. Goldsmith, has, without question, a great insight into the moral world, into its strength and its infirmities; but at the same time he can thankfully acknowledge that he is an Englishman, and reckon highly the advantages which his country and his nation afford him. The family with

entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

Goldsmith's father was no doubt the good Doctor Primrose whom we all of us know.* Swift was yet alive when the little Oliver was born at Pallas, or Pallasmore, in the county of Longford, in Ireland. In 1730, two years after the child's birth, Charles Goldsmith removed his family to Lissoy, in the county Westmeath, that sweet "Auburn" which every person who hears me has seen in fancy. Here the kind

the delineation of which he occupies himself stands upon one of the last steps of citizen comfort, and yet comes in contact with the highest; its narrow circle, which becomes still more contracted, touches upon the great world through the natural and civil course of things; this little skiff floats on the agitated waves of English life, and in weal or woe it has to expect injury or help from the vast fleet which sails around it.

"I may suppose that my readers know this work, and have it in memory; whoever hears it named for the first time here, as well as he who is induced to read it again, will thank me."—GOETHE: *Truth and Poetry; from my own Life.* (English Translation, vol. i. pp. 378, 379.)

"He seems from infancy to have been compounded of two natures—one bright, the other blundering; or to have had fairy gifts laid in his cradle by the 'good people' who haunted his birthplace, the old goblin mansion on the banks of the Inny.

"He carries with him the wayward elfin spirit, if we may so term it, throughout his career. His fairy gifts are of no avail at school, academy, or college; they unfit him for close study and practical science, and render him heedless of everything that does not address itself to his poetical imagination and genial and festive feelings; they dispose him to break away from restraint, to stroll about hedges, green lanes, and haunted streams, to revel with jovial companions, or to rove the country like a gipsy in quest of odd adventures.....

"Though his circumstances often compelled him to associate with the poor, they never could betray him into companionship with the depraved. His relish for humour and for the study of character, as we have before observed, brought him often into convivial company of a vulgar kind; but he discriminated between their vulgarity and their amusing qualities, or rather wrought from the whole store familiar features of life which form the staple of his most popular writings."—WASHINGTON IRVING.

* "The family of Goldsmith, Goldsmyth, or, as it was occasionally written, Gouldsmith, is of considerable standing in Ireland, and seems always to have held a respectable station in society. Its origin is English, supposed to be derived from that which was long settled at Crayford in Kent."—PRIOR'S *Life of Goldsmith.*

parson * brought up his eight children; and loving all the world, as his son says, fancied all the world loved him. He had a crowd of poor dependants besides those hungry children. He kept an open table, round which sat flatterers and poor friends, who laughed at the honest rector's many jokes, and ate the produce of his seventy acres of farm. Those who have seen an Irish house in the present day can fancy that one of Lissoy. The old beggar still has his allotted corner by the kitchen turf; the maimed old soldier still gets his potatoes and buttermilk; the poor cottier still asks his honour's charity, and prays God bless his reverence for the sixpence; the ragged pensioner still takes his place by right and sufferance. There's still a crowd in the kitchen, and a crowd round the parlour-table—profusion, confusion, kindness, poverty. If an Irishman comes to London to make his fortune, he has a half-dozen of Irish dependants who take a percentage of his earnings. The good Charles Goldsmith †

* Oliver's father, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather were clergymen, and two of them married clergymen's daughters.

"At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man
With steady zeal each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

The Deserted Village.

† "In May this year (1768) he lost his brother, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, for whom he had been unable to obtain preferment in the church.....

"To the curacy of Kilkenny West, the moderate stipend of which, forty pounds a year, is sufficiently celebrated by his brother's lines. It has been stated that Mr. Goldsmith added a school, which, after having been held at more than one place in the vicinity, was finally fixed at

left but little provision for his hungry race when death summoned him; and one of his daughters being engaged to a Squire of rather superior dignity, Charles Goldsmith impoverished the rest of his family to provide the girl with a dowry.

The smallpox, which scourged all Europe at that time, and ravaged the roses off the cheeks of half the world, fell foul of poor little Oliver's face, when the child was eight years old, and left him scarred and disfigured for his life. An old woman in his father's village taught him his letters, and pronounced him a dunce. Paddy Byrne, the hedge schoolmaster, took him in hand; and from Paddy Byrne he was transmitted to a clergyman at Elphin. When a child was sent to school in those days, the classic phrase was that he was placed under Mr. So-and-so's *ferule*. Poor little ancestors! It is hard to think how ruthlessly you were birched, and how much of needless whipping and tears our small forefathers had to undergo! A relative—kind Uncle Contarine—took the main charge of little Noll, who went through his school days righteously doing as little work as he could, robbing orchards, playing at ball, and making his pocket-money fly about whenever fortune sent it to him. Everybody knows the story of that famous "Mistake of a Night," when the young schoolboy, provided with a guinea and a nag, rode up to the "best house" in Ardagh, called for the landlord's company over a bottle of wine at supper, and for a hot cake for breakfast in the morning; and found, when he asked for the bill, that the best house was Squire Featherstone's, and not the inn for which he mistook it. Who does not know

Lissoy. Here his talents and industry gave it celebrity, and under his care the sons of many of the neighbouring gentry received their education. A fever breaking out among the boys about 1765, they dispersed for a time; but re-assembling at Athlone, he continued his scholastic labours there until the time of his death, which happened, like that of his brother, about the forty-fifth year of his age. He was a man of an excellent heart and an amiable disposition."—PRIOR'S *Goldsmith*.

> "Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
> My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee;
> Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
> And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."
>
> *The Traveller.*

every story about Goldsmith? That is a delightful and fantastic picture of the child dancing and capering about in the kitchen at home, when the old fiddler gibed at him for his ugliness, and called him Æsop; and little Noll made his repartee of "Heralds proclaim aloud this saying: See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing." One can fancy a queer, pitiful look of humour and appeal upon that little, scarred face—the funny little dancing figure, the funny little brogue. In his life, and his writings, which are the honest expression of it, he is constantly bewailing that homely face and person; anon he surveys them in the glass ruefully, and presently assumes the most comical dignity. He likes to deck out his little person in splendour and fine colours. He presented himself to be examined for ordination in a pair of scarlet breeches, and said honestly that he did not like to go into the church, because he was fond of coloured clothes. When he tried to practise as a doctor, he got, by hook or by crook, a black velvet suit, and looked as big and grand as he could, and kept his hat over a patch on the old coat. In better days he bloomed out in plum-colour, in blue silk, and in new velvet. For some of those splendours the heirs and assignees of Mr. Filby, the tailor, have never been paid to this day. Perhaps the kind tailor and his creditor have met and settled the little account in Hades.*

They showed until lately a window at Trinity College, Dublin, on which the name of O. Goldsmith was engraved with a diamond. Whose diamond was it? Not the young sizar's, who made but a poor figure in that place of learning. He was idle, penniless, and fond of pleasure.† He learned his way early to the pawnbroker's shop. He wrote ballads, they say, for the street-singers, who paid him a crown for a poem; and his pleasure was to steal out at night and hear

* "When Goldsmith died, half the unpaid bill he owed to Mr. William Filby (amounting in all to £79) was for clothes supplied to this nephew Hodson."—FORSTER'S *Goldsmith*, p. 520.

As this nephew Hodson ended his days (see the same page) "a prosperous Irish gentleman," it is not unreasonable to wish that he had cleared off Mr. Filby's bill.

† "Poor fellow! he hardly knew an ass from a mule, nor a turkey from a goose, but when he saw it on the table."—CUMBERLAND'S *Memoirs*.

his verses sung. He was chastised by his tutor for giving a dance in his rooms, and took the box on the ear so much to heart that he packed up his all, pawned his books and little property, and disappeared from college and family. He said he intended to go to America; but when his money was spent, the young prodigal came home ruefully, and the good folks there killed their calf—it was but a lean one—and welcomed him back.

After college, he hung about his mother's house, and lived for some years the life of a buckeen—passed a month with this relation and that, a year with one patron, a great deal of time at the public-house.* Tired of this life, it was resolved that he should go to London, and study at the Temple; but he got no farther on the road to London and the woolsack than Dublin, where he gambled away the fifty pounds given to him for his outfit, and whence he returned to the indefatigable forgiveness of home. Then he determined to be a doctor, and uncle Contarine helped him to a couple of years at Edinburgh. Then from Edinburgh he felt that he ought to hear the famous professors of Leyden and Paris, and wrote most amusing pompous letters to his uncle about the great Farheim, Du Petit, and Duhamel du Monceau, whose lectures he proposed to follow. If uncle Contarine believed those letters—if Oliver's mother believed that story which the youth related of his going to Cork, with the purpose of embarking for America; of his having paid his passage-money, and having sent his kit on board; of the anonymous captain sailing away with Oliver's valuable luggage, in a nameless ship, never to return,—if uncle Contarine and the mother at Ballymahon believed his stories, they must have been a very simple pair, as it was a very simple rogue indeed who cheated them. When the lad, after failing in his clerical examination, after failing in his plan for studying the law, took leave of these projects and of his parents, and set out for Edinburgh, he

* "These youthful follies, like the fermentation of liquors, often disturb the mind only in order to its future refinement: a life spent in phlegmatic apathy resembles those liquors which never ferment, and are consequently always muddy."—GOLDSMITH: *Memoir of Voltaire.*

"He [Johnson] said, 'Goldsmith was a plant that flowered late. There appeared nothing remarkable about him when he was young.'"—BOSWELL.

saw mother, and uncle, and lazy Ballymahon, and green native turf, and sparkling river for the last time. He was never to look on old Ireland more, and only in fancy revisit her.

> "But me not destined such delights to share,
> My prime of life in wandering spent and care,
> Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue
> Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view;
> That like the circle bounding earth and skies
> Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies:
> My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
> And find no spot of all the world my own."

I spoke in a former lecture of that high courage which enabled Fielding, in spite of disease, remorse, and poverty, always to retain a cheerful spirit and to keep his manly benevolence and love of truth intact, as if these treasures had been confided to him for the public benefit, and he was accountable to posterity for their honourable employ; and a constancy equally happy and admirable, I think, was shown by Goldsmith, whose sweet and friendly nature bloomed kindly always in the midst of a life's storm, and rain, and bitter weather.* The poor fellow was never so friendless but he could befriend some one; never so pinched and wretched but he could give of his crust, and speak his word of compassion. If he had but his flute left, he could give that, and make the children happy in the dreary London court. He could give the coals in that queer coal-scuttle we read of to his poor neighbour; he could give away his blankets in college to the poor widow, and warm himself as he best might in the feathers; he could pawn his coat to save his landlord from jail. When he was a school-usher he spent his earnings in treats for the boys, and the good-natured schoolmaster's wife said justly that she ought to keep Mr. Goldsmith's money as well as the young

* "An 'inspired idiot,' Goldsmith, hangs strangely about him [Johnson].....Yet, on the whole, there is no evil in the 'gooseberry-fool,' but rather much good; of a finer, if of a weaker sort than Johnson's, and all the more genuine that he himself could never become *conscious* of it, though unhappily never cease *attempting* to become so, the author of the genuine 'Vicar of Wakefield,' nill he will he, must needs fly towards such a mass of genuine manhood."—CARLYLE'S *Essays* (2nd ed.), vol. iv. p. 91.

gentlemen's. When he met his pupils in later life, nothing would satisfy the Doctor but he must treat them still. "Have you seen the print of me after Sir Joshua Reynolds?" he asked of one of his old pupils. "Not seen it? not bought it? Sure, Jack, if your picture had been published, I'd not have been without it half an hour." His purse and his heart were everybody's, and his friends' as much as his own. When he was at the height of his reputation, and the Earl of Northumberland, going as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, asked if he could be of any service to Dr. Goldsmith, Goldsmith recommended his brother, and not himself, to the great man. "My patrons," he gallantly said, "are the booksellers, and I want no others."* Hard patrons they were, and hard work he did; but he did not complain much: if in his early writings some bitter words escaped him, some allusions to neglect and poverty, he withdrew these expressions when his works were republished, and better days seemed to open for him; and he did not care to complain that printer or publisher had overlooked his merit, or left him poor. The Court face was turned from honest Oliver—the Court patronized Beattie; the fashion did not shine on him—fashion adored Sterne.† Fashion pronounced Kelly to be the great

* "At present, the few poets of England no longer depend on the great for subsistence; they have now no other patrons but the public, and the public, collectively considered, is a good and a generous master. It is indeed too frequently mistaken as to the merits of every candidate for favour; but to make amends, it is never mistaken long. A performance indeed may be forced for a time into reputation, but, destitute of real merit, it soon sinks; time, the touchstone of what is truly valuable, will soon discover the fraud, and an author should never arrogate to himself any share of success till his works have been read at least ten years with satisfaction.

"A man of letters at present, whose works are valuable, is perfectly sensible of their value. Every polite member of the community, by buying what he writes, contributes to reward him. The ridicule, therefore, of living in a garret might have been wit in the last age, but continues such no longer, because no longer true. A writer of real merit now may easily be rich, if his heart be set only on fortune; and for those who have no merit, it is but fit that such should remain in merited obscurity."—GOLDSMITH: *Citizen of the World*, Let. 84.

† Goldsmith attacked Sterne obviously enough, censuring his indecency, and slighting his wit, and ridiculing his manner, in the 53rd letter in the "Citizen of the World."

"As in common conversation," says he, "the best way to make the

writer of comedy of his day. A little—not ill-humour, but plaintiveness—a little betrayal of wounded pride which he showed render him not the less amiable. The author of the "Vicar of Wakefield" had a right to protest when Newbery kept back the MS. for two years; had a right to be a little peevish with Sterne; a little angry when Colman's actors declined their parts in his delightful comedy, when the manager refused to have a scene painted for it, and pronounced its damnation before hearing. He had not the great public with him; but he had the noble Johnson, and the admirable Reynolds, and the great Gibbon, and the great Burke, and the great Fox—friends and admirers illustrious indeed, as famous as those who, fifty years before, sat round Pope's table.

Nobody knows, and I dare say Goldsmith's buoyant temper kept no account of all the pains which he endured during the early period of his literary career. Should any man of letters in our day have to bear up against such, Heaven grant he may come out of the period of misfortune with such a pure kind heart as that which Goldsmith obstinately bore in his breast. The insults to which he had to submit are shocking to read of—slander, contumely, vulgar satire, brutal malignity perverting his commonest motives and actions; he had his share of these, and one's anger is roused at reading of them, as it is at seeing a woman insulted or a child assaulted, at the notion that a creature so very gentle and weak and full of love

audience laugh is by first laughing yourself; so in writing, the properest manner is to show an attempt at humour, which will pass upon most for humour in reality. To effect this, readers must be treated with the most perfect familiarity; in one page the author is to make them a low bow, and in the next to pull them by the nose; he must talk in riddles, and then send them to bed in order to dream for the solution," etc.

Sterne's humorous *mot* on the subject of the gravest part of the charges, then, as now, made against him, may perhaps be quoted here, from the excellent, the respectable Sir Walter Scott:—

"Soon after 'Tristram' had appeared, Sterne asked a Yorkshire lady of fortune and condition whether she had read his book. 'I have not, Mr. Sterne,' was the answer; 'and to be plain with you, I am informed it is not proper for female perusal.' 'My dear good lady,' replied the author, 'do not be gulled by such stories; the book is like your young heir there' (pointing to a child of three years old, who was rolling on the carpet in his white tunic)—'he shows at times a good deal that is usually concealed, but it is all in perfect innocence.'"

should have had to suffer so. And he had worse than insult to undergo—to own to fault and deprecate the anger of ruffians. There is a letter of his extant to one Griffiths, a bookseller, in which poor Goldsmith is forced to confess that certain books sent by Griffiths are in the hands of a friend from whom Goldsmith had been forced to borrow money. "He was wild, sir," Johnson said, speaking of Goldsmith to Boswell, with his great, wise benevolence and noble mercifulness of heart—"Dr. Goldsmith was wild, sir; but he is so no more." Ah! if we pity the good and weak man who suffers undeservedly, let us deal very gently with him from whom misery extorts not only tears but shame; let us think humbly and charitably of the human nature that suffers so sadly and falls so low. Whose turn may it be to-morrow? What weak heart, confident before trial, may not succumb under temptation invincible? Cover the good man who has been vanquished—cover his face and pass on.

For the last half-dozen years of his life, Goldsmith was far removed from the pressure of any ignoble necessity, and in the receipt, indeed, of a pretty large income from the booksellers, his patrons. Had he lived but a few years more, his public fame would have been as great as his private reputation, and he might have enjoyed alive a part of that esteem which his country has ever since paid to the vivid and versatile genius who has touched on almost every subject of literature, and touched nothing that he did not adorn. Except in rare instances, a man is known in our profession, and esteemed as a skilful workman, years before the lucky hit which trebles his usual gains, and stamps him a popular author. In the strength of his age and the dawn of his reputation, having for backers and friends the most illustrious literary men of his time,* fame and prosperity might have been in store for

* "Goldsmith told us that he was now busy in writing a Natural History; and that he might have full leisure for it, he had taken lodgings at a farmer's house, near to the six-mile stone in the Edgware Road, and had carried down his books in two returned postchaises. He said he believed the farmer's family thought him an odd character, similar to that in which the *Spectator* appeared to his landlady and her children; he was *The Gentleman*. Mr. Mickle, the translator of the 'Lusiad,' and I, went to visit him at this place a few days afterwards. He was not at home; but having a curiosity to see his apartment, we went in, and

Goldsmith, had fate so willed it, and, at forty-six, had no sudden disease carried him off. I say prosperity rather than competence, for it is probable that no sum could have put order into his affairs or sufficed for his irreclaimable habits of dissipation. It must be remembered that he owed £2,000 when he died. "Was ever poet," Johnson asked, "so trusted before?" As has been the case with many another good fellow of his nation, his life was tracked and his substance wasted by crowds of hungry beggars and lazy dependants. If they came at a lucky time (and be sure they knew his affairs better than he did himself, and watched his pay-day) he gave them of his money: if they begged on empty-purse days, he gave them his promissory bills; or he treated them to a tavern where he had credit; or he obliged them with an order upon honest Mr. Filby for coats, for which he paid as long as he could earn, and until the shears of Filby were to cut for him no more. Staggering under a load of debt and labour, tracked by bailiffs and reproachful creditors, running from a hundred poor dependants, whose appealing looks were perhaps the hardest of all pains for him to bear, devising severed plans for the morrow, new histories, new comedies, all sorts of new literary schemes, flying from all these into seclusion, and out of seclusion into pleasure—at last, at five-and-forty, death seized him and closed his career.* I have been many a time in the chambers in the Temple which were his, and passed up the staircase, which Johnson, and Burke, and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their poet, their kind Goldsmith—the stair on which the poor women sat weeping bitterly when they heard that the greatest and most generous of all men was dead within the black oak door.† Ah, it was

found curious scraps of descriptions of animals scrawled upon the wall with a blacklead pencil."—BOSWELL.

* "When Goldsmith was dying, Dr. Turton said to him, 'Your pulse is in greater disorder than it should be, from the degree of fever which you have; is your mind at ease?' Goldsmith answered it was not."—DR. JOHNSON (*in Boswell*).

"Chambers, you find, is gone far, and poor Goldsmith is gone much farther. He died of a fever, exasperated, as I believe, by the fear of distress. He had raised money and squandered it, by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. But let not his failings be remembered: he was a very great man."—DR. JOHNSON to *Boswell*, *July 5th*, 1774.

† "When Burke was told [of Goldsmith's death] he burst into tears

a different lot from that for which the poor fellow sighed, when he wrote with heart yearning for home those most charming of all fond verses, in which he fancies he revisits Auburn,—

"Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down,
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline!
Retreats from care that never must be mine—
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep;

Reynolds was in his painting-room when the messenger went to him; but at once he laid his pencil aside, which in times of great family distress he had not been known to do, left his painting-room, and did not re-enter it that day.....

"The staircase of Brick Court is said to have been filled with mourners, the reverse of domestic—women without a home, without domesticity of any kind, with no friend but him they had come to weep for; outcasts of that great, solitary, wicked city, to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable. And he had domestic mourners, too. His coffin was reopened at the request of Miss Horneck and her sister (such was the regard he was known to have for them), that a lock might be cut from his hair. It was in Mrs. Gwyn's possession when she died, after nearly seventy years."—FORSTER'S *Goldsmith*.

No surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from the gate:
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
Whilst resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past"

In these verses, I need not say with what melody, with what touching truth, with what exquisite beauty of comparison, as indeed in hundreds more pages of the writings of this honest soul, the whole character of the man is told—his humble confession of faults and weakness; his pleasant little vanity, and desire that his village should admire him; his simple scheme of good in which everybody was to be happy—no beggar was to be refused his dinner—nobody, in fact, was to work much, and he to be the harmless chief of the Utopia, and the monarch of the Irish Yvetot. He would have told again, and without fear of their failing, those famous jokes * which had hung fire in London; he would have talked

* "Goldsmith's incessant desire of being conspicuous in company was the occasion of his sometimes appearing to such disadvantage, as one should hardly have supposed possible in a man of his genius. When his literary reputation had risen deservedly high, and his society was much courted, he became very jealous of the extraordinary attention which was everywhere paid to Johnson. One evening in a circle of wits, he found fault with me for talking of Johnson as entitled to the honour of unquestionable superiority. 'Sir,' said he, 'you are for making a monarchy of what should be a republic.'

"He was still more mortified, when, talking in a company with fluent vivacity, and, as he flattered himself, to the admiration of all present, a German who sat next him, and perceived Johnson rolling himself as if about to speak, suddenly stopped him, saying, 'Stay, stay; Doctor Shonson is going to zay zomething.' This was no doubt very provoking, especially to one so irritable as Goldsmith, who frequently mentioned it with strong expressions of indignation.

"It may also be observed that Goldsmith was sometimes content to be treated with an easy familiarity, but upon occasions would be consequential and important. An instance of this occurred in a small particular. Johnson had a way of contracting the names of his friends, as Beauclerk, Beau; Boswell, Bozzy.....I remember one day, when Tom Davies was telling that Dr. Johnson said, 'We are all in labour for a name to Goldy's play,' Goldsmith seemed displeased that such a liberty should be taken with his name, and said, 'I have often desired him not to call me Goldy.'"

of his great friends of the Club—of my Lord Clare and my Lord Bishop, my Lord Nugent—sure he knew them intimately, and was hand and glove with some of the best men in town; and he would have spoken of Johnson and of Burke, and of Sir Joshua who had painted him; and he would have told wonderful sly stories of Ranelagh and the Pantheon, and the masquerades at Madame Cornelys's; and he would have toasted, with a sigh, the Jessamy Bride—the lovely Mary Horneck.

The figure of that charming young lady forms one of the prettiest recollections of Goldsmith's life. She and her beautiful sister, who married Bunbury, the graceful and humorous amateur artist of those days, when Gilray had but just begun to try his powers, were among the kindest and dearest of Goldsmith's many friends, cheered and pitied him, travelled abroad with him, made him welcome at their home, and gave him many a pleasant holiday. He bought his finest clothes to figure at their country-house at Barton; he wrote them droll verses. They loved him, laughed at him,

This is one of several of Boswell's depreciatory mentions of Goldsmith, which may well irritate biographers and admirers, and also those who take that more kindly and more profound view of Boswell's own character which was opened up by Mr. Carlyle's famous article on his book. No wonder that Mr. Irving calls Boswell an "incarnation of toadyism." And the worst of it is, that Johnson himself has suffered from this habit of the Laird of Auchinleck's. People are apt to forget under what Boswellian stimulus the great Doctor uttered many hasty things—things no more indicative of the nature of the depths of his character than the phosphoric gleaming of the sea, when struck at night, is indicative of radical corruption of nature. In truth, it is clear enough on the whole that both Johnson and Goldsmith *appreciated* each other, and that they mutually knew it. They were, as it were, tripped up and flung against each other, occasionally, by the blundering and silly gambolling of people in company.

Something must be allowed for Boswell's "rivalry for Johnson's good graces" with Oliver (as Sir Walter Scott has remarked); for Oliver was intimate with the Doctor before his biographer was, and, as we all remember, marched off with him to "take tea with Mrs. Williams" before Boswell had advanced to that honourable degree of intimacy. But, in truth, Boswell—though he perhaps showed more talent in his delineation of the Doctor than is generally ascribed to him—had not faculty to take a fair view of *two* great men at a time. Besides, as Mr. Forster justly remarks, "he was impatient of Goldsmith from the first hour of their acquaintance."—*Life and Adventures*, p. 292.

played him tricks, and made him happy. He asked for a loan from Garrick, and Garrick kindly supplied him, to enable him to go to Barton. But there were to be no more holidays, and only one brief struggle more for poor Goldsmith. A lock of his hair was taken from the coffin and given to the Jessamy Bride. She lived quite into our time. Hazlitt saw her an old lady, but beautiful still, in Northcote's painting-room, who told the eager critic how proud she always was that Goldsmith had admired her. The younger Colman has left a touching reminiscence of him (vol. i. 63, 64).

"I was only five years old," he says, "when Goldsmith took me on his knee one evening whilst he was drinking coffee with my father, and began to play with me; which amiable act I returned, with the ingratitude of a peevish brat, by giving him a very smart slap on the face. It must have been a tingler, for it left the marks of my spiteful paw on his cheek. This infantile outrage was followed by summary justice, and I was locked up by my indignant father in an adjoining room, to undergo solitary imprisonment in the dark. Here I began to howl and scream most abominably, which was no bad step towards my liberation, since those who were not inclined to pity me might be likely to set me free for the purpose of abating a nuisance.

"At length a generous friend appeared to extricate me from jeopardy, and that generous friend was no other than the man I had so wantonly molested by assault and battery: it was the tender-hearted Doctor himself, with a lighted candle in his hand, and a smile upon his countenance, which was still partially red from the effects of my petulance. I sulked and sobbed as he fondled and soothed, till I began to brighten. Goldsmith seized the propitious moment of returning good humour, when he put down the candle and began to conjure. He placed three hats, which happened to be in the room, and a shilling under each. The shillings he told me were England, France, and Spain. 'Hey presto cockalorum!' cried the Doctor; and lo, on uncovering the shillings, which had been dispersed each beneath a separate hat, they were all found congregated under one. I was no politician at five years old, and therefore might not have wondered at

the sudden revolution which brought England, France, and Spain all under one crown; but as also I was no conjurer, it amazed me beyond measure.....From that time, whenever the Doctor came to visit my father, 'I plucked his gown to share the good man's smile;' a game at romps constantly ensued, and we were always cordial friends and merry playfellows. Our unequal companionship varied somewhat as to sports as I grew older; but it did not last long: my senior playmate died in his forty-fifth year, when I had attained my eleventh.....In all the numerous accounts of his virtues and foibles, his genius and absurdities, his knowledge of nature and ignorance of the world, his 'compassion for another's woe' was always predominant; and my trivial story of his humouring a froward child weighs but as a feather in the recorded scale of his benevolence."

Think of him reckless, thriftless, vain if you like, but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph, and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it. His humour delighting us still; his song fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it; his words in all our mouths; his very weaknesses beloved and familiar—his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us; to do gentle kindnesses; to succour with sweet charity; to soothe, caress, and forgive; to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

His name is the last in the list of those men of humour who have formed the themes of the discourses which you have heard so kindly.

Long before I had ever hoped for such an audience, or dreamed of the possibility of the good fortune which has brought me so many friends, I was at issue with some of my literary brethren upon a point—which they held from tradition, I think, rather than experience—that our profession was neglected in this country, and that men of letters were ill received and held in slight esteem. It would hardly be

grateful of me now to alter my old opinion that we do meet with good will and kindness, with generous helping hands in the time of our necessity, with cordial and friendly recognition. What claim had any one of these of whom I have been speaking, but genius? What return of gratitude, fame, affection, did it not bring to all?

What punishment befell those who were unfortunate among them, but that which follows reckless habits and careless lives? For these faults a wit must suffer like the dullest prodigal that ever ran in debt. He must pay the tailor if he wears the coat; his children must go in rags if he spends his money at the tavern; he can't come to London and be made Lord Chancellor if he stops on the road and gambles away his last shilling at Dublin. And he must pay the social penalty of these follies too, and expect that the world will shun the man of bad habits; that women will avoid the man of loose life; that prudent folks will close their doors as a precaution, and before a demand should be made on their pockets by the needy prodigal. With what difficulty had any one of these men to contend, save that eternal and mechanical one of want of means and lack of capital, and of which thousands of young lawyers, young doctors, young soldiers and sailors, of inventors, manufacturers, shopkeepers, have to complain? Hearts as brave and resolute as ever beat in the breast of any wit or poet sicken and break daily in the vain endeavour and unavailing struggle against life's difficulty. Don't we see daily ruined inventors, grey-haired midshipmen, balked heroes, blighted curates, barristers pining a hungry life out in the chambers, the attorneys never mounting to their garrets, whilst scores of them are rapping at the door of the successful quack below? If these suffer, who is the author, that he should be exempt? Let us bear our ills with the same constancy with which others endure them, accept our manly part in life, hold our own, and ask no more. I can conceive of no kings or laws causing or curing Goldsmith's improvidence, or Fielding's fatal love of pleasure, or Dick Steele's mania for running races with the constable. You never can outrun that sure-footed officer—not by any swiftness or by dodges devised by any genius, however great: and he carries off the Tatler to the sponging-house, or taps

the Citizen of the World on the shoulder as he would any other mortal.

Does society look down on a man because he is an author? I suppose if people want a buffoon, they tolerate him only in so far as he is amusing; it can hardly be expected that they should respect him as an equal. Is there to be a guard of honour provided for the author of the last new novel or poem? how long is he to reign, and keep other potentates out of possession? He retires, grumbles, and prints a lamentation that literature is despised. If Captain A. is left out of Lady B.'s parties, he does not state that the army is despised; if Lord C. no longer asks Counsellor D. to dinner, Counsellor D. does not announce that the bar is insulted. He is not fair to society if he enters it with this suspicion hankering about him; if he is doubtful about his reception, how hold up his head honestly, and look frankly in the face that world about which he is full of suspicion? Is he place-hunting, and thinking in his mind that he ought to be made an Ambassador, like Prior; or a Secretary of State, like Addison? his pretence of equality falls to the ground at once: he is scheming for a patron, not shaking the hand of a friend, when he meets the world. Treat such a man as he deserves; laugh at his buffoonery, and give him a dinner and a *bonjour;* laugh at his self-sufficiency and absurd assumptions of superiority, and his equally ludicrous airs of martyrdom; laugh at his flattery and his scheming, and buy it, if it's worth the having. Let the wag have his dinner and the hireling his pay, if you want him, and make a profound bow to the *grand homme incompris* and the boisterous martyr, and show him the door. The great world, the great aggregate experience, has its good sense, as it has its good humour. It detects a pretender, as it trusts a loyal heart. It is kind in the main; how should it be otherwise than kind, when it is so wise and clear-headed? To any literary man who says, "It despises my profession," I say, with all my might, No, no, no. It may pass over your individual case—how many a brave fellow has failed in the race, and perished unknown in the struggle!—but it treats you as you merit in the main. If you serve it, it is not unthankful; if you please, it is pleased; if you cringe to it, it detects it, and scorns you if you are

mean; it returns your cheerfulness with its good humour; it deals not ungenerously with your weaknesses; it recognizes most kindly your merits; it gives you a fair place and fair play. To any one of those men of whom we have spoken was it in the main ungrateful? A king might refuse Goldsmith a pension, as a publisher might keep his masterpiece and the delight of all the world in his desk for two years but it was mistake, and not ill-will. Noble and illustrious names of Swift, and Pope, and Addison! dear and honoured memories of Goldsmith and Fielding! kind friends, teachers, benefactors! who shall say that our country, which continues to bring you such an unceasing tribute of applause, admiration, love, sympathy, does not do honour to the literary calling in the honour which it bestows upon *you!*

END OF THE "ENGLISH HUMORISTS."

THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

I.

ON THE DISINTERMENT OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

MY DEAR ——,—It is no easy task in this world to distinguish between what is great in it and what is mean; and many and many is the puzzle that I have had in reading History (or the works of fiction which go by that name) to know whether I should laud up to the skies, and endeavour, to the best of my small capabilities, to imitate the remarkable character about whom I was reading, or whether I should fling aside the book and the hero of it as things altogether base, unworthy, laughable, and get a novel, or a game of billiards, or a pipe of tobacco, or the report of the last debate in the House, or any other employment which would leave the mind in a state of easy vacuity, rather than pester it with a vain set of dates relating to actions which are in themselves not worth a fig, or with a parcel of names of people whom it can do one no earthly good to remember.

It is more than probable, my love, that you are acquainted with what is called Grecian and Roman history, chiefly from perusing, in very early youth, the little sheepskin-bound volumes of the ingenious Dr. Goldsmith, and have been indebted for your knowledge of our English annals to a subsequent study of the more voluminous works of Hume

and Smollett. The first and the last named authors, dear Miss Smith, have written each an admirable history—that of the Reverend Dr. Primrose, Vicar of Wakefield, and that of Mr. Robert Bramble, of Bramble Hall; in both of which works you will find true and instructive pictures of human life, and which you may always think over with advantage. But let me caution you against putting any considerable trust in the other works of these authors which were placed in your hands at school and afterwards, and in which you were taught to believe. Modern historians, for the most part, know very little, and, secondly, only tell a little of what they know.

As for those Greeks and Romans whom you have read of in "sheepskin," were you to know really what those monsters were, you would blush all over as red as a hollyhock, and put down the history book in a fury. Many of our English worthies are no better. You are not in a situation to know the real characters of any one of them. They appear before you in their public capacities, but the individuals you know not. Suppose, for instance, your mamma had purchased her tea in the Borough from a grocer living there by the name of Greenacre; suppose you had been asked out to dinner, and the gentleman of the house had said, "Ho, François! a glass of champagne for Miss Smith;"—Courvoisier would have served you just as any other footman would; you would never have known that there was anything extraordinary in these individuals, but would have thought of them only in their respective public characters of Grocer and Footman. This, Madam, is History, in which a man always appears dealing with the world in his apron, or his laced livery, but which has not the power or the leisure, or, perhaps, is too high and mighty to condescend to follow and study him in his privacy. Ah, my dear, when big and little men come to be measured rightly, and great and small actions to be weighed properly, and people to be stripped of their royal robes, beggars' rags, generals' uniforms, seedy out-at-elbowed coats, and the like—or the contrary, say, when souls come to be stripped of their wicked deceiving bodies, and turned out stark naked as they were before they were born—what a strange, startling sight shall we see, and what a pretty figure

shall some of us cut! Fancy how we shall see Pride, with his Stultz clothes and padding pulled off, and dwindled down to a forked radish! Fancy some Angelic Virtue, whose white raiment is suddenly whisked over his head, showing us cloven feet and a tail! Fancy Humility, eased of its sad load of cares and want and scorn, walking up to the very highest place of all, and blushing as he takes it! Fancy—but we must not fancy such a scene at all, which would be an outrage on public decency. Should we be any better than our neighbours? No, certainly. And as we can't be virtuous, let us be decent. Fig leaves are a very decent, becoming wear, and have been now in fashion for four thousand years. And so, my dear, History is written on fig leaves. Would you have anything further? O fie!

Yes, four thousand years ago that famous tree was planted. At their very first lie our first parents made for it, and there it is still the great Humbug Plant, stretching its wide arms, and sheltering beneath its leaves, as broad and green as ever, all the generations of men. Thus, my dear, coquettes of your fascinating sex cover their persons with figgery, fantastically arranged, and call their masquerading modesty. Cowards fig themselves out fiercely as "salvage men," and make us believe that they are warriors. Fools look very solemnly out from the dusk of the leaves, and we fancy in the gloom that they are sages. And many a man sets a great wreath about his pate and struts abroad a hero, whose claims we would all of us laugh at, could we but remove the ornament and see his numskull bare.

And such (excuse my sermonizing)—such is the constitution of mankind that men have, as it were, entered into a compact among themselves to pursue the fig-leaf system *à l'outrance*, and to cry down all who oppose it. Humbug they will have. Humbugs themselves, they will respect humbugs. Their daily victuals of life must be seasoned with humbug. Certain things are there in the world that they will not allow to be called by their right names, and will insist upon our admiring, whether we will or no. Woe be to the man who would enter too far into the recesses of that magnificent temple where our Goddess is enshrined, peep through the vast embroidered curtains indiscreetly,

penetrate the secret of secrets, and expose the Gammon of Gammons! And as you must not peer too curiously within, so neither must you remain scornfully without. Humbug-worshippers, let us come into our great temple regularly and decently: take our seats, and settle our clothes decently; open our books, and go through the service with decent gravity; listen, and be decently affected by the expositions of the decent priest of the place; and if by chance some straggling vagabond, loitering in the sunshine out of doors, dares to laugh or to sing, and disturb the sanctified dullness of the faithful—quick! a couple of big beadles rush out and belabour the wretch, and his yells make our devotions more comfortable.

Some magnificent religious ceremonies of this nature are at present taking place in France; and thinking that you might perhaps while away some long winter evening with an account of them, I have compiled the following pages for your use. Newspapers have been filled for some days past with details regarding the St. Helena expedition, many pamphlets have been published, men go about crying little books and broadsheets filled with real or sham particulars; and from these scarce and valuable documents the following pages are chiefly compiled.

We must begin at the beginning—premising, in the first place, that Monsieur Guizot, when French Ambassador at London, waited upon Lord Palmerston with a request that the body of the Emperor Napoleon should be given up to the French nation, in order that it might find a final resting-place in French earth. To this demand the English Government gave a ready assent; nor was there any particular explosion of sentiment upon either side, only some pretty cordial expressions of mutual good will. Orders were sent out to St. Helena that the corpse should be disinterred in due time, when the French expedition had arrived in search of it, and that every respect and attention should be paid to those who came to carry back to their country the body of the famous dead warrior and sovereign.

This matter being arranged in very few words (as in England, upon most points, is the laudable fashion), the French Chambers began to debate about the place in which they

should bury the body when they got it, and numberless pamphlets and newspapers out of doors joined in the talk. Some people there were who had fought and conquered and been beaten with the great Napoleon, and loved him and his memory. Many more were there who, because of his great genius and valour, felt excessively proud in their own particular persons, and clamoured for the return of their hero. And if there were some few individuals in this great hot-headed, gallant, boasting, sublime, absurd French nation, who had taken a cool view of the dead Emperor's character; if, perhaps, such men as Louis Philippe, and Monsieur A. Thiers, Minister and Deputy, and Monsieur François Guizot, Deputy and Excellency, had, from interest or conviction, opinions at all differing from those of the majority—why, they knew what was what, and kept their opinions to themselves, coming with a tolerably good grace and flinging a few handfuls of incense upon the altar of the popular idol.

In the succeeding debates, then, various opinions were given with regard to the place to be selected for the Emperor's sepulture. "Some demanded," says an eloquent anonymous Captain in the Navy who has written an "Itinerary from Toulon to St. Helena," "that the coffin should be deposited under the bronze taken from the enemy by the French army—under the Column of the Place Vendôme. The idea was a fine one. This is the most glorious monument that was ever raised in a conqueror's honour. This column has been melted out of foreign cannon. These same cannons have furrowed the bosoms of our braves with noble cicatrices; and this metal—conquered by the soldier first, by the artist afterwards—has allowed to be imprinted on its front its own defeat and our glory. Napoleon might sleep in peace under this audacious trophy. But would his ashes find a shelter sufficiently vast beneath this pedestal? And his puissant statue, dominating Paris, beams with sufficient grandeur on this place; whereas the wheels of carriages and the feet of passengers would profane the funereal sanctity of the spot in trampling on the soil so near his head."

You must not take this description, dearest Amelia, "at the foot of the letter," as the French phrase it, but you will here have a masterly exposition of the arguments for and

against the burial of the Emperor under the Column of the Place Vendôme. The idea was a fine one, granted; but, like all other ideas, it was open to objections. You must not fancy that the cannon, or rather the cannon-balls, were in the habit of furrowing the bosoms of French braves, or any other braves, with cicatrices; on the contrary, it is a known fact that cannon-balls make wounds, and not cicatrices (which, my dear, are wounds partially healed)—nay, that a man generally dies after receiving one such projectile on his chest, much more after having his bosom furrowed by a score of them. No, my love; no bosom, however heroic, can stand such applications, and the author only means that the French soldiers faced the cannon and took them. Nor, my love, must you suppose that the column was melted—it was the cannon was melted, not the column; but such phrases are often used by orators when they wish to give a particular force and emphasis to their opinions.

Well, again, although Napoleon might have slept in peace under "this audacious trophy," how could he do so and carriages go rattling by all night, and people with great iron heels to their boots pass clattering over the stones? Nor indeed could it be expected that a man whose reputation stretches from the Pyramids to the Kremlin should find a column of which the base is only five-and-twenty feet square a shelter vast enough for his bones. In a word, then, although the proposal to bury Napoleon under the column was ingenious, it was found not to suit; whereupon somebody else proposed the Madelaine.

"It was proposed," says the before-quoted author with his usual felicity, "to consecrate the Madelaine to his exiled manes"—that is, to his bones when they were not in exile any longer. "He ought to have, it was said, a temple entire. His glory fills the world. His bones could not contain themselves in the coffin of a man—in the tomb of a king!" In this case what was Mary Magdalen to do? "This proposition, I am happy to say, was rejected, and a new one—that of the President of the Council—adopted. Napoleon and his braves ought not to quit each other. Under the immense gilded dome of the Invalides he would find a sanctuary worthy of himself. A dome imitates the

vault of heaven, and that vault alone" (meaning of course the other vault) "should dominate above his head. His old mutilated Guard shall watch around him: the last veteran, as he has shed his blood in his combats, shall breathe his last sigh near his tomb, and all these tombs shall sleep under the tattered standards that have been won from all the nations of Europe."

The original words are "sous les lambeaux criblés des drapeaux cueillis chez toutes les nations;" in English, "under the riddled rags of the flags that have been culled or plucked" (like roses or buttercups) "in all the nations." Sweet, innocent flowers of victory! there they are, my dear, sure enough, and a pretty considerable *hortus siccus* may any man examine who chooses to walk to the Invalides. The burial-place being thus agreed on, the expedition was prepared, and on the 7th July the *Belle Poule* frigate, in company with *La Favorite* corvette, quitted Toulon harbour. A couple of steamers, the *Trident* and the *Ocean*, escorted the ships as far as Gibraltar, and there left them to pursue their voyage.

The two ships quitted the harbour in the sight of a vast concourse of people, and in the midst of a great roaring of cannons. Previous to the departure of the *Belle Poule*, the Bishop of Fréjus went on board, and gave to the cenotaph, in which the Emperor's remains were to be deposited, his episcopal benediction. Napoleon's old friends and followers, the two Bertrands, Gourgaud, Emanuel Las Cases, "companions in exile, or sons of the companions in exile of the prisoner of the *infâme* Hudson," says a French writer, were passengers on board the frigate. Marchand, Denis, Pierret, Novaret, his old and faithful servants, were likewise in the vessel. It was commanded by his Royal Highness Francis Ferdinand Philip Louis Marie d'Orleans, Prince de Joinville, a young prince two-and-twenty years of age, who was already distinguished in the service of his country and king.

On the 8th of October, after a voyage of six-and-sixty days, the *Belle Poule* arrived in James Town Harbour; and on its arrival, as on its departure from France, a great firing of guns took place. First, the *Oreste* French brig-of-war began roaring out a salutation to the frigate; then the *Dolphin* English schooner gave her one-and-twenty guns; then the frigate

returned the compliment of the *Dolphin* schooner; then she blazed out with one-and-twenty guns more, as a mark of particular politeness to the shore, which kindness the forts acknowledged by similar detonations.

These little compliments concluded on both sides, Lieutenant Middlemore, son and aide-de-camp of the Governor of St. Helena, came on board the French frigate, and brought his father's best respects to His Royal Highness. The Governor was at home ill, and forced to keep his room; but he had made his house at James Town ready for Captain Joinville and his suite, and begged that they would make use of it during their stay.

On the 9th, H.R.H. the Prince of Joinville put on his full uniform and landed, in company with Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud, Baron Las Cases, M. Marchand, M. Coquereau, the chaplain of the expedition, and M. de Rohan Chabot, who acted as chief mourner. All the garrison were under arms to receive the illustrious Prince and the other members of the expedition, who forthwith repaired to Plantation House, and had a conference with the Governor regarding their mission.

On the 10th, 11th, 12th, these conferences continued: the crews of the French ships were permitted to come on shore and see the tomb of Napoleon. Bertrand, Gourgaud, Las Cases wandered about the island and revisited the spots to which they had been partial in the lifetime of the Emperor.

The 15th October was fixed on for the day of the exhumation: that day five-and-twenty years, the Emperor Napoleon first set his foot upon the island.

On the day previous all things had been made ready: the grand coffins and ornaments brought from France, and the articles necessary for the operation, were carried to the valley of the Tomb.

The operations commenced at midnight. The well-known friends of Napoleon before named and some other attendants of his, the chaplain and his acolytes, the doctor of the *Belle Poule*, the captains of the French ships, and Captain Alexander of the Engineers, the English Commissioner, attended the disinterment. His Royal Highness Prince de Joinville could not be present because the workmen were under English command.

The men worked for nine hours incessantly, when at length the earth was entirely removed from the vault, all the horizontal strata of masonry demolished, and the large slab which covered the place where the stone sarcophagus lay removed by a crane. This outer coffin of stone was perfect, and could scarcely be said to be damp.

"As soon as the Abbé Coquereau had recited the prayers, the coffin was removed with the greatest care, and carried by the engineer-soldiers, bareheaded, into a tent that had been prepared for the purpose. After the religious ceremonies, the inner coffins were opened. The outermost coffin was slightly injured; then came one of lead, which was in good condition, and enclosed two others—one of tin and one of wood. The last coffin was lined inside with white satin, which, having become detached by the effect of time, had fallen upon the body and enveloped it like a winding-sheet, and had become slightly attached to it.

"It is difficult to describe with what anxiety and emotion those who were present waited for the moment which was to expose to them all that death had left of Napoleon. Notwithstanding the singular state of preservation of the tomb and coffins, we could scarcely hope to find anything but some misshapen remains of the least perishable part of the costume to evidence the identity of the body. But when Doctor Guillard raised the sheet of satin, an indescribable feeling of surprise and affection was expressed by the spectators, many of whom burst into tears. The Emperor was himself before their eyes! The features of the face, though changed, were perfectly recognized; the hands extremely beautiful; his well-known costume had suffered but little, and the colours were easily distinguished. The attitude itself was full of ease, and but for the fragments of the satin lining which covered, as with a fine gauze, several parts of the uniform, we might have believed we still saw Napoleon before us lying on his bed of state. General Bertrand and M. Marchand, who were both present at the interment, quickly pointed out the different articles which each had deposited in the coffin, and which remained in the precise position in which they had previously described them to be.

"The two inner coffins were carefully closed again, the

old leaden coffin was strongly blocked up with wedges of wood, and both were once more soldered up with the most minute precautions, under the direction of Dr. Guillard. These different operations being terminated, the ebony sarcophagus was closed as well as its oak case. On delivering the key of the ebony sarcophagus to Count de Chabot, the King's Commissioner, Captain Alexander declared to him, in the name of the Governor, that this coffin, containing the mortal remains of the Emperor Napoleon, was considered as at the disposal of the French Government from that day, and from the moment at which it should arrive at the place of embarkation, towards which it was about to be sent under the orders of General Middlemore. The King's Commissioner replied that he was charged by his Government, and in its name, to accept the coffin from the hands of the British authorities, and that he and the other persons composing the French mission were ready to follow it to James Town, where the Prince de Joinville, superior commandant of the expedition, would be ready to receive it and conduct it on board his frigate. A car drawn by four horses, decked with funereal emblems, had been prepared before the arrival of the expedition to receive the coffin, as well as a pall, and all the other suitable trappings of mourning. When the sarcophagus was placed on the car, the whole was covered with a magnificent imperial mantle brought from Paris, the four corners of which were borne by Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud, Baron Las Cases and M. Marchand. At half-past three o'clock the funeral car began to move, preceded by a chorister bearing the cross, and by the Abbé Coquereau. M. de Chabot acted as chief mourner. All the authorities of the island, all the principal inhabitants, and the whole of the garrison, followed in procession from the tomb to the quay. But with the exception of the artillerymen necessary to lead the horses, and occasionally support the car when descending some steep parts of the way, the places nearest the coffin were reserved for the French mission. General Middlemore, although in a weak state of health, persisted in following the whole way on foot, together with General Churchill, chief of the staff in India, who had arrived only two days before from Bombay. The immense weight of the coffins, and the un-

evenness of the road, rendered the utmost carefulness necessary throughout the whole distance. Colonel Trelawney commanded in person the small detachment of artillerymen who conducted the car, and, thanks to his great care, not the slightest accident took place. From the moment of departure to the arrival at the quay, the cannons of the forts and the *Belle Poule* fired minute-guns. After an hour's march the rain ceased for the first time since the commencement of the operations, and on arriving in sight of the town we found a brilliant sky and beautiful weather. From the morning the three French vessels of war had assumed the usual signs of deep mourning—their yards crossed and their flags lowered. Two French merchantmen, *Bonne Amie* and *Indien*, which had been in the roads for two days, had put themselves under the Prince's orders, and followed during the ceremony all the manœuvres of the *Belle Poule*. The forts of the town and the houses of the consuls had also their flags half-mast high.

"On arriving at the entrance of the town, the troops of the garrison and the militia formed in two lines as far as the extremity of the quay. According to the order for mourning prescribed for the English army, the men had their arms reversed and the officers had crape on their arms, with their swords reversed. All the inhabitants had been kept away from the line of march, but they lined the terraces commanding the town, and the streets were occupied only by the troops, the 91st Regiment being on the right and the militia on the left. The cortége advanced slowly between two ranks of soldiers to the sound of a funeral march, while the cannons of the forts were fired, as well as those of the *Belle Poule* and the *Dolphin*, the echoes being repeated a thousand times by the rocks above James Town. After two hours' march the cortége stopped at the end of the quay, where the Prince de Joinville had stationed himself at the head of the officers of the three French ships of war. The greatest official honours had been rendered by the English authorities to the memory of the Emperor, the most striking testimonials of respect had marked the adieu given by St. Helena to his coffin; and from this moment the mortal remains of the Emperor were about to belong to France. When the funeral car stopped,

the Prince de Joinville advanced alone, and in presence o all around, who stood with their heads uncovered, received in a solemn manner, the imperial coffin from the hands o General Middlemore. His Royal Highness then thanke the Governor, in the name of France, for all the testimonial of sympathy and respect with which the authorities an inhabitants of St. Helena had surrounded the memorabl ceremonial. A cutter had been expressly prepared to receiv the coffin. During the embarkation, which the Princ directed himself, the bands played funeral airs, and all th boats were stationed round with their oars shipped. Th moment the sarcophagus touched the cutter, a magnificen royal flag, which the ladies of James Town had embroidere for the occasion, was unfurled, and the *Belle Poule* immed ately squared her masts and unfurled her colours. All th manœuvres of the frigate were immediately followed by th other vessels. Our mourning had ceased with the exile o Napoleon, and the French naval division dressed itself out i all its festal ornaments to receive the imperial coffin unde the French flag. The sarcophagus was covered in the cutte with the imperial mantle. The Prince de Joinville place himself at the rudder, Commander Guyet at the head of th boat ; Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud, Baron Las Case M. Marchand, and the Abbé Coquereau occupied the sam places as during the march. Count Chabot and Commanc ant Hernoux were astern, a little in advance of the Princ As soon as the cutter had pushed off from the quay, th batteries ashore fired a salute of twenty-one guns, and ou ships returned the salute with all their artillery. Two othe salutes were fired during the passage from the quay to th frigate, the cutter advancing very slowly, and surrounded b the other boats. At half-past six o'clock it reached the *Bel Poule*, all the men being on the yards with their hats in the hands. The Prince had had arranged on the deck a chape decked with flags and trophies of arms, the altar being place at the foot of the mizzenmast. The coffin, carried by ou sailors, passed between two ranks of officers with draw swords, and was placed on the quarter-deck. The absolutio was pronounced by the Abbé Coquereau the same evenin Next day, at ten o'clock, a solemn mass was celebrated c

the deck, in presence of the officers and part of the crews of the ships. His Royal Highness stood at the foot of the coffin. The cannon of the *Favorite* and *Oreste* fired minute-guns during this ceremony, which terminated by a solemn absolution; and the Prince de Joinville, the gentlemen of the mission, the officers, and the *premiers maîtres* of the ship, sprinkled holy water on the coffin. At eleven, all the ceremonies of the church were accomplished, all the honours done to a sovereign had been paid to the mortal remains of Napoleon. The coffin was carefully lowered between decks, and placed in the *chapelle ardente* which had been prepared at Toulon for its reception. At this moment the vessels fired a last salute with all their artillery, and the frigate took in her flags, keeping up only her flag at the stern and the royal standard at the maintopgallant-mast. On Sunday, the 18th, at eight in the morning, the *Belle Poule* quitted St. Helena with her precious deposit on board.

"During the whole time that the mission remained at James Town the best understanding never ceased to exist between the population of the island and the French. The Prince de Joinville and his companions met in all quarters and at all times with the greatest goodwill and the warmest testimonials of sympathy. The authorities and the inhabitants must have felt, no doubt, great regret at seeing taken away from their island the coffin that had rendered it so celebrated; but they repressed their feelings with a courtesy that does honour to the frankness of their character."

II.

ON THE VOYAGE FROM ST. HELENA TO PARIS.

On the 18th October the French frigate quitted the island with its precious burden on board.

His Royal Highness the Captain acknowledged cordially the kindness and attention which he and his crew had received from the English authorities and the inhabitants of the Island of St. Helena; nay, promised a pension to an old soldier who had been for many years the guardian of the

imperial tomb, and went so far as to take into consideration the petition of a certain lodging-house keeper, who prayed for a compensation for the loss which the removal of the Emperor's body would occasion to her. And although it was not to be expected that the great French nation should forego its natural desire of recovering the remains of a hero so dear to it for the sake of the individual interest of the landlady in question, it must have been satisfactory to her to find that the peculiarity of her position was so delicately appreciated by the august Prince who commanded the expedition, and carried away with him *animæ dimidium suæ*—the half of the genteel independence which she derived from the situation of her hotel. In a word, politeness and friendship could not be carried farther. The Prince's realm and the landlady's were bound together by the closest ties of amity. M. Thiers was Minister of France, the great patron of the English alliance. At London M. Guizot was the worthy representative of the French goodwill towards the British people; and the remark frequently made by our orators at public dinners, that "France and England, while united might defy the world," was considered as likely to hold good for many years to come—the union, that is. As for defying the world, that was neither here nor there; nor did English politicians ever dream of doing any such thing, except, perhaps, at the tenth glass of port at "Freemasons' Tavern."

Little, however, did Mrs. Corbett, the Saint Helena landlady, little did his Royal Highness Prince Ferdinand Philippe Marie de Joinville know what was going on in Europe at this time (when I say in Europe, I mean in Turkey, Syria and Egypt); how clouds, in fact, were gathering upon what you call the political horizon; and how tempests were rising that were to blow to pieces our Anglo-Gallic temple of friendship. Oh, but it is sad to think that a single wicked old Turk should be the means of setting our two Christian nations by the ears!

Yes, my love, this disreputable old man had been for some time past the object of the disinterested attention of the great sovereigns of Europe. The Emperor Nicolas (a moral character, though following the Greek superstition, and adored for his mildness and benevolence of disposition), the Emperor

Ferdinand, the King of Prussia, and our own gracious Queen, had taken such just offence at his conduct and disobedience towards a young and interesting sovereign, whose authority he had disregarded, whose fleet he had kidnapped, whose fair provinces he had pounced upon, that they determined to come to the aid of Abdul Medjid the First, Emperor of the Turks, and bring his rebellious vassal to reason. In this project the French nation was invited to join; but they refused the invitation, saying that it was necessary for the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe that His Highness Mehemet Ali should keep possession of what by hook or by crook he had gotten, and that they would have no hand in injuring him. But why continue this argument, which you have read in the newspapers for many months past? You, my dear, must know as well as I, that the balance of power in Europe could not possibly be maintained in any such way; and though, to be sure, for the last fifteen years, the progress of the old robber has not made much difference to us in the neighbourhood of Russell Square, and the battle of Nezib did not in the least affect our taxes, our homes, our institutions, or the price of butcher's meat, yet there is no knowing what *might* have happened had Mehemet Ali been allowed to remain quietly as he was, and the balance of power in Europe might have been—the deuce knows where.

Here, then, in a nutshell, you have the whole matter in dispute. While Mrs. Corbett and the Prince de Joinville were innocently interchanging compliments at St. Helena, bang! bang! Commodore Napier was pouring broadsides into Tyre and Sidon; our gallant navy was storming breaches and routing armies; Colonel Hodges had seized upon the green standard of Ibrahim Pacha; and the powder-magazine of St. John of Acre was blown up sky-high, with eighteen hundred Egyptian soldiers in company with it. The French said that *l'or Anglais* had achieved all these successes, and no doubt believed that the poor fellows at Acre were bribed to a man.

It must have been particularly unpleasant to a high-minded nation like the French—at the very moment when the Egyptian affair and the balance of Europe had been settled

in this abrupt way—to find out all of a sudden that the Pasha of Egypt was their dearest friend and ally. They had suffered in the person of their friend; and though, seeing that the dispute was ended and the territory out of his hand, they could not hope to get it back for him, or to aid him in any substantial way, yet Monsieur Thiers determined, just as a mark of politeness to the Pasha, to fight all Europe for maltreating him—all Europe, England included. He was bent on war, and an immense majority of the nation went with him. He called for a million of soldiers, and would have had them too, had not the King been against the project and delayed the completion of it, at least for a time.

Of these great European disputes Captain Joinville received a notification when he was at sea on board his frigate, as we find by the official account which has been published of his mission.

"Some days after quitting Saint Helena," says that document, "the expedition fell in with a ship coming from Europe, and was thus made acquainted with the warlike rumours then afloat, by which a collision with the English marine was rendered possible. The Prince de Joinville immediately assembled the officers of the *Belle Poule*, to deliberate on an event so unexpected and important.

"The council of war having expressed its opinion that it was necessary at all events to prepare for an energetic defence, preparations were made to place in battery all the guns that the frigate could bring to bear against the enemy. The provisional cabins that had been fitted up in the battery were demolished, the partitions removed, and, with all the elegant furniture of the cabins, flung into the sea. The Prince de Joinville was the first 'to execute himself,' and the frigate soon found itself armed with six or eight more guns.

"That part of the ship where these cabins had previously been went by the name of Lacedæmon, everything luxurious being banished to make way for what was useful.

"Indeed, all persons who were on board agree in saying that Monseigneur the Prince de Joinville most worthily acquitted himself of the great and honourable mission which had been confided to him. All affirm, not only that the commandant of the expedition did everything at St. Helena which

as a Frenchman he was bound to do in order that the remains of the Emperor should receive all the honours due to them, but, moreover, that he accomplished his mission with all the measured solemnity, all the pious and severe dignity, that the son of the Emperor himself would have shown upon a like occasion. The commandant had also comprehended that the remains of the Emperor must never fall into the hands of the stranger, and being himself decided rather to sink his ship than to give up his precious deposit, he had inspired every one about him with the same energetic resolution that he had himself taken '*against an extreme eventuality.*'"

Monseigneur, my dear, is really one of the finest young fellows it is possible to see—a tall, broad-chested, slim-waisted, brown-faced, dark-eyed young Prince, with a great beard (and other martial qualities, no doubt) beyond his years. As he strode into the Chapel of the Invalides on Tuesday at the head of his men, he made no small impression, I can tell you, upon the ladies assembled to witness the ceremony. Nor are the crew of the *Belle Poule* less agreeable to look at than their commander. A more clean, smart, active, well-limbed set of lads never "did dance" upon the deck of the famed *Belle Poule* in the days of her memorable combat with the *Saucy Arethusa*. "These five hundred sailors," says a French newspaper, speaking of them in the proper French way, "sword in hand, in the severe costume of board-ship (*la sévère tenue du bord*), seemed proud of the mission that they had just accomplished. Their blue jackets, their red cravats, the turned-down collars of blue shirts edged with white, *above all*, their resolute appearance and martial air, gave a favourable specimen of the present state of our marine—a marine of which so much might be expected and from which so little has been required."—*Le Commerce :* 16th December.

There they were, sure enough; a cutlass upon one hip, a pistol on the other—a gallant set of young men indeed. I doubt, to be sure, whether the *sévère tenue du bord* requires that the seamen should be always furnished with these ferocious weapons, which, in sundry maritime manœuvres, such as going to sleep in your hammock, for instance, or twinkling a binnacle, or luffing a marlinspike, or keel-hauling a main-

topgallant (all naval operations, my dear, which any seafaring novelist will explain to you)—I doubt, I say, whether these weapons are *always* worn by sailors, and have heard that they are commonly, and very sensibly too, locked up until they are wanted. Take another example: suppose artillerymen were incessantly compelled to walk about with a pyramid of twenty-four pound shot in one pocket, a lighted fuse and a few barrels of gunpowder in the other—these objects would, as you may imagine, greatly inconvenience the artilleryman in his peaceful state.

The newspaper writer is therefore most likely mistaken in saying that the seamen were in the *sévère tenue du bord*, or by "*bord*" meaning "*abordage*"—which operation they were not, in a harmless church hung round with velvet and wax candles, and filled with ladies, surely called upon to perform. Nor, indeed, can it be reasonably supposed that the picked men of the crack frigate of the French navy are a "good specimen" of the rest of the French marine, any more than a cuirassed colossus at the gate of the Horse Guards can be considered a fair sample of the British soldier of the line. The sword and pistol, however, had no doubt their effect—the former was in its sheath, the latter not loaded—and I hear that the French ladies are quite in raptures with these charming *loups de mer*.

Let the warlike accoutrements then pass. It was necessary, perhaps, to strike the Parisians with awe, and therefore the crew was armed in this fierce fashion; but why should the Captain begin to swagger as well as his men? and why did the Prince de Joinville lug out sword and pistol so early? or why, if he thought fit to make preparations, should the official journals brag of them afterwards as proofs of his extraordinary courage?

Here is the case. The English Government makes him a present of the bones of Napoleon; English workmen work for nine hours without ceasing, and dig the coffin out of the ground; the English Commissioner hands over the key of the box to the French representative, Monsieur Chabot; English horses carry the funeral car down to the sea-shore, accompanied by the English Governor, who has actually left his bed to walk in the procession and to do the French nation honour.

After receiving and acknowledging these politenesses, the French captain takes his charge on board, and the first thing we afterwards hear of him is the determination, "*qu'il a su faire passer*" into all his crew, to sink rather than yield up the body of the Emperor *aux mains de l'étranger*—into the hands of the foreigner. My dear Monseigneur, is not this *par trop fort?* Suppose "the foreigner" had wanted the coffin, could he not have kept it? Why show this uncalled-for valour, this extraordinary alacrity at sinking? Sink or blow yourself up as much as you please, but Your Royal Highness must see that the genteel thing would have been to wait until you were asked to do so, before you offended good-natured, honest people, who—Heaven help them!—have never shown themselves at all murderously inclined towards you. A man knocks up his cabins, forsooth, throws his tables and chairs overboard, runs guns into the portholes, and calls *le quartier du bord où existaient ces chambres, Lacédémone.* Lacedæmon! There is a province, O Prince, in your royal father's dominions, a fruitful parent of heroes in its time, which would have given a much better nickname to your *quartier du bord:* you should have called it Gascony.

> "Sooner than strike we'll all ex-pi-er
> On board of the *Bell-e Poul-e.*"

Such fanfaronading is very well on the part of Tom Dibdin, but a person of Your Royal Highness's "pious and severe dignity" should have been above it. If you entertained an idea that war was imminent, would it not have been far better to have made your preparations in quiet; and when you found the war-rumour blown over, to have said nothing about what you intended to do? Fie upon such cheap Lacedæmonianism! There is no poltroon in the world but can brag about what he *would* have done; however, to do Your Royal Highness's nation justice, they brag and fight too.

This narrative, my dear Miss Smith, as you will have remarked, is not a simple tale merely, but is accompanied by many moral and pithy remarks, which form its chief value, in the writer's eyes at least, and the above account of the sham Lacedæmon on board the *Belle Poule* has a

double-barrelled morality, as I conceive. Besides justly reprehending the French propensity towards braggadocio, it proves very strongly a point on which I am the only statesman in Europe who has strongly insisted. In the "Paris Sketch Book" it was stated that *the French hate us.* They hate us, my dear, profoundly and desperately, and there never was such a hollow humbug in the world as the French alliance. Men get a character for patriotism in France merely by hating England. Directly they go into strong opposition (where, you know, people are always more patriotic than on the ministerial side), they appeal to the people, and have their hold on the people by hating England in common with them. Why? It is a long story, and the hatred may be accounted for by many reasons, both political and social. Any time these eight hundred years this ill-will has been going on, and has been transmitted on the French side from father to son. On the French side, not on ours—we have had no, or few, defeats to complain of, no invasions to make us angry; but you see that to discuss such a period of time would demand a considerable number of pages, and for the present we will avoid the examination of the question.

But they hate us, that is the long and short of it; and you see how this hatred has exploded just now, not upon a serious cause of difference, but upon an argument: for what is the Pasha of Egypt to us or them but a mere abstract opinion? For the same reason, the Little-endians in Lilliput abhorred the Big-endians; and I beg you to remark how His Royal Highness Prince Ferdinand Mary, upon hearing that this argument was in course of debate between us, straightway flung his furniture overboard, and expressed a preference for sinking his ship rather than yielding it to the *étranger.* Nothing came of this wish of his, to be sure; but the intention is everything. Unlucky circumstances denied him the power, but he had the will.

Well, beyond this disappointment, the Prince de Joinville had nothing to complain of during the voyage, which terminated happily by the arrival of the *Belle Poule* at Cherbourg on the 30th of November, at five o'clock in the morning. A telegraph made the glad news known at Paris, where the Minister of the Interior, Tanneguy-Duchâtel (you

will read the name, Madam, in the old Anglo-French wars), had already made "immense preparations" for receiving the body of Napoleon.

The entry was fixed for the 15th of December.

On the 8th of December at Cherbourg the body was transferred from the *Belle Poule* frigate to the *Normandie* steamer; on which occasion the Mayor of Cherbourg deposited, in the name of his town, a gold laurel branch upon the coffin, which was saluted by the forts and dikes of the place with ONE THOUSAND GUNS! There was a treat for the inhabitants!

There was on board the steamer a splendid receptacle for the coffin—"a temple with twelve pillars, and a dome to cover it from the wet and moisture, surrounded with velvet hangings and silver fringes. At the head was a gold cross, at the foot a gold lamp: other lamps were kept constantly burning within, and vases of burning incense were hung around. An altar, hung with velvet and silver, was at the mizzenmast of the vessel, *and four silver eagles at each corner of the altar*." It was a compliment at once to Napoleon and —excuse me for saying so, but so the facts are—to Napoleon and to God Almighty.

Three steamers—the *Normandie*, the *Véloce*, and the *Courrier*—formed the expedition from Cherbourg to Havre, at which place they arrived on the evening of the 9th of December, and where the *Véloce* was replaced by the Seine steamer, having in tow one of the state coasters, which was to fire the salute at the moment when the body was transferred into one of the vessels belonging to the Seine.

The expedition passed Havre the same night, and came to anchor at Val de la Haye on the Seine, three leagues below Rouen.

Here the next morning (10th) it was met by the flotilla of steamboats of the Upper Seine, consisting of the three *Dorades*, the three *Etoiles*, the *Elbeuvien*, the *Parisien*, the *Parisienne*, and the *Zampa*. The Prince de Joinville and the persons of the expedition embarked immediately in the flotilla, which arrived the same day at Rouen.

At Rouen salutes were fired; the National Guard on both sides of the river paid military honours to the body; and

over the middle of the suspension bridge a magnificent cenotaph was erected, decorated with flags, fasces, violet hangings, and the imperial arms. Before the cenotaph the expedition stopped, and the absolution was given by the archbishop and the clergy. After a couple of hours' stay, the expedition proceeded to Pont de l'Arche. On the 11th it reached Vernon, on the 12th Mantes, on the 13th Maisons-sur-Seine.

"Everywhere," says the official account from which the above particulars are borrowed, "the authorities, the National Guard, and the people flocked to the passage of the flotilla, desirous to render the honours due to his glory, which is the glory of France. In seeing its hero return, the nation seemed to have found its Palladium again—the sainted relics of victory."

At length, on the 14th, the coffin was transferred from the *Dorade* steamer on board the imperial vessel arrived from Paris. In the evening the imperial vessel arrived at Courbevoie, which was the last stage of the journey.

Here it was that M. Guizot went to examine the vessel, and was very nearly flung into the Seine, as report goes, by the patriots assembled there. It is now lying on the river, near the Invalides, amidst the drifting ice, whither the people of Paris are flocking out to see it.

The vessel is of a very elegant antique form, and I can give you on the Thames no better idea of it than by requesting you to fancy an immense wherry, of which the stern has been cut straight off, and on which a temple on steps has been elevated. At the figurehead is an immense gold eagle, and at the stern is a little terrace, filled with evergreens and a profusion of banners. Upon pedestals along the sides of the vessel are tripods in which incense was burned, and underneath them are garlands of flowers called here "immortals." Four eagles surmount the temple, and a great scroll or garland, held in their beaks, surrounds it. It is hung with velvet and gold; four gold caryatides support the entry of it; and in the midst, upon a large platform hung with velvet and bearing the imperial arms, stood the coffin. A steamboat, carrying two hundred musicians playing funereal marches and military symphonies,

preceded this magnificent vessel to Courbevoie, where a funereal temple was erected, and "a statue of Notre Dame de Grâce, before which the seamen of the *Belle Poule* inclined themselves, in order to thank her for having granted them a noble and glorious voyage."

Early on the morning of the 15th December, amidst clouds of incense, and thunder of cannon, and innumerable shouts of people, the coffin was transferred from the barge, and carried by the seamen of the *Belle Poule* to the Imperial Car.

And now, having conducted our hero almost to the gates of Paris, I must tell you what preparations were made in the capital to receive him.

Ten days before the arrival of the body, as you walked across the Deputies' Bridge, or over the esplanade of the Invalides, you saw on the bridge eight, on the esplanade thirty-two, mysterious boxes erected, wherein a couple of score of sculptors were at work night and day.

In the middle of the Invalid Avenue there used to stand, on a kind of shabby fountain or pump, a bust of Lafayette, crowned with some dirty wreaths of "immortals," and looking down at the little streamlet which occasionally dribbled below him. The spot of ground was now clear, and Lafayette and the pump had been consigned to some cellar to make way for the mighty procession that was to pass over the place of their habitation.

Strange coincidence! If I had been Mr. Victor Hugo, my dear, or a poet of any note, I would, in a few hours, have made an impromptu concerning that Lafayette-crowned pump, and compared its lot now to the fortune of its patron some fifty years back. From him then issued, as from his fountain now, a feeble dribble of pure words; then, as now, some faint circle of disciples were willing to admire him. Certainly, in the midst of the war and storm without, this pure fount of eloquence went dribbling, dribbling on, till of a sudden the revolutionary workmen knocked down statue and fountain, and the gorgeous imperial cavalcade trampled over the spot where they stood.

As for the Champs Elysées, there was no end to the prepara-

tions: the first day, you saw a couple of hundred scaffoldings erected at intervals between the handsome gilded gas-lamps that at present ornament that avenue; next day, all these scaffoldings were filled with brick and mortar. Presently, over the bricks and mortar rose pediments of statues, legs of urns, legs of goddesses, legs and bodies of goddesses, legs, bodies, and busts of goddesses. Finally, on the 13th December, goddesses complete. On the 14th, they were painted marble-colour, and the basements of wood and canvas on which they stood were made to resemble the same costly material. The funereal urns were ready to receive the frankincense and precious odours which were to burn in them. A vast number of white columns stretched down the avenue, each bearing a bronze buckler, on which was written, in gold letters, one of the victories of the Emperor, and each decorated with enormous imperial flags. On these columns golden eagles were placed; and the newspapers did not fail to remark the ingenious position in which the royal birds had been set: for while those on the right-hand side of the way had their heads turned *towards* the procession, as if to watch its coming, those on the left were looking exactly the other way, as if to regard its progress. Do not fancy I am joking: this point was gravely and emphatically urged in many newspapers; and I do believe no mortal Frenchman ever thought it anything but sublime.

Do not interrupt me, sweet Miss Smith. I feel that you are angry. I can see from here the pouting of your lips, and know what you are going to say. You are going to say, "I will read no more of this, Mr. Titmarsh; there is no subject, however solemn, but he treats it with flippant irreverence, and no character, however great, at whom he does not sneer."

Ah, my dear! you are young now and enthusiastic; and your Titmarsh is old, very old, sad, and grey-headed. I have seen a poor mother buy a halfpenny wreath at the gate of Montmartre burying-ground, and go with it to her little child's grave, and hang it there over the little humble stone; and if ever you saw me scorn the mean offering of the poor, shabby creature, I will give you leave to be as angry as you will. They say that on the passage of Napoleon's

coffin down the Seine, old soldiers and country people walked miles from their villages just to catch a sight of the boat which carried his body, and to kneel down on the shore and pray for him. God forbid that we should quarrel with such prayers and sorrow, or question their sincerity. Something great and good must have been in this man, something loving and kindly, that has kept his name so cherished in the popular memory, and gained him such lasting reverence and affection.

But, Madam, one may respect the dead without feeling awe-stricken at the plumes of the hearse; and I see no reason why one should sympathize with the train of mutes and undertakers, however deep may be their mourning. Look, I pray you, at the manner in which the French nation has performed Napoleon's funeral. Time out of mind, nations have raised, in memory of their heroes, august mausoleums, grand pyramids, splendid statues of gold or marble, sacrificing whatever they had that was most costly and rare, or that was most beautiful in art, as tokens of their respect and love for the dead person. What a fine example of this sort of sacrifice is that (recorded in a book of which Simplicity is the great characteristic) of the poor woman who brought her pot of precious ointment —her all—and laid it at the feet of the Object which, upon earth, she most loved and respected! "Economists and calculators" there were even in those days who quarrelled with the manner in which the poor woman lavished so much capital; but you will remember how nobly and generously the sacrifice was appreciated, and how the economists were put to shame.

With regard to the funeral ceremony that has just been performed here, it is said that a famous public personage and statesman, Monsieur Thiers indeed, spoke with the bitterest indignation of the general style of the preparations, and of their mean and tawdry character. He would have had a pomp as magnificent, he said, as that of Rome at the triumph of Aurelian. He would have decorated the bridges and avenues through which the procession was to pass with the costliest marbles and the finest works of art, and have had them to remain there for ever as monuments of the great funeral.

The economists and calculators might here interpose with a great deal of reason; for, indeed, there was no reason why a nation should impoverish itself to do honour to the memory of an individual for whom, after all, it can feel but a qualified enthusiasm: but it surely might have employed the large sum voted for the purpose more wisely and generously, and recorded its respect for Napoleon by some worthy and lasting memorial, rather than have erected yonder thousand vain heaps of tinsel, paint, and plaster that are already cracking and crumbling in the frost at three days old.

Scarcely one of the statues, indeed, deserves to last a month; some are odious distortions and caricatures, which never should have been allowed to stand for a moment. On the very day of the *fête* the wind was shaking the canvas pedestals, and the flimsy woodwork had begun to gape and give way. At a little distance, to be sure, you could not see the cracks, and pedestals and statues *looked* like marble. At some distance you could not tell but that the wreaths and eagles were gold embroidery, and not gilt paper—the great tricolour flags damask, and not striped calico. One would think that these sham splendours betokened sham respect, if one had not known that the name of Napoleon is held in real reverence, and observed somewhat of the character of the nation. Real feelings they have, but they distort them by exaggeration; real courage, which they render ludicrous by intolerable braggadocio; and I think the above official account of the Prince de Joinville's proceedings, of the manner in which the Emperor's remains have been treated in their voyage to the capital, and of the preparations made to receive him in it, will give my dear Miss Smith some means of understanding the social and moral condition of this worthy people of France.

III.

ON THE FUNERAL CEREMONY.

Shall I tell you, my dear, that when François woke me at a very early hour on this eventful morning, while the keen

stars were still glittering overhead, a half-moon, as sharp as a razor, beaming in the frosty sky, and a wicked north wind blowing, that blew the blood out of one's fingers and froze your leg as you put it out of bed—shall I tell you, my dear, that when François called me, and said, "V'là vot' café, Monsieur Titemasse, buvez-le, tiens, il est tout chaud," I felt myself, after imbibing the hot breakfast, so comfortable under three blankets and a mackintosh, that for at least a quarter of an hour no man in Europe could say whether Titmarsh would or would not be present at the burial of the Emperor Napoleon.

Besides, my dear, the cold, there was another reason for doubting. Did the French nation, or did they not, intend to offer up some of us English over the imperial grave? And were the games to be concluded by a massacre? It was said in the newspapers that Lord Granville had dispatched circulars to all the English resident in Paris, begging them to keep their homes. The French journals announced this news, and warned us charitably of the fate intended for us. Had Lord Granville written? Certainly not to me. Or had he written to all *except me?* And was I *the victim*—the doomed one—to be seized directly I showed my face in the Champs Elysées, and torn in pieces by French Patriotism to the frantic chorus of the "Marseillaise"? Depend on it, Madam, that high and low in this city on Tuesday were not altogether at their ease, and that the bravest felt no small tremor! And be sure of this, that as His Majesty Louis Philippe took his night-cap off his royal head that morning, he prayed heartily that he might, at night, put it on in safety.

Well, as my companion and I came out of doors, being bound for the Church of the Invalides, for which a Deputy had kindly furnished us with tickets, we saw the very prettiest sight of the whole day, and I can't refrain from mentioning it to my dear, tender-hearted Miss Smith.

In the same house where I live (but about five stories nearer the ground) lodges an English family, consisting of—1. A great-grandmother, a hale, handsome old lady of seventy, the very best dressed and neatest old lady in Paris; 2. A grandfather and grandmother, tolerably young to bear that

title; 3. A daughter; and 4. Two little great-grand, o grand-children, that may be of the age of three and one, an belong to a son and daughter who are in India. The grand father, who is as proud of his wife as he was thirty years ago when he married, and pays her compliments still twice o thrice in a day, and when he leads her into a room look round at the persons assembled, and says in his heart, "Here gentlemen, here is my wife—show me such another woma in England;"—this gentleman had hired a room on th Champs Elysées, for he would not have his wife catch col by exposing her to the balconies in the open air.

When I came to the street, I found the family assemble in the following order of march:—

—— No. 1, the great-grandmother walking daintily along, sup ported by No. 3, her granddaughter.

—— A nurse carrying No. 4 junior, who was sound asleep, an a huge basket containing saucepans, bottles of milk, parcel of infants' food, certain dimity napkins, a child's coral, an a little horse belonging to No. 4 senior.

—— A servant bearing a basket of condiments.

—— No. 2, grandfather, spick and span, clean shaved, hat brushed white buckskin gloves, bamboo cane, brown great-coat walking as upright and solemn as may be, having his lad on his arm.

—— No. 4 senior, with mottled legs and a tartan costume, wh was frisking about between his grandpapa's legs, wh heartily wished him at home.

"My dear," his face seemed to say to his lady, "I think you might have left the little things in the nursery, for w shall have to squeeze through a terrible crowd in the Champ Elysées."

The lady was going out for a day's pleasure, and her fac was full of care. She had to look first after her old mothe who was walking ahead, then after No. 4 junior with th nurse; he might fall into all sorts of danger, wake up, cry catch cold; nurse might slip down, or Heaven knows wha Then she had to look her husband in the face, who ha gone to such expense and been so kind for her sake, an make that gentleman believe she was thoroughly happy; and finally, she had to keep an eye upon No. 4 senior, who, a she was perfectly certain, was about in two minutes to b lost for ever, or trampled to pieces in the crowd.

These events took place in a quiet little street leading into the Champs Elysées, the entry of which we had almost reached by this time. The four detachments above described, which had been straggling a little in their passage down the street, closed up, at the end of it, and stood for a moment huddled together. No. 3, Miss X——, began speaking to her companion, the great-grandmother.

"Hush, my dear," said that old lady, looking round alarmed at her daughter. "*Speak French.*" And she straightway began nervously to make a speech which she supposed to be in that language, but which was as much like French as Iroquois. The whole secret was out; you could read it in the grandmother's face, who was doing all she could to keep from crying, and looked as frightened as she dared to look. The two elder ladies had settled between them that there was going to be a general English slaughter that day, and had brought the children with them, so that they might all be murdered in company.

God bless you, O women, moist-eyed and tender-hearted! In those gentle, silly tears of yours there is something touches one, be they never so foolish. I don't think there were many such natural drops shed that day as those which just made their appearance in the grandmother's eyes, and then went back again as if they had been ashamed of themselves, while the good lady and her little troop walked across the road. Think how happy she will be when night comes, and there has been no murder of English, and the brood is all nestled under her wings sound asleep, and she is lying awake thanking God that the day and its pleasures and pains are over. Whilst we were considering these things, the grandfather had suddenly elevated No. 4 senior upon his left shoulder, and I saw the tartan hat of that young gentleman, and the bamboo-cane which had been transferred to him, high over the heads of the crowd on the opposite side through which the party moved.

After this little procession had passed away—you may laugh at it, but upon my word and conscience, Miss Smith, I saw nothing in the course of the day which affected me more—after this little procession had passed away, the other came,

accompanied by gun-banging, flag-waving, incense-burning trumpets pealing, drums rolling, and at the close, received by the voice of six hundred choristers, sweetly modulated to the tones of fifteen score of fiddlers. Then you saw horse and foot, jack-boots and bearskin, cuirass and bayonet national guard and line, marshals and generals all over gold smart aides-de-camp galloping about like mad, and high in the midst of all, riding on his golden buckler, Solomon in all his glory, forsooth—Imperial Cæsar, with his crown over his head, laurels and standards waving about his gorgeous chariot, and a million of people looking on in wonder and awe.

His Majesty the Emperor and King reclined on his shield with his head a little elevated. His Majesty's skull is voluminous, his forehead broad and large. We remarked that His Imperial Majesty's brow was of a yellowish colour which appearance was also visible about the orbits of the eyes. He kept his eyelids constantly closed, by which we had the opportunity of observing that the upper lids were garnished with eyelashes. Years and climate have effected upon the face of this great monarch only a trifling alteration we may say, indeed, that Time has touched His Imperial and Royal Majesty with the lightest feather in his wing. In the nose of the Conqueror of Austerlitz we remarked very little alteration: it is of the beautiful shape which we remember it possessed five-and-twenty years since, ere unfortunate circumstances induced him to leave us for a while. The nostrils and the tube of the nose appear to have undergone some slight alteration, but in examining a beloved object the eye of affection is perhaps too critical. *Vive l'Empereur!* the soldier of Marengo is among us again. His lips are thinner perhaps, than they were before. How white his teeth are! You can just see three of them pressing his under lip; and pray remark the fullness of his cheeks and the round contour of his chin. Oh, those beautiful white hands! many a time have they patted the cheek of poor Josephine, and played with the black ringlets of her hair. She is dead now, and cold, poor creature; and so are Hortense and bold Eugene "than whom the world never saw a courtlier knight," as was said of King Arthur's Sir Lancelot. What a day would

have been for those three could they but have lived until now, and seen their hero returning! Where's Ney? His wife sits looking out from M. Flahaut's window yonder, but the bravest of the brave is not with her. Murat, too, is absent: honest Joachim loves the Emperor at heart, and repents that he was not at Waterloo: who knows but that at the sight of the handsome swordsman those stubborn English "canaille" would have given way? A king, Sire, is, you know, the greatest of slaves—State affairs of consequence; His Majesty the King of Naples is detained, no doubt. When we last saw the King, however, and His Highness the Prince of Elchingen, they looked to have as good health as ever they had in their lives, and we heard each of them calmly calling out "*Fire!*" as they have done in numberless battles before.

Is it possible? can the Emperor forget? We don't like to break it to him, but has he forgotten all about the farm at Pizzo, and the garden of the Observatory? Yes, truly; there he lies on his golden shield, never stirring, never so much as lifting his eyelids, or opening his lips any wider.

O vanitas vanitatum! Here is our Sovereign in all his glory, and they fired a thousand guns at Cherbourg and never woke him!

However, we are advancing matters by several hours, and you must give just as much credence as you please to the subjoined remarks concerning the Procession, seeing that your humble servant could not possibly be present at it, being bound for the church elsewhere.

Programmes, however, have been published of the affair, and your vivid fancy will not fail to give life to them, and the whole magnificent train will pass before you.

Fancy, then, that the guns are fired at Neuilly, the body landed at daybreak from the funereal barge, and transferred to the car; and fancy the car, a huge Juggernaut of a machine, rolling on four wheels of an antique shape, which supported a basement adorned with golden eagles, banners, laurels, and velvet hangings. Above the hangings stand twelve golden statues with raised arms supporting a huge shield, on which the coffin lay. On the coffin was the

imperial crown, covered with violet velvet crape, and the whole vast machine was drawn by horses in superb housings led by valets in the imperial livery.

Fancy at the head of the procession first of all —

The Gendarmerie of the Seine, with their trumpets and Colonel.

The Municipal Guard (horse), with their trumpets, standard and Colonel.

Two squadrons of the 7th Lancers, with Colonel, standard, and music.

The Commandant of Paris and his Staff.

A battalion of Infantry of the Line, with their flag, sappers drums, music, and Colonel.

The Municipal Guard (foot), with flag, drums, and Colonel.

The Sapper-pumpers, with ditto.

Then picture to yourself more squadrons of Lancers and Cuirassiers. The General of the Division and his Staff; all officers of all arms employed at Paris, and unattached; the Military School of Saint Cyr, the Polytechnic School, the School of the État Major; and the Professors and Staff of each. Go on imagining more battalions of Infantry, of Artillery, companies of Engineers, squadrons of Cuirassiers ditto of the Cavalry, of the National Guard, and the first and second legions of ditto.

Fancy a carriage, containing the Chaplain of the St. Helena expedition, the only clerical gentleman that formed a part of the procession.

Fancy you hear the funereal music, and then figure in your mind's eye—

THE EMPEROR'S CHARGER—that is, Napoleon's own saddle and bridle (when First Consul) upon a white horse. The saddle (which has been kept ever since in the Garde-meuble of the Crown) is of amaranth velvet, embroidered in gold; the holsters and housings are of the same rich material. On them you remark the attributes of War, Commerce, Science and Art. The bits and stirrups are silver-gilt chased. Over the stirrups two eagles were placed at the time of the empire. The horse was covered with a violet crape embroidered with golden bees.

After this came more Soldiers, General Officers, Sub-Officers, Marshals, and what was said to be the prettiest sight almost of the whole, the banners of the eighty-six departments of France. These are due to the invention of M. Thiers, and were to have been accompanied by federates from each Department. But the Government very wisely mistrusted this and some other projects of Monsieur Thiers; and as for the federation, my dear, *it has been tried*. Next comes—

His Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville.

The 500 sailors of the *Belle Poule* marching in double file on each side of

THE CAR.

[Hush! the enormous crowd thrills as it passes, and only some few voices cry *Vive l'Empereur!* Shining golden in the frosty sun, with hundreds of thousands of eyes upon it, from houses and housetops, from balconies, black, purple, and tricolour, from tops of leafless trees, from behind long lines of glittering bayonets under shakos and bearskin caps, from behind the Line and the National Guard again, pushing, struggling, heaving, panting, eager, the heads of an enormous multitude stretching out to meet and follow it, amidst long avenues of columns and statues gleaming white, of standards rainbow-coloured, of golden eagles, of pale funereal urns, of discharging odours amidst huge volumes of pitch-black smoke,

THE GREAT IMPERIAL CHARIOT
ROLLS MAJESTICALLY ON.

The cords of the pall are held by two Marshals, an Admiral, and General Bertrand; who are followed by—
The Prefects of the Seine and Police, etc.
The Mayors of Paris, etc.
The Members of the Old Guard, etc.
A Squadron of Light Dragoons, etc.
Lieutenant-General Schneider, etc.
More cavalry, more infantry, more artillery, more everybody; and as the procession passes, the Line and the National Guard forming line on each side of the road fall in and follow it, until it arrives at the Church of the Invalides, where the last honours are to be paid to it.]

Among the company assembled under the dome of that edifice, the casual observer would not perhaps have remarked a gentleman of the name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, who nevertheless was there. But as, my dear Miss Smith, the descriptions in this letter, from the words in page 565, line 35—*the party moved*—up to the words *paid to it*, on this page, have purely emanated from your obedient servant's fancy, and not from his personal observation (for no being on earth, except a newspaper reporter, can be in two places at once), permit me now to communicate to you what little circumstances fell under my own particular view on the day of the 15th of December.

As we came out, the air and the buildings round about were tinged with purple, and the clear, sharp half-moon before mentioned was still in the sky, where it seemed to be lingering as if it would catch a peep of the commencement of the famous procession. The Arc de Triomphe was shining in a keen, frosty sunshine, and looking as clean and rosy as if it had just made its toilet. The canvas or pasteboard image of Napoleon, of which only the gilded legs had been erected the night previous, was now visible, body, head, crown, sceptre and all, and made an imposing show. Long gilt banners were flaunting about, with the imperial cipher and eagle, and the names of the battles and victories glittering in gold. The long avenues of the Champs Elysées had been covered with sand, for the convenience of the great procession that was to tramp across it that day. Hundreds of people were marching to and fro, laughing, chattering, singing, gesticulating as happy Frenchmen do. There is no pleasanter sight than a French crowd on the alert for a festival, and nothing more catching than their good humour. As for the notion which has been put forward by some of the opposition newspapers that the populace were on this occasion unusually solemn or sentimental, it would be paying a bad compliment to the natural gaiety of the nation to say that it was, on the morning at least of the 15th of December, affected in any such absurd way. Itinerant merchants were shouting out lustily their commodities of segars and brandy, and the weather was so bitter cold that they could not fail to find plenty of customers. Carpenters and workmen were still making a huge banging and clattering among the sheds which were built for the accommodation of the visitors. Some of these sheds were hung with black, such as one sees before churches in funerals; some were robed in violet, in compliment to the Emperor whose mourning they put on. Most of them had fine tricolour hangings with appropriate inscriptions to the glory of the French arms.

All along the Champs Elysées were urns of plaster of Paris, destined to contain funereal incense and flames; columns decorated with huge flags of blue, red, and white, embroidered with shining crowns, eagles, and N's in gilt paper, and statues of plaster representing Nymphs, Triumphs, Victories,

or other female personages, painted in oil so as to represent marble. Real marble could have had no better effect, and the appearance of the whole was lively and picturesque in the extreme. On each pillar was a buckler of the colour of bronze, bearing the name and date of a battle in gilt letters; you had to walk through a mile-long avenue of these glorious reminiscences, telling of spots where, in the great imperial days, throats had been victoriously cut.

As we passed down the avenue, several troops of soldiers met us—the *garde-municipale à cheval*, in brass helmets and shining jack-boots; noble-looking men, large, on large horses: the pick of the old army, as I have heard, and armed for the special occupation of peace-keeping—not the most glorious but the best part of the soldier's duty, as I fancy. Then came a regiment of Carabineers, one of Infantry—little, alert, brown-faced, good-humoured men, their band at their head playing sounding marches. These were followed by a regiment or detachment of the Municipals on foot—two or three inches taller than the men of the Line, and conspicuous for their neatness and discipline. By-and-by came a squadron or so of dragoons of the National Guards: they are covered with straps, buckles, aiguillettes, and cartouche-boxes, and made under their tricolour cock's-plumes a show sufficiently warlike. The point which chiefly struck me on beholding these military men of the National Guard and the Line was the admirable manner in which they bore a cold that seemed to me as sharp as the weather in the Russian retreat, through which cold the troops were trotting without trembling and in the utmost cheerfulness and good humour. An aide-de-camp galloped past in white pantaloons. By heavens! it made me shudder to look at him.

With this profound reflection, we turned away to the right towards the hanging-bridge (where we met a detachment of young men of the École de l'État Major; fine-looking lads, but sadly disfigured by the wearing of stays or belts, that make the waists of the French dandies of a most absurd tenuity), and speedily passed into the avenue of statues leading up to the Invalides. All these were statues of warriors from Ney to Charlemagne, modelled in clay for the nonce, and placed here to meet the corpse of the greatest

warrior of all. Passing these, we had to walk to a little door at the back of the Invalides, where was a crowd of persons plunged in the deepest mourning, and pushing for places in the chapel within.

The chapel is spacious and of no great architectural pretensions, but was on this occasion gorgeously decorated in honour of the great person to whose body it was about to give shelter.

We had arrived at nine: the ceremony was not to begin, they said, till two; we had five hours before us to see all that from our places could be seen.

We saw that the roof, up to the first lines of architecture, was hung with violet; beyond this with black. We saw N's, eagles, bees, laurel wreaths, and other such imperial emblems, adorning every nook and corner of the edifice. Between the arches, on each side of the aisle, were painted trophies, on which were written the names of some of Napoleon's Generals and of their principal deeds of arms; and not their deeds of arms alone, *pardi*, but their coats of arms too. O stars and garters! but this is too much. What was Ney's paternal coat, prithee, or honest Junot's quarterings, or the venerable escutcheon of King Joachim's father, the innkeeper?

You and I, dear Miss Smith, know the exact value of heraldic bearings. We know that though the greatest pleasure of all is to *act* like a gentleman, it is a pleasure, nay a merit, to *be* one—to come of an old stock, to have an honourable pedigree, to be able to say that centuries back our fathers had gentle blood, and to us transmitted the same. There *is* a good in gentility: the man who questions it is envious, or a coarse dullard not able to perceive the difference between high breeding and low. One has in the same way heard a man brag that he did not know the difference between wines, not he; give him a good glass of port and he would pitch all your claret to the deuce. My love men often brag about their own dullness in this way.

In the matter of gentlemen, democrats cry, "Psha! Give us one of Nature's gentlemen, and hang your aristocrats." And so indeed Nature does make *some* gentlemen—a few here and there. But Art makes most. Good birth—that is

good, handsome, well-formed fathers and mothers, nice, cleanly nursery-maids, good meals, good physicians, good education, few cares, pleasant, easy habits of life, and luxuries not too great or enervating, but only refining—a course of these going on for a few generations are the best gentleman-makers in the world, and beat Nature hollow.

If, respected Madam, you say that there is something *better* than gentility in this wicked world, and that honesty and personal worth are more valuable than all the politeness and high-breeding that ever wore red-heeled pumps, knights' spurs, or Hoby's boots, Titmarsh, for one, is never going to say you nay. If you even go so far as to say that the very existence of this super-genteel society among us, from the slavish respect that we pay to it, from the dastardly manner in which we attempt to imitate its airs and ape its vices, goes far to destroy honesty of intercourse, to make us meanly ashamed of our natural affections and honest, harmless usages, and so does a great deal more harm than it is possible it can do good by its example—perhaps, Madam, you speak with some sort of reason. Potato myself, I can't help seeing that the tulip yonder has the best place in the garden, and the most sunshine, and the most water, and the best tending —and not liking him over well. But I can't help acknowledging that Nature has given him a much finer dress than ever I can hope to have, and of this, at least, must give him the benefit.

Or say we are so many cocks and hens, my dear (*sans arrière pensée*), with our crops pretty full, our plumes pretty sleek, decent picking here and there in the straw-yard, and tolerable snug roosting in the barn: yonder on the terrace, in the sun, walks Peacock, stretching his proud neck, squealing every now and then in the most pert, fashionable voice, and flaunting his great, supercilious, dandified tail. Don't let us be too angry, my dear, with the useless, haughty, insolent creature, because he despises us. *Something* there is about Peacock that we don't possess. Strain your neck ever so, you can't make it as long or as blue as his; cock your tail as much as you please, and it will never be half so fine to look at. But the most absurd, disgusting, contemptible sight in the world would you and I be leaving the barn door for

my lady's flower-garden, forsaking our natural sturdy walk for the peacock's genteel, rickety stride, and adopting the squeak of his voice in the place of our gallant, lusty cock-a-doodle-dooing.

Do you take the allegory? I love to speak in such, and the above types have been presented to my mind while sitting opposite a gimcrack coat-of-arms and coronet that are painted in the Invalides Church, and assigned to one of the Emperor's Generals.

Ventrebleu! Madam, what need have *they* of coats-of-arms and coronets, and wretched imitations of old, exploded aristocratic gewgaws that they had flung out of the country—with the heads of the owners in them sometimes, for indeed they were not particular—a score of years before? What business, forsooth, had they to be meddling with gentility and aping its ways, who had courage, merit, daring, genius sometimes, and a pride of their own to support, if proud they were inclined to be? A clever young man (who was not of high family himself, but had been bred up genteelly at Eton and the university)—young Mr. George Canning—at the commencement of the French Revolution sneered at "Roland the Just, with ribbons in his shoes," and the dandies, who then wore buckles, voted the sarcasm monstrous killing. It was a joke, my dear, worthy of a lacquey, or of a silly, smart parvenu not knowing the society into which his luck had cast him (God help him! in later years they taught him what they were), and fancying, in his silly intoxication, that simplicity was ludicrous and fashion respectable. See, now, fifty years are gone, and where are shoebuckles! Extinct, defunct, kicked into the irrevocable past off the toes of all Europe.

How fatal to the parvenu, throughout history, has been this respect for shoebuckles! Where, for instance, would the Empire of Napoleon have been, if Ney and Lannes had never sported such a thing as a coat-of-arms, and had only written their simple names on their shields, after the fashion of Desaix's scutcheon yonder?—the bold Republican who led the crowning charge at Marengo, and sent the best blood of the Holy Roman Empire to the right-about, before the wretched, misbegotten imperial heraldry was born that was

to prove so disastrous to the father of it. It has always been so. They won't amalgamate. A country must be governed by the one principle or the other. But give, in a republic, an aristocracy ever so little chance, and it works and plots and sneaks and bullies and sneers itself into place, and you find democracy out of doors. Is it good that the aristocracy should so triumph? That is a question that you may settle according to your own notions and taste; and permit me to say, I do not care twopence how you settle it. Large books have been written upon the subject in a variety of languages, and coming to a variety of conclusions. Great statesmen are there in our country, from Lord Londonderry down to Mr. Vincent, each in his degree maintaining his different opinion. But here, in the matter of Napoleon, is a simple fact: he founded a great, glorious, strong, potent republic, able to cope with the best aristocracies in the world, and perhaps to beat them all; he converts his republic into a monarchy, and surrounds his monarchy with what he calls aristocratic institutions—and you know what becomes of him. The people estranged, the aristocracy faithless (when did they ever pardon one who was not of themselves?), the imperial fabric tumbles to the ground. If it teaches nothing else, my dear, it teaches one a great point of policy—namely, to stick by one's party.

While these thoughts (and sundry others relative to the horrible cold of the place, the intense dullness of delay, the stupidity of leaving a warm bed and a breakfast in order to witness a procession that is much better performed at a theatre)—while these thoughts were passing in the mind, the church began to fill apace, and you saw that the hour of the ceremony was drawing near.

Imprimis, came men with lighted staves, and set fire to at least ten thousand wax candles, that were hanging in brilliant chandeliers in various parts of the chapel. Curtains were dropped over the upper windows as these illuminations were effected, and the church was left only to the funereal light of the spermaceti. To the right was the dome, round the cavity of which sparkling lamps were set, that designed the shape of it brilliantly against the darkness. In the midst, and where the altar used to stand, rose the catafalque. And why

not? Who is God here but Napoleon? and in him the sceptics have already ceased to believe; but the people does still somewhat. He and Louis XIV. divide the worship of the place between them.

As for the catafalque, the best that I can say for it is that it is really a noble and imposing-looking edifice, with tall pillars supporting a grand dome, with innumerable escutcheons, standards, and allusions military and funereal. A great eagle of course tops the whole: tripods burning spirits of wine stand round this kind of dead man's throne; and as we saw it (by peering over the heads of our neighbours in the front rank), it looked, in the midst of the black concave, and under the effect of half a thousand flashing cross-lights, properly grand and tall. The effect of the whole chapel, however (to speak the jargon of the painting-room), was spoiled by being *cut up:* there were too many objects for the eye to rest upon—the ten thousand wax candles, for instance, in their numberless twinkling chandeliers, the raw *tranchant* colours of the new banners, wreaths, bees, N's, and other emblems dotting the place all over, and incessantly puzzling or rather *bothering* the beholder.

High overhead, in a sort of mist, with the glare of their original colours worn down by dust and time, hung long rows of dim, ghostly-looking standards, captured in old days from the enemy. They were, I thought, the best and most solemn part of the show.

To suppose that the people were bound to be solemn during the ceremony is to exact from them something quite needless and unnatural. The very fact of a squeeze dissipates all solemnity. One great crowd is always, as I imagine, pretty much like another. In the course of the last few years I have seen three—that attending the coronation of our present sovereign, that which went to see Courvoisier hanged, and this which witnessed the Napoleon ceremony. The people so assembled for hours together are jocular rather than solemn, seeking to pass away the weary time with the best amusements that will offer. There was, to be sure, in all the scenes above alluded to, just one moment—one particular moment—when the universal people feels a shock and is for that second serious.

But except for that second of time, I declare I saw no seriousness here beyond that of ennui. The church began to fill with personages of all ranks and conditions. First, opposite our seats came a company of fat grenadiers of the National Guard, who presently, at the word of command, put their muskets down against benches and wainscots, until the arrival of the procession. For seven hours these men formed the object of the most anxious solicitude of all the ladies and gentlemen seated on our benches. They began to stamp their feet, for the cold was atrocious, and we were frozen where we sat. Some of them fell to blowing their fingers; one executed a kind of dance, such as one sees often here in cold weather: the individual jumps repeatedly upon one leg, and kicks out the other violently; meanwhile his hands are flapping across his chest. Some fellows opened their cartouche-boxes, and from them drew eatables of various kinds. You can't think how anxious we were to know the qualities of the same. "Tiens, ce gros qui mange une cuisse de volaille!" "Il a du jambon, celui-là." "I should like some too," growls an Englishman, "for I hadn't a morsel of breakfast," and so on. This is the way, my dear, that we see Napoleon buried.

Did you ever see a chicken escape from clown in a pantomime, and hop over into the pit, or amongst the fiddlers? and have you not seen the shrieks of enthusiastic laughter that the wondrous incident occasions? We had our chicken, of course; there never was a public crowd without one. A poor unhappy woman in a greasy plaid cloak, with a battered rose-coloured plush bonnet, was seen taking her place among the stalls allotted to the grandees. "Voyez donc l'Anglaise," said everybody, and it was too true. You could swear that the wretch was an Englishwoman; a bonnet was never made or worn so in any other country. Half-an-hour's delightful amusement did this lady give us all. She was whisked from seat to seat by the *huissiers*, and at every change of place woke a peal of laughter. I was glad, however, at the end of the day to see the old pink bonnet over a very comfortable seat, which somebody had not claimed and she had kept.

Are not these remarkable incidents? The next wonder we saw was the arrival of a set of tottering old Invalids, who

took their places under us with drawn sabres. Then came a superb drum-major, a handsome, smiling, good-humoured giant of a man, his breeches astonishingly embroidered with silver lace. Him a dozen little drummer-boys followed. "The little darlings!" all the ladies cried out in a breath. They were indeed pretty little fellows, and came and stood close under us. The huge drum-major smiled over his little red-capped flock, and for many hours in the most perfect contentment twiddled his moustaches and played with the tassels of his cane.

Now the company began to arrive thicker and thicker. A whole covey of *Conseillers d'État* came in, in blue coats, embroidered with blue silk; then came a crowd of lawyers in toques and caps, among whom were sundry venerable Judges in scarlet, purple velvet, and ermine—a kind of Bajazet costume. Look there! there is the Turkish Ambassador in his red cap, turning his solemn brown face about and looking preternaturally wise. The Deputies walk in in a body. Guizot is not there; he passed by just now in full ministerial costume. Presently little Thiers saunters in: what a clear, broad, sharp-eyed face the fellow has, with his grey hair cut down so demure! A servant passes, pushing through the crowd a shabby wheel-chair. It has just brought old Monçey, the Governor of the Invalids, the honest old man who defended Paris so stoutly in 1814. He has been very ill, and is worn down almost by infirmities; but in his illness he was perpetually asking, "Doctor, shall I live till the 15th? Give me till then, and I die contented." One can't help believing that the old man's wish is honest, however one may doubt the piety of another illustrious Marshal, who once carried a candle before Charles X. in a procession, and has been this morning to Neuilly to kneel and pray at the foot of Napoleon's coffin. He might have said his prayers at home, to be sure. But don't let us ask too much: that kind of reserve is not a Frenchman's characteristic.

Bang—bang! At about half-past two a dull sound of cannonading was heard without the church, and signals took place between the Commandant of the Invalids, of the National Guards, and the big drum-major. Looking to these troops (the fat Nationals were shuffling into line again),

the two Commandants uttered, as nearly as I could catch them, the following words:—

"HARRUM HUMP!"

At once all the National bayonets were on the present, and the sabres of the old Invalids up. The big drum-major looked round at the children, who began very slowly and solemnly on their drums, Rub-dub-dub—rub-dub-dub—(count two between each)—rub-dub-dub, and a great procession of priests came down from the altar.

First, there was a tall, handsome cross-bearer, bearing a long gold cross, of which the front was turned towards his grace the Archbishop. Then came a double row of about sixteen incense-boys, dressed in white surplices—the first boy about six years old, the last with whiskers and of the height of a man. Then followed a regiment of priests in black tippets and white gowns; they had black hoods, like the moon when she is at her third quarter, wherewith those who were bald (many were, and fat too) covered themselves. All the reverend men held their heads meekly down, and affected to be reading in their breviaries.

After the Priests came some Bishops of the neighbouring districts, in purple, with crosses sparkling on their episcopal bosoms.

Then came, after more priests, a set of men whom I have never seen before—a kind of ghostly heralds, young and handsome men, some of them in stiff tabards of black and silver, their eyes to the ground, their hands placed at right angles with their chests.

Then came two gentlemen bearing remarkable tall candlesticks, with candles of corresponding size. One was burning brightly, but the wind (that chartered libertine) had blown out the other, which nevertheless kept its place in the procession. I wondered to myself whether the reverend gentleman who carried the extinguished candle felt disgusted, humiliated, mortified—perfectly conscious that the eyes of many thousands of people were bent upon that bit of refractory wax. We all of us looked at it with intense interest.

Another cross-bearer, behind whom came a gentleman carrying an instrument like a bedroom candlestick.

His Grandeur Monseigneur Affre, Archbishop of Paris:

he was in black and white, his eyes were cast to the earth, his hands were together at right angles from his chest. On his hands were black gloves, and on the black gloves sparkled the sacred episcopal —what do I say?—archiepiscopal ring. On his head was the mitre. It is unlike the godly coronet that figures upon the coach-panels of our own Right Reverend Bench. The Archbishop's mitre may be about a yard high; formed within probably of consecrated pasteboard, it is without covered by a sort of watered silk of white and silver. On the two peaks at the top of the mitre are two very little spangled tassels, that frisk and twinkle about in a very agreeable manner.

Monseigneur stood opposite to us for some time, when I had the opportunity to note the above remarkable phenomena. He stood opposite me for some time, keeping his eyes steadily on the ground, his hands before him, a small clerical train following after. Why didn't they move? There was the National Guard keeping on presenting arms, the little drummers going on rub-dub-dub—rub-dub-dub in the same steady, slow way, and the Procession never moved an inch. There was evidently, to use an elegant phrase, a hitch somewhere.

Enter a fat priest, who bustles up to the drum-major.

Fat priest. "Taisez-vous."

Little drummer. Rub-dub-dub — rub-dub-dub — rub-dub-dub, etc.

Drum-major. "Qu'est-ce donc?"

Fat priest. "Taisez-vous, vous dis-je; ce n'est pas le corps. Il n'arrivera pas—pour une heure."

The little drums were instantly hushed, the procession turned to the right-about and walked back to the altar again, the blown-out candle that had been on the near side of us before was now on the off side, the National Guards set down their muskets and began at their sandwiches again. We had to wait an hour and a half at least before the great procession arrived. The guns without went on booming all the while at intervals, and as we heard each, the audience gave a kind of "*ahahah!*" such as you hear when the rockets go up at Vauxhall.

At last the real Procession came.

Then the drums began to beat as formerly, the Nationals to get under arms, the clergymen were sent for and went, and presently—yes, there was the tall cross-bearer at the head of the procession, and they came *back!*

They chanted something in a weak, snuffling, lugubrious manner, to the melancholy bray of a serpent.

Crash! however, Mr. Habeneck and the fiddlers in the organ-loft pealed out a wild, shrill march, which stopped the reverend gentlemen; and in the midst of this music,

And of a great trampling of feet and clattering,

And of a great crowd of Generals and Officers in fine clothes,

With the Prince de Joinville marching quickly at the head of the procession,

And while everybody's heart was thumping as hard as possible,

NAPOLEON'S COFFIN PASSED.

It was done in an instant. A box covered with a great red cross—a dingy-looking crown lying on the top of it—Seamen on one side and Invalids on the other— they had passed in an instant and were up the aisle.

A faint snuffling sound, as before, was heard from the officiating priests, but we knew of nothing more. It is said that old Louis Philippe was standing at the catafalque, whither the Prince de Joinville advanced and said, "Sire, I bring you the body of the Emperor Napoleon."

Louis Philippe answered, "I receive it in the name of France." Bertrand put on the body the most glorious victorious sword that ever has been forged since the apt descendants of the first murderer learned how to hammer steel, and the coffin was placed in the temple prepared for it.

The six hundred singers and the fiddlers now commenced the playing and singing of a piece of music; and a part of the crew of the *Belle Poule* skipped into the places that had been kept for them under us, and listened to the music, chewing tobacco. While the actors and fiddlers were going on, most of the spirits-of-wine lamps on the altars went out.

When we arrived in the open air we passed through the court of the Invalides, where thousands of people had been

assembled, but where the benches were now quite bare. Then we came on to the terrace before the place. The old soldiers were firing off the great guns, which made a dreadful stunning noise, and frightened some of us, who did not care to pass before the cannon and to be knocked down even by the wadding. The guns were fired in honour of the King, who was going home by a back door. All the forty thousand people who covered the great stands before the Hôtel had gone away too. The Imperial Barge had been dragged up the river, and was lying lonely along the Quay, examined by some few shivering people on the shore.

It was five o'clock when we reached home. The stars were shining keenly out of the frosty sky, and François told me that dinner was just ready.

In this manner, my dear Miss Smith, the great Napoleon was buried.

Farewell.

END OF "THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON."

CRITICAL REVIEWS.

CRITICAL REVIEWS.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.*

ACCUSATIONS of ingratitude, and just accusations no doubt, are made against every inhabitant of this wicked world; and the fact is, that a man who is ceaselessly engaged in its trouble and turmoil, borne hither and thither upon the fierce waves of the crowd, bustling, shifting, struggling to keep himself somewhat above water, fighting for reputation, or more likely for bread, and ceaselessly occupied to-day with plans for appeasing the eternal appetite of inevitable hunger to-morrow—a man in such straits has hardly time to think of anything but himself, and, as in a sinking ship, must make his own rush for the boats, and fight, struggle, and trample for safety. In the midst of such a combat as this, the "ingenious arts, which prevent the ferocity of the manners, and act upon them as an emollient" (as the philosophic bard remarks in the Latin Grammar), are likely to be jostled to death, and then forgotten. The world will allow no such compromises between it and that which does not belong to it—no two gods must we serve; but (as one has seen in some old portraits) the horrible glazed eyes of Necessity are always fixed upon you; fly away as you will, black Care sits behind you, and with his ceaseless gloomy croaking drowns the voice of all more cheerful companions. Happy he whose fortune has placed him where there is calm and plenty, and who has the wisdom not to give up his quiet in quest of visionary gain.

Here is, no doubt, the reason why a man, after the period

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of his boyhood, or first youth, makes so few friends. Want and ambition (new acquaintances which are introduced to him along with his beard) thrust away all other society from him. Some old friends remain, it is true, but these are become as a habit—a part of your selfishness; and, for new ones, they are selfish as you are. Neither member of the new partnership has the capital of affection and kindly feeling, or can even afford the time that is requisite for the establishment of the new firm. Damp and chill the shades of the prison-house begin to close round us, and that "vision splendid" which has accompanied our steps in our journey daily farther from the east, fades away and dies into the light of common day.

And what a common day! what a foggy, dull, shivering apology for light is this kind of muddy twilight through which we are about to tramp and flounder for the rest of our existence, wandering farther and farther from the beauty and freshness and from the kindly gushing springs of clear gladness that made all around us green in our youth! One wanders and gropes in a slough of stock-jobbing, one sinks or rises in a storm of politics, and in either case it is as good to fall as to rise—to mount a bubble on the crest of the wave, as to sink a stone to the bottom.

The reader who has seen the name affixed to the head of this article scarcely expected to be entertained with a declamation upon ingratitude, youth, and the vanity of human pursuits, which may seem at first sight to have little to do with the subject in hand. But (although we reserve the privilege of discoursing upon whatever subject shall suit us, and by no means admit the public has any right to ask in our sentences for any meaning, or any connection whatever) it happens that, in this particular instance, there is an undoubted connection. In Susan's case, as recorded by Wordsworth, what connection had the corner of Wood Street with a mountain ascending, a vision of trees, and a nest by the Dove? Why should the song of a thrush cause bright volumes of vapour to glide through Lothbury, and a river to flow on through the vale of Cheapside? As she stood at that corner of Wood Street, a mop and a pail in her hand most likely, she heard the bird singing, and straightway began

pining and yearning for the days of her youth, forgetting the proper business of the pail and mop. Even so we are moved by the sight of some of Mr. Cruikshank's works; the "Busen fühlt sich jugendlich erschüttert," the "schwankende Gestalten" of youth flit before one again; Cruikshank's thrush begins to pipe and carol, as in the days of boyhood: hence misty moralities, reflections, and sad and pleasant remembrances arise. He is the friend of the young especially. Have we not read all the story books that his wonderful pencil has illustrated? Did we not forego tarts, in order to buy his "Breaking-up," or his "Fashionable Monstrosities" of the year eighteen hundred and something? Have we not before us, at this very moment, a print—one of the admirable "Illustrations of Phrenology"—which entire work was purchased by a joint-stock company of boys, each drawing lots afterwards for the separate prints, and taking his choice in rotation? The writer of this, too, had the honour of drawing the first lot, and seized immediately upon "Philoprogenitiveness"—a marvellous print (our copy is not at all improved by being coloured, which operation we performed on it ourselves)—a marvellous print, indeed—full of ingenuity and fine jovial humour. A father, possessor of an enormous nose and family, is surrounded by the latter, who are, some of them, embracing the former. The composition writhes and twists about like the Kermes of Rubens. No less than seven little men and women in nightcaps, in frocks, in bibs, in breeches, are clambering about the head, knees, and arms of the man with the nose; their noses, too, are preternaturally developed—the twins in the cradle have noses of the most considerable kind. The second daughter, who is watching them; the youngest but two, who sits squalling in a certain wicker chair; the eldest son, who is yawning; the eldest daughter, who is preparing with the gravy of two mutton-chops a savoury dish of Yorkshire pudding for eighteen persons; the youths who are examining her operations (one a literary gentleman, in a remarkably neat nightcap and pinafore, who has just had his finger in the pudding); the genius who is at work on the slate, and the two honest lads who are hugging the good-humoured washerwoman, their mother—all, all, save this worthy woman, have noses of the largest size.

Not handsome certainly are they, and yet everybody must be charmed with the picture. It is full of grotesque beauty. The artist has at the back of his own skull, we are certain, a huge bump of philoprogenitiveness. He loves children in his heart: every one of those he has drawn is perfectly happy, and jovial, and affectionate, and innocent as possible. He makes them with large noses, but he loves them, and you always find something kind in the midst of his humour, and the ugliness redeemed by a sly touch of beauty. The smiling mother reconciles one with all the hideous family: they have all something of the mother in them—something kind, and generous, and tender.

Knight's, in Sweeting's Alley; Fairburn's, in a court off Ludgate Hill; Hone's, in Fleet Street—bright, enchanted palaces, which George Cruikshank used to people with grinning, fantastical imps, and merry, harmless sprites—where are they? Fairburn's shop knows him no more; not only has Knight disappeared from Sweeting's Alley, but, as we are given to understand, Sweeting's Alley has disappeared from the face of the globe. Slop, the atrocious Castlereagh, the sainted Caroline (in a tight pelisse, with feathers in her head), the "Dandy of Sixty," who used to glance at us from Hone's friendly windows—where are they? Mr. Cruikshank may have drawn a thousand better things since the days when these were, but they are to us a thousand times more pleasing than anything else he has done. How we used to believe in them; to stray miles out of the way on holidays, in order to ponder for an hour before that delightful window in Sweeting's Alley; in walks through Fleet Street, to vanish abruptly down Fairburn's passage, and there make one at his "charming gratis" exhibition! There used to be a crowd round the window in those days, of grinning, good-natured mechanics, who spelt the songs, and spoke them out for the benefit of the company, and who received the points of humour with a general sympathizing roar. Where are these people now? You never hear any laughing at H.B.; his pictures are a great deal too genteel for that—polite points of wit, which strike one as exceedingly clever and pretty, and cause one to smile in a quiet gentleman-like kind of way.

There must be no smiling with Cruikshank. A man who

does not laugh outright is a dullard, and has no heart; even the old dandy of sixty must have laughed at his own wondrous grotesque image, as they say Louis Philippe did, who saw all the caricatures that were made of himself. And there are some of Cruikshank's designs which have the blessed faculty of creating laughter as often as you see them. As Diggory says in the play, who is bidden by his master not to laugh while waiting at table—"Don't tell the story of Grouse in the Gun-room, master, or I can't help laughing." Repeat that history ever so often, and at the proper moment honest Diggory is sure to explode. Every man, no doubt, who loves Cruikshank has his "Grouse in the Gun-room." There is a fellow in the "Points of Humour" who is offering to eat up a certain little general that has made us happy any time these sixteen years: his huge mouth is a perpetual well of laughter—buckets full of fun can be drawn from it. We have formed no such friendships as that boyish one of the man with the mouth. But though, in our eyes, Mr. Cruikshank reached his apogee some eighteen years since, it must not be imagined that such is really the case. Eighteen sets of children have since then learned to love and admire him, and may many more of their successors be brought up in the same delightful faith. It is not the artist who fails, but the men who grow cold—the men from whom the illusions (why illusions? realities) of youth disappear one by one, who have no leisure to be happy, no blessed holidays, but only fresh cares at Midsummer and Christmas, being the inevitable seasons which bring us bills instead of pleasures. Tom, who comes bounding home from school, has the doctor's account in his trunk, and his father goes to sleep at the pantomime to which he takes him. *Pater infelix*, you too have laughed at clown, and the magic wand of spangled harlequin; what delightful enchantment did it wave around you, in the golden days "when George the Third was king!" But our clown lies in his grave; and our harlequin, Ellar, prince of how many enchanted islands, was he not at Bow Street the other day,* in his dirty, tattered, faded motley—seized as a law-breaker, for acting at a penny theatre, after having well-nigh starved in the streets, where nobody would

* This was written in 1840.

listen to his old guitar? No one gave a shilling to bless him—not one of us who owe him so much.

We know not if Mr. Cruikshank will be very well pleased at finding his name in such company as that of Clown and Harlequin; but he, like them, is certainly the children's friend. His drawings abound in feeling for these little ones, and hideous as in the course of his duty he is from time to time compelled to design them, he never sketches one without a certain pity for it, and imparting to the figure a certain grotesque grace. In happy school-boys he revels; plum-pudding and holidays his needle has engraved over and over again. There is a design in one of the comic almanacs of some young gentlemen who are employed in administering to a schoolfellow the correction of the pump, which is as graceful and elegant as a drawing of Stothard. Dull books about children George Cruikshank makes bright with illustrations. There is one published by the ingenious and opulent Mr. Tegg. It is entitled "Mirth and Morality," the mirth being, for the most part, on the side of the designer—the morality, unexceptionable certainly, the author's capital. Here are then, to these moralities, a smiling train of mirths supplied by George Cruikshank. See yonder little fellows butterfly-hunting across a common! Such a light, brisk, airy, gentleman-like drawing was never made upon such a theme. Who, cries the author—

> "Who has not chased the butterfly,
> And crushed its slender legs and wings,
> And heaved a moralizing sigh:
> Alas! how frail are human things!"

A very unexceptionable morality truly; but it would have puzzled another than George Cruikshank to make mirth out of it as he has done. Away, surely not on the wings of these verses, Cruikshank's imagination begins to soar; and he makes us three darling little men on a green common, backed by old farm-houses, somewhere about May. A great mixture of blue and clouds in the air, a strong fresh breeze stirring, Tom's jacket flapping in the same, in order to bring down the insect queen or king of spring that is fluttering above him: he renders all this with a few strokes on a little block

of wood not two inches square, upon which one may gaze for hours, so merry and life-like a scene does it present. What a charming creative power is this! what a privilege to be a god, and create little worlds upon paper, and whole generations of smiling, jovial men, women, and children half inch high, whose portraits are carried abroad, and have the faculty of making us monsters of six feet curious and happy in our turn! Now, who would imagine that an artist could make anything of such a subject as this? The writer begins by stating,—

> "I love to go back to the days of my youth,
> And to reckon my joys to the letter,
> And to count o'er the friends that I have in the world,
> *Ay, and those who are gone to a better.*"

This brings him to the consideration of his uncle. "Of all the men I have ever known," says he, "my uncle united the greatest degree of cheerfulness with the sobriety of manhood. Though a man when I was a boy, he was yet one of the most agreeable companions I ever possessed.....He embarked for America, and nearly twenty years passed by before he came back again.....but oh, how altered! He was in every sense of the word an old man; his body and mind were enfeebled, and second childishness had come upon him. How often have I bent over him, vainly endeavouring to recall to his memory the scenes we had shared together; and how frequently, with an aching heart, have I gazed on his vacant and lustreless eye, while he has amused himself in clapping his hands and singing with a quavering voice a verse of a psalm." Alas! such are the consequences of long residences in America, and of old age even in uncles. Well, the point of this morality is, that the uncle one day in the morning of life vowed that he would catch his two nephews and tie them together—ay, and actually did so, for all the efforts the rogues made to run away from him; but he was so fatigued that he declared he never would make the attempt again, whereupon the nephew remarks—"Often since then, when engaged in enterprises beyond my strength, have I called to mind the determination of my uncle."

Does it not seem impossible to make a picture out of this?

And yet George Cruikshank has produced a charming design, in which the uncle and nephews are so prettily portrayed that one is reconciled to their existence, with all their moralities. Many more of the mirths in this little book are excellent, especially a great figure of a parson entering church on horseback—an enormous parson truly, calm, unconscious, unwieldy. As Zeuxis had a bevy of virgins in order to make his famous picture—his express virgin—a clerical host must have passed under Cruikshank's eyes before he sketched this little, enormous parson of parsons.

Being on the subject of children's books, how shall we enough praise the delightful German nursery tales and Cruikshank's illustrations of them? We coupled his name with pantomime awhile since, and sure never pantomimes were more charming than these. Of all the artists that ever drew, from Michael Angelo upwards and downwards, Cruikshank was the man to illustrate these tales, and give them just the proper admixture of the grotesque, the wonderful, and the graceful. May all Mother Bunch's collection be similarly indebted to him; may "Jack the Giant Killer," may "Tom Thumb," may "Puss in Boots," be one day revivified by his pencil! Is not Whittington sitting yet on Highgate Hill, and poor Cinderella (in that sweetest of all fairy stories) still pining in her lonely chimney nook? A man who has a true affection for these delightful companions of his youth is bound to be grateful to them if he can, and we pray Mr. Cruikshank to remember them.

It is folly to say that this or that kind of humour is too good for the public; that only a chosen few can relish it. The best humour that we know of has been as eagerly received by the public as by the most delicate connoisseur. There is hardly a man in England who can read but will laugh at Falstaff and the humour of Joseph Andrews; and honest Mr. Pickwick's story can be felt and loved by any person above the age of six. Some may have a keener enjoyment of it than others, but all the world can be merry over it, and is always ready to welcome it. The best criterion of good humour is success, and what a share of this has Mr. Cruikshank had! how many millions of mortals has he made happy! We have heard very profound persons talk

philosophically of the marvellous and mysterious manner in which he has suited himself to the time—*fait vibrer la fibre populaire* (as Napoleon boasted of himself); supplied a peculiar want felt at a peculiar period, the simple secret of which is, as we take it, that he, living amongst the public, has with them a general wide-hearted sympathy; that he laughs at what they laugh at; that he has a kindly spirit of enjoyment, with not a morsel of mysticism in his composition; that he pities and loves the poor, and jokes at the follies of the great, and that he addresses all in a perfectly sincere and manly way. To be greatly successful as a professional humorist, as in any other calling, a man must be quite honest, and show that his heart is in his work. A bad preacher will get admiration and a hearing with this point in his favour, where a man of three times his acquirements will only find indifference and coldness. Is any man more remarkable than our artist for telling the truth after his own manner? Hogarth's honesty of purpose was as conspicuous in an earlier time, and we fancy that Gilray would have been far more successful and more powerful but for that unhappy bribe, which turned the whole course of his humour into an unnatural channel. Cruikshank would not for any bribe say what he did not think, or lend his aid to sneer down anything meritorious, or to praise any thing or person that deserved censure. When he levelled his wit against the Regent, and did his very prettiest for the Princess, he most certainly believed, along with the great body of the people whom he represents, that the Princess was the most spotless, pure-mannered darling of a Princess that ever married a heartless debauchee of a Prince Royal. Did not millions believe with him, and noble and learned lords take their oaths to her Royal Highness's innocence? Cruikshank would not stand by and see a woman ill-used, and so struck in for her rescue, he and the people belabouring with all their might the party who were making the attack, and determining from pure sympathy and indignation that the woman must be innocent because her husband treated her so foully.

To be sure we have never heard so much from Mr. Cruikshank's own lips, but any man who will examine these odd

drawings, which first made him famous, will see what an honest, hearty hatred the champion of woman has for all who abuse her, and will admire the energy with which he flings his wood blocks at all who side against her. Canning, Castlereagh, Bexley, Sidmouth—he is at them, one and all; and as for the Prince, up to what a whipping-post of ridicule did he tie that unfortunate old man! And do not let squeamish Tories cry out about disloyalty; if the crown does wrong, the crown must be corrected by the nation, out of respect, of course, for the crown. In those days, and by those people who so bitterly attacked the son, no word was ever breathed against the father, simply because he was a good husband, and a sober, thrifty, pious, orderly man.

This attack upon the Prince Regent we believe to have been Mr. Cruikshank's only effort as a party politician. Some early manifestoes against Napoleon we find, it is true, done in the regular John Bull style, with the Gilray model for the little upstart Corsican; but as soon as the Emperor had yielded to stern fortune, our artist's heart relented (as Béranger's did on the other side of the water); and many of our readers will doubtless recollect a fine drawing of "Louis XVIII. trying on Napoleon's Boots," which did not certainly fit the gouty son of Saint Louis. Such satirical hits as these, however, must not be considered as political, or as anything more than the expression of the artist's national British idea of Frenchmen.

It must be confessed that for that great nation Mr. Cruikshank entertains a considerable contempt. Let the reader examine the "Life in Paris," or the five hundred designs in which Frenchmen are introduced, and he will find them almost invariably thin, with ludicrous spindle-shanks, pig-tails, outstretched hands, shrugging shoulders, and queer hair and mustachios. He has the British idea of a Frenchman; and if he does not believe that the inhabitants of France are for the most part dancing-masters and barbers, yet takes care to depict such in preference, and would not speak too well of them. It is curious how these traditions endure. In France, at the present moment, the Englishman on the stage is the caricatured Englishman at the time of the war, with a shock red head, a long white coat, and invariable

gaiters. Those who wish to study this subject should peruse Monsieur Paul de Kock's histories of "Lord Boulingrog" and "Lady Crockmilove." On the other hand, the old *émigré* has taken his station amongst us, and we doubt if a good British gallery would understand that such and such a character *was* a Frenchman unless he appeared in the ancient traditional costume.

A curious book, called "Life in Paris," published in 1822, contains a number of the artist's plates in the aquatint style; and though we believe he had never been in that capital, the designs have a great deal of life in them, and pass muster very well. A villainous race of shoulder-shrugging mortals are his Frenchmen indeed. And the heroes of the tale, a certain Mr. Dick Wildfire, Squire Jenkins, and Captain O'Shuffleton, are made to show the true British superiority on every occasion when Britons and French are brought together. This book was one among the many that the designer's genius has caused to be popular; the plates are not carefully executed, but being coloured, have a pleasant, lively look. The same style was adopted in the once famous book called "Tom and Jerry, or Life in London," which must have a word of notice here; for although by no means Mr. Cruikshank's best work, his reputation was extraordinarily raised by it. Tom and Jerry were as popular twenty years since as Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller now are; and often have we wished, while reading the biographies of the latter celebrated personages, that they had been described as well by Mr. Cruikshank's pencil as by Mr. Dickens's pen.

As for Tom and Jerry, to show the mutability of human affairs and the evanescent nature of reputation, we have been to the British Museum and no less than five circulating libraries in quest of the book, and "Life in London," alas, is not to be found at any one of them. We can only, therefore, speak of the work from recollection, but have still a very clear remembrance of the leather gaiters of Jerry Hawthorn, the green spectacles of Logic, and the hooked nose of Corinthian Tom. They were the schoolboy's delight; and in the days when the work appeared we firmly believed the three heroes above named to be types of the most elegant, fashionable young fellows the town afforded and thought

their occupations and amusements were those of all high-bred English gentlemen. Tom knocking down the watchman at Temple Bar; Tom and Jerry dancing at Almack's: or flirting in the saloon at the theatre; at the night-houses, after the play; at Tom Cribb's, examining the silver cup then in the possession of that champion; at the chambers of Bob Logic, who, seated at a cabinet piano, plays a waltz to which Corinthian Tom and Kate are dancing: ambling gallantly in Rotten Row; or examining the poor fellow at Newgate who was having his chains knocked off before hanging;—all these scenes remain indelibly engraved upon the mind, and so far we are independent of all the circulating libraries in London. As to the literary contents of the book, they have passed sheer away. It was, most likely, not particularly refined; nay, the chances are that it was absolutely vulgar. But it must have had some merit of its own, that is clear: it must have given striking descriptions of life in some part or other of London, for all London read it, and went to see it in its dramatic shape. The artist, it is said, wished to close the career of the three heroes by bringing them all to ruin; but the writer, or publishers, would not allow any such melancholy subjects to dash the merriment of the public, and we believe Tom, Jerry, and Logic were married off at the end of the tale, as if they had been the most moral personages in the world. There is some goodness in this pity which authors and the public are disposed to show towards certain agreeable, disreputable characters of romance. Who would mar the prospects of honest Roderick Random, or Charles Surface, or Tom Jones? only a very stern moralist indeed. And in regard of Jerry Hawthorn and that hero without a surname, Corinthian Tom, Mr. Cruikshank, we make little doubt, was glad in his heart that he was not allowed to have his own way.

Soon after the "Tom and Jerry" and the "Life in Paris," Mr. Cruikshank produced a much more elaborate set of prints, in a work which was called "Points of Humour." These "Points" were selected from various comic works, and did not, we believe, extend beyond a couple of numbers, containing about a score of copper-plates. The collector of humorous designs cannot fail to have them in his portfolio.

for they contain some of the very best efforts of Mr. Cruikshank's genius; and though not quite so highly laboured as some of his later productions, are none the worse, in our opinion, for their comparative want of finish. All the effects are perfectly given, and the expression is as good as it could be in the most delicate engraving upon steel. The artist's style, too, was then completely formed; and, for our parts, we should say that we preferred his manner of 1825 to any other which he has adopted since. The first picture, which is called "The Point of Honour," illustrates the old story of the officer who, on being accused of cowardice for refusing to fight a duel, came among his brother officers and flung a lighted grenade down upon the floor, before which his comrades fled ignominiously. This design is capital, and the outward rush of heroes, walking, trampling, twisting, scuffling at the door, is in the best style of the grotesque. You see but the back of most of these gentlemen; into which, nevertheless, the artist has managed to throw an expression of ludicrous agony that one could scarcely have expected to find in such a part of the human figure. The next plate is not less good. It represents a couple who, having been found one night tipsy, and lying in the same gutter, were, by a charitable though misguided gentleman, supposed to be man and wife, and put comfortably to bed together. The morning came: fancy the surprise of this interesting pair when they awoke and discovered their situation. Fancy the manner, too, in which Cruikshank has depicted them, to which words cannot do justice. It is needless to state that this fortuitous and temporary union was followed by one more lasting and sentimental, and that these two worthy persons were married, and lived happily ever after.

We should like to go through every one of these prints. There is the jolly miller, who, returning home at night, calls upon his wife to get him a supper, and falls to upon rashers of bacon and ale. How he gormandizes, that jolly miller! Rasher after rasher, how they pass away frizzling and smoking from the gridiron down that immense grinning gulf of a mouth! Poor wife! how she pines and frets, at that untimely hour of midnight, to be obliged to fry, fry, fry perpetually, and minister to the monster's appetite! And yonder in

the clock—what agonized face is that we see? By heavens, it is the squire of the parish. What business has he there? Let us not ask. Suffice it to say that he has in the hurry of the moment left upstairs his br——, his—psha! a part of his dress, in short, with a number of bank-notes in the pockets. Look in the next page, and you will see the ferocious, bacon-devouring ruffian of a miller is actually causing this garment to be carried through the village and cried by the town-crier. And we blush to be obliged to say that the demoralized miller never offered to return the bank-notes, although he was so mighty scrupulous in endeavouring to find an owner for the corduroy portfolio in which he had found them.

Passing from this painful subject, we come, we regret to state, to a series of prints representing personages not a whit more moral. Burns's famous "Jolly Beggars" have all had their portraits drawn by Cruikshank. There is the lovely "hempen widow," quite as interesting and romantic as the famous Mrs. Sheppard, who has at the lamented demise of her husband adopted the very same consolation,—

> "My curse upon them every one,
> They've hanged my braw John Highlandman;
> * * * *
> And now a widow I must mourn
> Departed joys that ne'er return;
> No comfort but a hearty can
> When I think on John Highlandman."

Sweet "raucle carlin," she has none of the sentimentality of the English highwayman's lady; but being wooed by a tinker and

> "A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle
> Wha used to trystes and fairs to driddle,"

prefers the practical to the merely musical man. The tinker sings with a noble candour, worthy of a fellow of his strength of body and station in life,—

> "My bonnie lass, I work in brass,
> A tinker is my station;
> I've travelled round all Christian ground
> In this my occupation.

"I've ta'en the gold, I've been enrolled
In many a noble squadron;
But vain they searched when off I marched
To go an' clout the caudron."

It was his ruling passion. What was military glory to him, forsooth? He had the greatest contempt for it, and loved freedom and his copper kettle a thousand times better—a kind of hardware Diogenes. Of fiddling he has no better opinion. The picture represents the "sturdy caird" taking "poor gut-scraper" by the beard, drawing his "roosty rapier," and swearing to "speet him like a pliver" unless he would relinquish the bonnie lassie for ever:—

"Wi' ghastly ee, poor tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers bended,
An' prayed for grace wi' ruefu' face,
An' so the quarrel ended."

Hark how the tinker apostrophizes the violinist, stating to the widow at the same time the advantages which she might expect from an alliance with himself:—

"Despise that shrimp, that withered imp,
Wi' a' his noise and caperin',
And take a share with those that bear
The budget and the apron!

"And by that stowp, my faith an' houpe,
An' by that dear Kilbaigie,
If e'er ye want or meet wi' scant,
May I ne'er weet my craigie!"

Cruikshank's caird is a noble creature; his face and figure show him to be fully capable of doing and saying all that is above written of him.

In the second part the old tale of "The Three Hunchbacked Fiddlers" is illustrated with equal felicity. The famous classical dinners and duel in "Peregrine Pickle" are also excellent in their way; and the connoisseur of prints and etchings may see in the latter plate, and in another in this volume, how great the artist's mechanical skill is as an etcher. The distant view of the city in the duel, and of a

market-place in "The Quack Doctor," are delightful specimens of the artist's skill in depicting buildings and backgrounds. They are touched with a grace, truth, and dexterity of workmanship that leave nothing to desire. We have before mentioned the man with the mouth, which appears in this number emblematical of gout and indigestion, in which the artist has shown all the fancy of Callot. Little demons, with long saws for noses, are making dreadful incisions into the toes of the unhappy sufferer; some are bringing pans of hot coals to keep the wounded member warm; a huge, solemn nightmare sits on the invalid's chest, staring solemnly into his eyes; a monster, with a pair of drum-sticks, is banging a devil's tattoo on his forehead; and a pair of imps are nailing great tenpenny nails into his hands to make his happiness complete.

The late Mr. Clark's excellent work, "Three Courses and a Dessert," was published at a time when the rage for comic stories was not so great as it since has been, and Messrs. Clark and Cruikshank only sold their hundreds where Messrs. Dickens and Phiz dispose of their thousands. But if our recommendation can in any way influence the reader, we would enjoin him to have a copy of the "Three Courses," that contains some of the best designs of our artist, and some of the most amusing tales in our language. The invention of the pictures, for which Mr. Clark takes credit to himself, says a great deal for his wit and fancy. Can we, for instance, praise too highly the man who invented that wonderful oyster?

Examine him well—his beard, his pearl, his little round stomach, and his sweet smile. Only oysters know how to smile in this way; cool, gentle, waggish, and yet inexpressibly innocent and winning. Dando himself must have allowed such an artless native to go free, and consigned him to the glassy, cool, translucent wave again.

In writing upon such subjects as these with which we have been furnished, it can hardly be expected that we should follow any fixed plan and order; we must therefore take such advantage as we may, and seize upon our subject when and wherever we can lay hold of him.

For Jews, sailors, Irishmen, Hessian boots, little boys,

beadles, policemen, tall life-guardsmen, charity children, pumps, dustmen, very short pantaloons, dandies in spectacles, and ladies with aquiline noses, remarkably taper waists, and wonderfully long ringlets, Mr. Cruikshank has a special predilection. The tribe of Israelites he has studied with amusing gusto; witness the Jew in Mr. Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard," and the immortal Fagin of "Oliver Twist." Whereabouts lies the comic *vis* in these persons and things? Why should a beadle be comic, and his opposite a charity boy? Why should a tall life-guardsman have something in him essentially absurd? Why are short breeches more ridiculous than long? What is there particularly jocose about a pump, and wherefore does a long nose always provoke the beholder to laughter? These points may be metaphysically elucidated by those who list. It is probable that Mr. Cruikshank could not give an accurate definition of that which is ridiculous in these objects, but his instinct has told him that fun lurks in them; and cold must be the heart that can pass by the pantaloons of his charity boys, the Hessian boots of his dandies, and the fan-tail hats of his dustmen, without respectful wonder.

He has made a complete little gallery of dustmen. There is, in the first place, the professional dustman, who, having, in the enthusiastic exercise of his delightful trade, laid hands upon property not strictly his own, is pursued, we presume, by the right owner, from whom he flies as fast as his crooked shanks will carry him.

What a curious picture it is—the horrid rickety houses in some dingy suburb of London, the grinning cobbler, the smothered butcher, the very trees which are covered with dust! it is fine to look at the different expressions of the two interesting fugitives. The fiery charioteer who belabours the poor donkey has still a glance for his brother on foot, on whom punishment is about to descend. And not a little curious is it to think of the creative power of the man who has arranged this little tale of low life. How logically it is conducted; how cleverly each one of the accessories is made to contribute to the effect of the whole! What a deal of thought and humour has the artist expended on this little block of wood! A large picture might have been

painted out of the very same materials, which Mr. Cruikshank, out of his wondrous fund of merriment and observation, can afford to throw away upon a drawing not two inches long. From the practical dustmen we pass to those purely poetical. There are three of them who rise on clouds of their own raising, the very genii of the sack and shovel.

Is there no one to write a sonnet to these? and yet a whole poem was written about Peter Bell the Wagoner, a character by no means so poetic.

And lastly, we have the dustman in love: the honest fellow having seen a young beauty stepping out of a gin-shop on a Sunday morning, is pressing eagerly his suit.

Gin has furnished many subjects to Mr. Cruikshank, who labours, in his own sound and hearty way, to teach his countrymen the dangers of that drink. In the "Sketch-book" is a plate upon the subject, remarkable for fancy and beauty of design; it is called the "Gin Juggernaut," and represents a hideous moving palace, with a reeking still at the roof and vast gin-barrels for wheels, under which unhappy millions are crushed to death. An immense black cloud of desolation covers over the country through which the gin monster has passed, dimly looming through the darkness whereof you see an agreeable prospect of gibbets with men dangling, burnt houses, etc. The vast cloud comes sweeping on in the wake of this horrible body-crusher, and you see, by way of contrast, a distant, smiling, sunshiny tract of old English country, where gin as yet is not known. The allegory is as good, as earnest, and as fanciful as one of John Bunyan's, and we have often fancied there was a similarity between the men.

The reader will examine the work called "My Sketch-book" with not a little amusement, and may gather from it, as we fancy, a good deal of information regarding the character of the individual man, George Cruikshank: what points strike his eye as a painter; what move his anger or admiration as a moralist; what classes he seems most especially disposed to observe, and what to ridicule. There are quacks of all kinds, to whom he has a mortal hatred—quack dandies, who assume under his pencil, perhaps in his eye, the most grotesque appearance possible: their hats grow larger, their legs infinitely more crooked and lean; the tassels

of their canes swell out to a most preposterous size; the tails of their coats dwindle away, and finish where coat-tails generally begin. Let us lay a wager that Cruikshank, a man of the people if ever there was one, heartily hates and despises these supercilious, swaggering young gentlemen; and his contempt is not a whit the less laudable because there may be *tant soit peu* of prejudice in it. It is right and wholesome to scorn dandies, as Nelson said it was to hate Frenchmen; in which sentiment (as we have before said) George Cruikshank undoubtedly shares. In the "Sunday in London," * Monsieur the Chef is instructing a kitchen-maid how to compound some rascally French kickshaw or the other. A pretty scoundrel truly! With what an air he wears that nightcap of his, and shrugs his lank shoulders, and chatters, and ogles, and grins. They are all the same, these mounseers. There are other two fellows, *morbleu!* one is putting his dirty fingers into the saucepan—there are frogs cooking in it, no doubt; and just over some other dish of abomination another dirty rascal is taking snuff! Never mind; the sauce won't be hurt

* The following lines—ever fresh—by the author of "Headlong Hall," published years ago in the *Globe and Traveller*, are an excellent comment on several of the cuts from the "Sunday in London:"—

I.

"The poor man's sins are glaring:
In the face of ghostly warning
He is caught in the fact
Of an overt act,
Buying greens on Sunday morning.

II.

"The rich man's sins are hidden
In the pomp of wealth and station,
And escape the sight
Of the children of light,
Who are wise in their generation.

III.

"The rich man has a kitchen,
And cooks to dress his dinner;
The poor who would roast,
To the baker's must post,
And thus becomes a sinner.

IV.

"The rich man's painted windows
Hide the concerts of the quality;
The poor can but share
A cracked fiddle in the air,
Which offends all sound morality.

V.

"The rich man has a cellar,
And a ready butler by him;
The poor must steer
For his pint of beer [spy him.
Where the saints can't choose but

VI.

"The rich man is invisible
In the crowd of his gay society;
But the poor man's delight
Is a sore in the sight
And a stench in the nose of piety."

by a few ingredients more or less. Three such fellows as these are not worth one Englishman, that's clear. There is one in the very midst of them, the great burly fellow with the beef: he could beat all three in five minutes. We cannot be certain that such was the process going on in Mr. Cruikshank's mind when he made the design; but some feelings of the sort were no doubt entertained by him.

Against Dandy footmen he is particularly severe. He hates idlers, pretenders, boasters, and punishes these fellows as best he may. Who does not recollect the famous picture, "What *is* Taxes, Thomas?" What is taxes indeed? Well may that vast, overfed, lounging flunkey ask the question of his associate Thomas; and yet not well, for all that Thomas says in reply is, "*I don't know.*" "O beati *plushicolæ*," what a charming state of ignorance is yours! In the "Sketch-book," many footmen make their appearance: one is a huge fat Hercules of a Portman Square porter, who calmly surveys another poor fellow, a porter likewise, but out of livery, who comes staggering forward with a box that Hercules might lift with his little finger. Will Hercules do so? not he. The giant can carry nothing heavier than a cocked-hat note on a silver tray, and his labours are to walk from his sentry-box to the door, and from the door back to his sentry-box, and to read the Sunday paper, and to poke the hall fire twice or thrice, and to make five meals a day. Such a fellow does Cruikshank hate and scorn worse even than a Frenchman.

The man's master, too, comes in for no small share of our artist's wrath. There is a company of them at church, who humbly designate themselves "miserable sinners!" Miserable sinners indeed! Oh, what floods of turtle-soup, what tons of turbot and lobster-sauce must have been sacrificed to make those sinners properly miserable! My lady with the ermine tippet and draggling feather, can we not see that she lives in Portland Place, and is the wife of an East India Director? She has been to the Opera overnight (indeed, her husband, on her right, with his fat hand dangling over the pew-door, is at this minute thinking of Mademoiselle Léocadie, whom he saw behind the scenes)—she has been at the Opera overnight, which with a trifle of supper after-

wards—a white-and-brown soup, a lobster salad, some woodcocks, and a little champagne—sent her to bed quite comfortable. At half-past eight her maid brings her chocolate in bed, at ten she has fresh eggs and muffins, with perhaps a half-hundred of prawns for breakfast, and so can get over the day and the sermon till lunch-time pretty well. What an odour of musk and bergamot exhales from the pew! how it is wadded, and stuffed, and spangled over with brass nails! what hassocks are there for those who are not too fat to kneel! what a flustering and flapping of gilt prayer-books, and what a pious whirring of Bible leaves one hears all over the church as the doctor blandly gives out the text! To be miserable at this rate you must, at the very least, have four thousand a year; and many persons are there so enamoured of grief and sin that they would willingly take the risk of the misery to have a life-interest in the consols that accompany it, quite careless about consequences, and sceptical as to the notion that a day is at hand when you must fulfil *your share of the bargain*.

Our artist loves to joke at a soldier, in whose livery there appears to him to be something almost as ridiculous as in the uniform of the gentleman of the shoulder-knot. Tall life-guardsmen and fierce grenadiers figure in many of his designs, and almost always in a ridiculous way. Here again we have the honest popular English feeling which jeers at pomp or pretension of all kinds, and is especially jealous of all display of military authority. "Raw Recruit," "ditto dressed," ditto "served up," as we see them in the "Sketch-book," are so many satires upon the army. Hodge with his ribbons flaunting in his hat, or with red coat and musket, drilled stiff and pompous, or at last, minus leg and arm, tottering about on crutches, does not fill our English artist with the enthusiasm that follows the soldier in every other part of Europe. Jeanjean, the conscript in France, is laughed at, to be sure; but then it is because he is a bad soldier. When he comes to have a huge pair of mustachios and the *croix-d'honneur* to *briller* on his *poitrine cicatrisée*, Jeanjean becomes a member of a class that is more respected than any other in the French nation. The veteran soldier inspires our people with no such awe: we hold that demo-

cratic weapon, the fist, in much more honour than the sabre and bayonet, and laugh at a man tricked out in scarlet and pipe-clay.

That regiment of heroes is "marching to divine service," to the tune of the "British Grenadiers." There they march in state, and a pretty contempt our artist shows for all their gimcracks and trumpery. He has drawn a perfectly English scene: the little blackguard boys are playing pranks round about the men, and shouting, "Heads up, soldier!" "Eyes right, lobster!" as little British urchins will do. Did one ever hear the like sentiments expressed in France? Shade of Napoleon, we insult you by asking the question. In England, however, see how different the case is; and designedly or undesignedly the artist has opened to us a piece of his mind. In the crowd the only person who admires the soldiers is the poor idiot, whose pocket a rogue is picking. There is another picture, in which the sentiment is much the same—only, as in the former drawing we see Englishmen laughing at the troops of the line, here are Irishmen giggling at the militia.

We have said that our artist has a great love for the drolleries of the Green Island. Would any one doubt what was the country of the merry fellows depicted in his group of Paddies?

> "Place me amid O'Rourkes, O'Tooles,
> The ragged royal race of Tara;
> Or place me where Dick Martin rules
> The pathless wilds of Connemara."

We know not if Mr. Cruikshank has ever had any such good luck as to see the Irish in Ireland itself, but he certainly has obtained a knowledge of their looks, as if the country had been all his life familiar to him. Could Mr. O'Connell himself desire anything more national than the scene of a drunken row, or could Father Mathew have a better text to preach upon? There is not a broken nose in the room that is not thoroughly Irish.

We have then a couple of compositions treated in a graver manner, as characteristic too as the other. We call attention to the comical look of poor Teague, who has been pursued

and beaten by the witch's stick, in order to point out also the singular neatness of the workmanship, and the pretty, fanciful little glimpse of landscape that the artist has introduced in the background. Mr. Cruikshank has a fine eye for such homely landscapes, and renders them with great delicacy and taste. Old villages, farmyards, groups of stacks, queer chimneys, churches, gable-ended cottages, Elizabethan mansion-houses, and other old English scenes, he depicts with evident enthusiasm.

Famous books in their day were Cruikshank's "John Gilpin" and "Epping Hunt;" for though our artist does not draw horses very scientifically, to use a phrase of the atelier, he *feels* them very keenly; and his queer animals, after one is used to them, answer quite as well as better. Neither is he very happy in trees, and such rustical produce; or rather, we should say, he is very original, his trees being decidedly of his own make and composition, not imitated from any master.

But what then? Can a man be supposed to imitate everything? We know what the noblest study of mankind is, and to this Mr. Cruikshank has confined himself. That postilion with the people in the broken-down chaise roaring after him is as deaf as the post by which he passes. Suppose all the accessories were away, could not one swear that the man was stone-deaf, beyond the reach of trumpet? What is the peculiar character in a deaf man's physiognomy? Can any person define it satisfactorily in words—not in pages? And Mr. Cruikshank has expressed it on a piece of paper not so big as the tenth part of your thumb-nail. The horses of John Gilpin are much more of the equestrian order; and as here the artist has only his favourite suburban buildings to draw, not a word is to be said against his design. The inn and old buildings are charmingly designed, and nothing can be more prettily or playfully touched.

"At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

"'Stop, stop, John Gilpin! Here's the house!'
They all at once did cry;

'The dinner waits, and we are tired.'
Said Gilpin—'So am I!'

"Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:—

"'Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!'
Not one of them was mute:
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

"And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space—
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race."

The rush, and shouting, and clatter are excellently depicted by the artist; and we, who have been scoffing at his manner of designing animals, must here make a special exception in favour of the hens and chickens; each has a different action, and is curiously natural.

Happy are children of all ages who have such a ballad and such pictures as this in store for them! It is a comfort to think that woodcuts never wear out, and that the book still may be had for a shilling, for those who can command that sum of money.

In the "Epping Hunt," which we owe to the facetious pen of Mr. Hood, our artist has not been so successful. There is here too much horsemanship and not enough incident for him; but the portrait of Roundings the huntsman is an excellent sketch, and a couple of the designs contain great humour. The first represents the Cockney hero, who, "like a bird, was singing out while sitting on a tree."

And in the second the natural order is reversed. The stag, having taken heart, is hunting the huntsman, and the Cheapside Nimrod is most ignominiously running away.

The Easter Hunt, we are told, is no more; and as the *Quarterly Review* recommends the British public to purchase Mr. Catlin's pictures, as they form the only record of an interesting race now rapidly passing away, in like manner we should exhort all our friends to purchase Mr. Cruikshank's

designs of *another* interesting race that is run already and for the last time.

Besides these, we must mention, in the line of our duty, the notable tragedies of "Tom Thumb" and "Bombastes Furioso," both of which have appeared with many illustrations by Mr. Cruikshank. The "brave army" of Bombastes exhibits a terrific display of brutal force, which must shock the sensibilities of an English radical. And we can well understand the caution of the general, who bids this *soldatesque effrénée* to begone, and not to kick up a row.

Such a troop of lawless ruffians let loose upon a populous city would play sad havoc in it; and we fancy the massacres of Birmingham renewed, or at least of Badajoz, which, though not quite so dreadful, if we may believe His Grace the Duke of Wellington, as the former scenes of slaughter, were nevertheless severe enough; but we must not venture upon any ill-timed pleasantries in presence of the disturbed King Arthur and the awful ghost of Gaffer Thumb.

We are thus carried at once into the supernatural, and here we find Cruikshank reigning supreme. He has invented in his time a little comic pandemonium, peopled with the most droll, good-natured fiends possible. We have before us Chamisso's "Peter Schlemihl," with Cruikshank's designs translated into German, and gaining nothing by the change. The "Kinder und Hans-Maerchen" of Grimm are likewise ornamented with a frontispiece, copied from that one which appeared to the amusing version of the English work. The books on Phrenology and Time have been imitated by the same nation; and even in France, whither reputation travels slower than to any country except China, we have seen copies of the works of George Cruikshank.

He in return has complimented the French by illustrating a couple of Lives of Napoleon, and the "Life in Paris" before mentioned. He has also made designs for Victor Hugo's "Hans of Iceland." Strange wild etchings were those, on a strange, mad subject—not so good, in our notion, as the designs for the German books, the peculiar humour of which latter seemed to suit the artist exactly. There is a mixture of the awful and the ridiculous in these, which perpetually excites and keeps awake the reader's attention; the

German writer and the English artist seem to have an entire faith in their subject. The reader, no doubt, remembers the awful passage in "Peter Schlemihl," where the little gentleman purchases the shadow of that hero—"Have the kindness, noble sir, to examine and try this bag." "He put his hand into his pocket, and drew thence a tolerably large bag of Cordovan leather, to which a couple of thongs were fixed. I took it from him, and immediately counted out ten gold pieces, and ten more, and ten more, and still other ten, whereupon I held out my hand to him. Done, said I—it is a bargain; you shall have my shadow for your bag. The bargain was concluded; he knelt down before me, and I saw him with a wonderful neatness take my shadow from head to foot, lightly lift it up from the grass, roll and fold it up neatly, and at last pocket it. He then rose up, bowed to me once more, and walked away again, disappearing behind the rose-bushes. I don't know, but I thought I heard him laughing a little. I, however, kept fast hold of the bag. Everything around me was bright in the sun, and as yet I gave no thought to what I had done."

This marvellous event, narrated by Peter with such a faithful circumstantial detail, is painted by Cruikshank in the most wonderful poetic way, with that happy mixture of the real and supernatural that makes the narrative so curious and like truth. The sun is shining with the utmost brilliancy in a great quiet park or garden; there is a palace in the background, and a statue basking in the sun quite lonely and melancholy; there is a sun-dial, on which is a deep shadow, and in the front stands Peter Schlemihl, bag in hand. The old gentleman is down on his knees to him, and has just lifted off the ground the *shadow of one leg;* he is going to fold it back neatly, as one does the tails of a coat, and will stow it, without any creases or crumples, along with the other black garments that lie in that immense pocket of his. Cruikshank has designed all this as if he had a very serious belief in the story; he laughs, to be sure, but one fancies that he is a little frightened in his heart in spite of all his fun and joking.

The German tales we have mentioned before. "The Prince riding on the Fox," "Hans in Luck," "The Fiddler

and his Goose," "Heads off," are all drawings which, albeit not before us now, nor seen for ten years, remain indelibly fixed on the memory. "*Heisst du etwa Rumpelstilzchen?*" There sits the Queen on her throne, surrounded by grinning beef-eaters, and little Rumpelstiltskin stamps his foot through the floor in the excess of his tremendous despair. In one of these German tales, if we remember rightly, there is an account of a little orphan who is carried away by a pitying fairy for a term of seven years, and passing that period of sweet apprenticeship among the imps and sprites of fairy-land. Has our artist been among the same company, and brought back their portraits in his sketch-book? He is the only designer fairy-land has had. Callot's imps, for all their strangeness, are only of the earth earthy. Fuseli's fairies belong to the infernal regions; they are monstrous, lurid, and hideously melancholy. Mr. Cruikshank alone has had a true insight into the character of the "little people." They are something like men and women, and yet not flesh and blood; they are laughing and mischievous, but why we know not. Mr. Cruikshank, however, has had some dream or the other, or else a natural mysterious instinct (as the Seherin of Prevorst had for beholding ghosts), or else some preternatural fairy revelation, which has made him acquainted with the looks and ways of the fantastical subjects of Oberon and Titania.

We have, unfortunately, no fairy portraits; but, on the other hand, can descend lower than fairy-land, and have seen some fine specimens of devils. One has already been raised, and the reader has seen him tempting a fat Dutch burgomaster, in an ancient gloomy market-place, such as George Cruikshank can draw as well as Mr. Prout, Mr. Nash, or any man living. There is our friend once more—our friend the burgomaster—in a highly excited state, and running as hard as his great legs will carry him, with our mutual enemy at his tail.

What are the bets? Will that long-legged bond-holder of a devil come up with the honest Dutchman? It serves him right: why did he put his name to stamped paper? And yet we should not wonder if some lucky chance should turn up in the burgomaster's favour, and his infernal creditor lose

his labour; for one so proverbially cunning as yonder tall individual with the saucer eyes, it must be confessed that he has been very often outwitted.

There is, for instance, the case of "The Gentleman in Black," which has been illustrated by our artist. A young French gentleman, by name M. Desonge, who, having expended his patrimony in a variety of taverns and gaming-houses, was one day pondering upon the exhausted state of his finances, and utterly at a loss to think how he should provide means for future support, exclaimed, very naturally, "What the devil shall I do?" He had no sooner spoken than a GENTLEMAN IN BLACK made his appearance, whose authentic portrait Mr. Cruikshank has had the honour to paint. This gentleman produced a black-edged book out of a black bag, some black-edged papers tied up with black crape, and sitting down familiarly opposite M. Desonge, began conversing with him on the state of his affairs.

It is needless to state what was the result of the interview. M. Desonge was induced by the gentleman to sign his name to one of the black-edged papers, and found himself at the close of the conversation to be possessed of an unlimited command of capital. This arrangement completed, the Gentleman in Black posted (in an extraordinarily rapid manner) from Paris to London, there found a young English merchant in exactly the same situation in which M. Desonge had been, and concluded a bargain with the Briton of exactly the same nature.

The book goes on to relate how these young men spent the money so miraculously handed over to them, and how both, when the period drew near that was to witness the performance of *their* part of the bargain, grew melancholy, wretched, nay, so absolutely dishonourable as to seek for every means of breaking through their agreement. The Englishman, living in a country where the lawyers are more astute than any other lawyers in the world, took the advice of a Mr. Bagsby, of Lyon's Inn, whose name, as we cannot find it in the "Law List," we presume to be fictitious. Who could it be that was a match for the devil? Lord —— very likely. We shall not give his name, but let every reader of this Review fill up the blank according to his own fancy, and

on comparing it with the copy purchased by his neighbours, he will find that fifteen out of twenty have written down the same honoured name.

Well, the Gentleman in Black was anxious for the fulfilment of his bond. The parties met at Mr. Bagsby's chambers to consult, the Black Gentleman foolishly thinking that he could act as his own counsel, and fearing no attorney alive. But mark the superiority of British law, and see how the black pettifogger was defeated.

Mr. Bagsby simply stated that he would take the case into Chancery, and his antagonist, utterly humiliated and defeated, refused to move a step farther in the matter.

And now the French gentleman, M. Desonge, hearing of his friend's escape, became anxious to be free from his own rash engagements. He employed the same counsel who had been successful in the former instance; but the Gentleman in Black was a great deal wiser by this time, and whether M. Desonge escaped, or whether he is now in that extensive place which is paved with good intentions, we shall not say. Those who are anxious to know had better purchase the book wherein all these interesting matters are duly set down. There is one more diabolical picture in our budget, engraved by Mr. Thompson, the same dexterous artist who has rendered the former *diableries* so well.

We may mention Mr. Thompson's name as among the first of the engravers to whom Cruikshank's designs have been entrusted; and next to him (if we may be allowed to make such arbitrary distinctions) we may place Mr. Williams; and the reader is not possibly aware of the immense difficulties to be overcome in the rendering of these little sketches, which, traced by the designer in a few hours, require weeks' labour from the engraver. Mr. Cruikshank has not been educated in the regular schools of drawing (very luckily for him, as we think), and consequently has had to make a manner for himself, which is quite unlike that of any other draftsman. There is nothing in the least mechanical about it; to produce his particular effects he uses his own particular lines, which are queer, free, fantastical, and must be followed in all their infinite twists and vagaries by the careful tool of the engraver. Those three lovely

heads, for instance, imagined out of the rinds of lemons, are worth examining, not so much for the jovial humour and wonderful variety of feature exhibited in these darling countenances as for the engraver's part of the work. See the infinite delicate cross-lines and hatchings which he is obliged to render; let him go, not a hair's-breadth, but the hundredth part of a hair's-breadth, beyond the given line, and the *feeling* of it is ruined. He receives these little dots and specks, and fantastical quirks of the pencil, and cuts away with a little knife round each, not too much nor too little. Antonio's pound of flesh did not puzzle the Jew so much; and so well does the engraver succeed at last that we never remember to have met with a single artist who did not vow that the woodcutter had utterly ruined his design.

Of Messrs. Thompson and Williams we have spoken as the first engravers in point of rank; however, the regulations of professional precedence are certainly very difficult, and the rest of their brethren we shall not endeavour to class. Why should the artists who executed the cuts of the admirable "Three Courses" yield the *pas* to any one?

There, for instance, is an engraving by Mr. Landells, nearly as good in our opinion as the very best woodcut that ever was made after Cruikshank, and curiously happy in rendering the artist's peculiar manner: this cut does not come from the facetious publications which we have consulted, but is a contribution by Mr. Cruikshank to an elaborate and splendid botanical work upon the Orchidaceæ of Mexico by Mr. Bateman. Mr. Bateman dispatched some extremely choice roots of this valuable plant to a friend in England, who, on the arrival of the case, consigned it to his gardener to unpack. A great deal of anxiety with regard to the contents was manifested by all concerned, but on the lid of the box being removed, there issued from it three or four fine specimens of the enormous Blatta beetle that had been preying upon the plants during the voyage; against these the gardeners, the grooms, the porters, and the porters' children issued forth in arms, and this scene the artist has immortalized.

We have spoken of the admirable way in which Mr. Cruikshank has depicted Irish character and Cockney character:

English country character is quite as faithfully delineated in the person of the stout porteress and her children, and of the "Chawbacon" with the shovel, on whose face is written "Zummerzetsheer." Chawbacon appears in another plate, or else Chawbacon's brother. He has come up to Lunnan, and is looking about him at raaces.

How distinct are these rustics from those whom we have just been examining! They hang about the purlieus of the metropolis: Brook Green, Epsom, Greenwich, Ascot, Goodwood, are their haunts. They visit London professionally once a year, and that is at the time of Bartholomew fair. How one may speculate upon the different degrees of rascality, as exhibited in each face of the thimblerigging trio, and form little histories for these worthies, charming Newgate romances, such as have been of late the fashion! Is any man so blind that he cannot see the exact face that is writhing under the thimblerigged hero's hat? Like Timanthes of old, our artist expresses great passions without the aid of the human countenance. There is another specimen—a street row of inebriated bottles. Is there any need of having a face after this? "Come on!" says Claret-bottle, a dashing, genteel fellow, with his hat on one ear—"come on! has any man a mind to tap me?" Claret-bottle is a little screwed (as one may see by his legs), but full of gaiety and courage. Not so that stout, apoplectic Bottle-of-rum, who has staggered against the wall, and has his hand upon his liver: the fellow hurts himself with smoking, that is clear, and is as sick as sick can be. See, Port is making away from the storm, and Double X is as flat as ditch-water. Against these, awful in their white robes, the sober watchmen come.

Our artist then can cover up faces, and yet show them quite clearly, as in the thimblerig group; or he can do without faces altogether; or he can, at a pinch, provide a countenance for a gentleman out of any given object—a beautiful Irish physiognomy being moulded upon a keg of whisky, and a jolly English countenance frothing out of a pot of ale (the spirit of brave Toby Philpot come back to reanimate his clay); while in a fungus may be recognized the physiognomy of a mushroom peer. Finally, if he is at a loss, he can make a living head, body, and legs out of steel or tortoise-shell, as

in the case of the vivacious pair of spectacles that are jockeying the nose of Caddy Cuddle.

Of late years Mr. Cruikshank has busied himself very much with steel engraving, and the consequences of that lucky invention have been that his plates are now sold by thousands, where they could only be produced by hundreds before. He has made many a bookseller's and author's fortune (we trust that in so doing he may not have neglected his own). Twelve admirable plates, furnished yearly to that facetious little publication the *Comic Almanac*, have gained for it a sale, as we hear, of nearly twenty thousand copies. The idea of the work was novel; there was, in the first number especially, a great deal of comic power, and Cruikshank's designs were so admirable that the *Almanac* at once became a vast favourite with the public, and has so remained ever since.

Besides the twelve plates, this almanac contains a prophetic woodcut, accompanying an awful Blarneyhum Astrologicum that appears in this and other almanacs. There is one that hints in pretty clear terms that with the Reform of Municipal Corporations the ruin of the great Lord Mayor of London is at hand. His lordship is meekly going to dine at an eightpenny ordinary—his giants in pawn, his men in armour dwindled to "one poor knight," his carriage to be sold, his stalwart aldermen vanished, his sheriffs, alas and alas, in jail! Another design shows that Rigdum, if a true, is also a moral and instructive prophet: John Bull is asleep, or rather in a vision; the cunning demon Speculation blowing a thousand bright bubbles about him. Meanwhile the rooks are busy at his fob, a knave has cut a cruel hole in his pocket, a rattlesnake has coiled safe round his feet, and will in a trice swallow Bull, chair, money, and all; the rats are at his corn-bags (as if, poor devil, he had corn to spare); his faithful dog is bolting his leg of mutton—nay, a thief has gotten hold of his very candle; and there, by way of moral, is his ale-pot, which looks and winks in his face, and seems to say, O Bull, all this is froth, and a cruel, satirical picture of a certain rustic who had a goose that laid certain golden eggs, which goose the rustic slew in expectation of finding all the eggs at once. This is goose and sage too, to borrow

the pun of "learned Doctor Gill;" but we shrewdly suspect that Mr. Cruikshank is becoming a little conservative in his notions.

We love these pictures so that it is hard to part us, and we still fondly endeavour to hold on; but this wild word, farewell, must be spoken by the best friends at last, and so goodbye, brave woodcuts: we feel quite a sadness in coming to the last of our collection.

In the earlier numbers of the *Comic Almanac* all the manners and customs of Londoners that would afford food for fun were noted down; and if during the last two years the mysterious personage who, under the title of "Rigdum Funnidos," compiles this ephemeris has been compelled to resort to romantic tales, we must suppose that he did so because the great metropolis was exhausted, and it was necessary to discover new worlds in the cloudland of fancy. The character of Mr. Stubbs, who made his appearance in the *Almanac* for 1839, had, we think, great merit, although his adventures were somewhat of too tragical a description to provoke pure laughter.

We should be glad to devote a few pages to the "Illustrations of Time," the "Scraps and Sketches," and the "Illustrations of Phrenology," which are among the most famous of our artist's publications; but it is very difficult to find new terms of praise, as find them one must, when reviewing Mr. Cruikshank's publications, and more difficult still (as the reader of this notice will no doubt have perceived for himself long since) to translate his design into words, and go to the printer's box for a description of all that fun and humour which the artist can produce by a few skilful turns of his needle. A famous article upon the "Illustrations of Time" appeared some dozen years since in *Blackwood's Magazine*, of which the conductors have always been great admirers of our artist, as became men of honour and genius. To these grand qualities do not let it be supposed that we are laying claim, but, thank Heaven, Cruikshank's humour is so good and benevolent that any man must love it, and on this score we may speak as well as another.

Then there are the "Greenwich Hospital" designs, which must not be passed over. "Greenwich Hospital" is a hearty,

good-natured book, in the Tom Dibdin school, treating of the virtues of British tars, in approved nautical language. They maul Frenchmen and Spaniards, they go out in brigs and take frigates, they relieve women in distress, and are yard-arm and yard-arming, athwart-hawsing, marlinspiking, binnacling, and helm's-a-leeing, as honest seamen invariably do, in novels, on the stage, and doubtless on board ship. This we cannot take upon us to say, but the artist, like a true Englishman as he is, loves dearly these brave guardians of Old England, and chronicles their rare or fanciful exploits with the greatest good will. Let any one look at the noble head of Nelson in the "Family Library," and they will, we are sure, think with us that the designer must have felt and loved what he drew. There are to this abridgment of Southey's admirable book many more cuts after Cruikshank; and about a dozen pieces by the same hand will be found in a work equally popular—Lockhart's excellent "Life of Napoleon." Among these the retreat from Moscow is very fine; the Mamlouks most vigorous, furious, and barbarous, as they should be. At the end of these three volumes Mr. Cruikshank's contributions to the "Family Library" seem suddenly to have ceased.

We are not at all disposed to undervalue the works and genius of Mr. Dickens, and we are sure that he would admit as readily as any man the wonderful assistance that he has derived from the artist who has given us the portraits of his ideal personages, and made them familiar to all the world. Once seen, these figures remain impressed on the memory, which otherwise would have had no hold upon them, and the heroes and heroines of Boz become personal acquaintances with each of us. Oh that Hogarth could have illustrated Fielding in the same way, and fixed down on paper those grand figures of Parson Adams, and Squire Allworthy, and the great Jonathan Wild!

With regard to the modern romance of "Jack Sheppard," in which the latter personage makes a second appearance, it seems to us that Mr. Cruikshank really created the tale, and that Mr. Ainsworth, as it were, only put words to it. Let any reader of the novel think over it for a while, now that it is some months since he has perused and laid it down; let

him think, and tell us what he remembers of the tale. George Cruikshank's pictures—always George Cruikshank's pictures. The storm in the Thames, for instance: all the author's laboured description of that event has passed clean away; we have only before the mind's eye the fine plates of Cruikshank—the poor wretch cowering under the bridge arch as the waves come rushing in and the boats are whirling away in the drift of the great swollen black waters. And let any man look at that second plate of the murder on the Thames, and he must acknowledge how much more brilliant the artist's description is than the writer's, and what a real genius for the terrible as well as for the ridiculous the former has: how awful is the gloom of the old bridge, a few lights glimmering from the houses here and there, but not so as to be reflected on the water at all, which is too turbid and raging; a great heavy rack of clouds goes sweeping over the bridge, and men with flaring torches, the murderers, are borne away with the stream.

The author requires many pages to describe the fury of the storm, which Mr. Cruikshank has represented in one. First, he has to prepare you with the something inexpressibly melancholy in sailing on a dark night upon the Thames: "the ripple of the water," "the darkling current," "the indistinctively seen craft," "the solemn shadows," and other phenomena visible on rivers at night are detailed (with not unskilful rhetoric) in order to bring the reader into a proper frame of mind for the deeper gloom and horror which is to ensue. Then follow pages of description. "As Rowland sprang to the helm, and gave the signal for pursuit, a war like a volley of ordnance was heard aloft, and the wind again burst its bondage. A moment before the surface of the stream was as black as ink. It was now whitening, hissing, and seething, like an enormous caldron. The blast once more swept over the agitated river, whirled off the sheets of foam, scattered them far and wide in rain-drops, and left the raging torrent blacker than before. Destruction everywhere marked the course of the gale. Steeples toppled and towers reeled beneath its fury. All was darkness, horror, confusion, ruin. Men fled from their tottering habitations and returned to them, scared by greater danger. The end of the world seemed at hand.....The hurricane had now reached its climax.

The blast shrieked, as if exulting in its wrathful mission. Stunning and continuous, the din seemed almost to take away the power of hearing. He who had faced the gale *would have been instantly stifled*," etc., etc. See with what a tremendous war of words (and good loud words too; Mr. Ainsworth's description is a good and spirited one) the author is obliged to pour in upon the reader before he can effect his purpose upon the latter, and inspire him with a proper terror. The painter does it at a glance, and old Wood's dilemma in the midst of that tremendous storm, with the little infant at his bosom, is remembered afterwards, not from the words, but from the visible image of them that the artist has left us.

It would not, perhaps, be out of place to glance through the whole of the "Jack Sheppard" plates, which are among the most finished and the most successful of Mr. Cruikshank's performances, and say a word or two concerning them. Let us begin with finding fault with No. 1, "Mr. Wood offers to adopt little Jack Sheppard." A poor print, on a poor subject; the figure of the woman not as carefully designed as it might be, and the expression of the eyes (not an uncommon fault with our artist) much caricatured. The print is cut up, to use the artist's phrase, by the number of accessories which the engraver has thought proper, after the author's elaborate description, elaborately to reproduce. The plate of "Wild discovering Darrell in the Loft" is admirable—ghastly, terrible; and the treatment of it extraordinarily skilful, minute, and bold. The intricacies of the tile-work, and the mysterious twinkling of light among the beams, are excellently felt and rendered; and one sees here, as in the two next plates of the storm and murder, what a fine eye the artist has, what a skilful hand, and what a sympathy for the wild and dreadful. As a mere imitation of nature, the clouds and the bridge in the murder picture may be examined by painters who make far higher pretensions than Mr. Cruikshank. In point of workmanship they are equally good, the manner quite unaffected, the effect produced without any violent contrast, the whole scene evidently well and philosophically arranged in the artist's brain, before he began to put it upon copper.

The famous drawing of "Jack carving the Name on the Beam," which has been transferred to half the playbills in

town, is overloaded with accessories, as the first plate; but they are much better arranged than in the last-named engraving, and do not injure the effect of the principal figure. Remark, too, the conscientiousness of the artist, and that shrewd, pervading idea of *form* which is one of his principal characteristics. Jack is surrounded by all sorts of implements of his profession; he stands on a regular carpenter's table—away in the shadow under it lie shavings and a couple of carpenter's hampers. The glue-pot, the mallet, the chisel-handle, the planes, the saws, the hone with its cover, and the other paraphernalia are all represented with extraordinary accuracy and forethought. The man's mind has retained the exact *drawing* of all these minute objects (unconsciously perhaps to himself), but we can see with what keen eyes he must go through the world, and what a fund of facts (as such a knowledge of the shape of objects is in his profession) this keen student of nature has stored away in his brain. In the next plate, where Jack is escaping from his mistress, the figure of that lady, one of the deepest of the *βαθυκόλποι*, strikes us as disagreeable and unrefined; that of Winifred is, on the contrary, very pretty and graceful; and Jack's puzzled, slinking look must not be forgotten. All the accessories are good, and the apartment has a snug, cosy air; which is not remarkable, except that it shows how faithfully the designer has performed his work, and how curiously he has entered into all the particulars of the subject.

Master Thames Darrell, the handsome young man of the book, is, in Mr. Cruikshank's portraits of him, no favourite of ours. The lad seems to wish to make up for the natural insignificance of his face by frowning on all occasions most portentously. This figure, borrowed from the compositor's

desk, will give a notion of what we mean. Wild's face is too violent for the great man of history (if we may call Fielding history), but this is in consonance with the ranting, frowning, braggadocio character that Mr. Ainsworth has given him.

The "Interior of Willesden Church" is excellent as a composition, and a piece of artistical workmanship; the groups are well arranged; and the figure of Mrs. Sheppard looking round alarmed, as her son is robbing the dandy Kneebone, is

charming, simple, and unaffected. Not so "Mrs. Sheppar ill in Bed," whose face is screwed up to an expression vast too tragic. The little glimpse of the church seen throug the open door of the room is very beautiful and poetical; is in such small hints that an artist especially excels; they a the morals which he loves to append to his stories, and a always appropriate and welcome. The boozing-ken is not our liking; Mrs. Sheppard is there with her horrified ey brows again. Why this exaggeration? Is it necessary for t public? We think not; or if they require such excitemen let our artist, like a true painter as he is, teach them bett things.*

The "Escape from Willesden Cage" is excellent; t "Burglary in Wood's House" has not less merit; "Mr Sheppard in Bedlam," a ghastly picture indeed, is fine conceived, but not, as we fancy, so carefully executed; would be better for a little more careful drawing in the fema figure.

"Jack sitting for his Picture" is a very pleasing group, a savours of the manner of Hogarth, who is introduced in t company. The "Murder of Trenchard" must be notice too as remarkable for the effect and terrible vigour which t artist has given to the scene. The "Willesden Churchyar has great merit too, but the gems of the book are the litt vignettes illustrating the escape from Newgate. Here, to much anatomical care of drawing is not required; the figur are so small that the outline and attitude need only to indicated, and the designer has produced a series of figur quite remarkable for reality and poetry too. There are less than ten of Jack's feats so described by Mr. Cruikshan

* A gentleman (whose wit is so celebrated that one should be v cautious in repeating his stories) gave the writer a good illustration of t philosophy of exaggeration. Mr. —— was once behind the scenes the Opera when the scene-shifters were preparing for the ballet. Fl was to sleep under a bush, whereon were growing a number of roses, a amidst which was fluttering a gay covey of butterflies. In size the ro exceeded the most expansive sunflowers, and the butterflies were as la as cocked hats. The scene-shifter explained to Mr. ——, who ask the reason why everything was so magnified, that the galleries co never see the objects unless they were enormously exaggerated. H many of our writers and designers work for the galleries?

(Let us say a word here in praise of the excellent manner in which the author has carried us through the adventure.) Here is Jack clattering up the chimney, now peering into the lonely red room, now opening "the door between the red room and the chapel." What a wild, fierce, scared look he has, the young ruffian, as cautiously he steps in, holding light his bar of iron. You can see by his face how his heart is beating. If any one were there—but no! And this is a very fine characteristic of the prints, the extreme *loneliness* of them all. Not a soul is there to disturb him—woe to him who should; and Jack drives in the chapel gate, and shatters down the passage door, and there you have him on the leads. Up he goes; it is but a spring of a few feet from the blanket, and he is gone—*abiit, evasit, erupit!* Mr. Wild must catch him again if he can.

We must not forget to mention "Oliver Twist," and Mr. Cruikshank's famous designs to that work.* The sausage scene at Fagin's, Nancy seizing the boy; that capital piece of humour, Mr. Bumble's courtship, which is even better in Cruikshank's version than in Boz's exquisite account of the interview; Sykes's farewell to the dog; and the Jew—the dreadful Jew—that Cruikshank drew. What a fine touching picture of melancholy desolation is that of Sykes and the dog! The poor cur is not too well drawn, the landscape is stiff and formal; but in this case the faults, if faults they be, of execution rather add to than diminish the effect of the picture. It has a strange, wild, dreary, broken-hearted look. We fancy we see the landscape as it must have appeared to Sykes, when ghastly and with bloodshot eyes he looked at it. As for the Jew in the dungeon, let us say nothing of it. What can we say to describe it? What a fine homely poet is the man who can produce this little world of mirth or woe for us! Does he elaborate his effects by slow process of thought, or do they come to him by instinct? Does the painter ever arrange in his brain an image so complete that he afterwards can copy it exactly on the canvas, or does the hand work in spite of him?

A great deal of this random work of course every artist

* Or his new work, "The Tower of London," which promises even to surpass Mr. Cruikshank's former productions.

has done in his time. Many men produce effects of which they never dreamed, and strike off excellences, haphazard which gain for them reputation; but a fine quality in Mr Cruikshank, the quality of his success, as we have said before is the extraordinary earnestness and good faith with which he executes all he attempts—the ludicrous, the polite, the low the terrible. In the second of these he often, in our fancy fails, his figures lacking elegance and descending to caricature; but there is something fine in this too. It is good that he *should* fail, that he should have these honest *naïve* notions regarding the *beau monde*, the characteristics of which a namby-pamby tea-party painter could hit off far better than he. He is a great deal too downright and manly to appreciate the flimsy delicacies of small society: you cannot expect a lion to roar you like any sucking dove, or frisk about a drawing-room like a lady's little spaniel.

If then, in the course of his life and business, he has been occasionally obliged to imitate the ways of such small animals, he has done so, let us say it at once, clumsily, and like as a lion should. Many artists, we hear, hold his work rather cheap; they prate about bad drawing, want of scientific knowledge; they would have something vastly more neat regular, anatomical.

Not one of the whole band most likely but can paint a Academy figure better than himself; nay, or a portrait of an alderman's lady and family of children. But look down the list of the painters, and tell us who are they? How many among these men are *poets* (makers), possessing the faculty to create—the greatest among the gifts with which Providence has endowed the mind of man? Say how many there are count up what they have done, and see what in the course of some nine-and-twenty years has been done by this indefatigable man.

What amazing energetic fecundity do we find in him! A a boy he began to fight for bread, has been hungry (twice a day, we trust) ever since, and has been obliged to sell his work for his bread week by week. And his wit, sterling gold as it is, will find no such purchasers as the fashionable painter thin pinchbeck, who can live comfortably for six weeks, when paid for and painting a portrait, and fancies his mind pr

digiously occupied all the while. There was an artist in Paris, an artist hairdresser, who used to be fatigued and take restoratives after inventing a new coiffure. By no such gentle operation of head-dressing has Cruikshank lived. Time was (we are told so in print) when for a picture with thirty heads in it he was paid three guineas—a poor week's pittance truly, and a dire week's labour. We make no doubt that the same labour would at present bring him twenty times the sum; but whether it be ill-paid or well, what labour has Mr. Cruikshank's been! Week by week, for thirty years, to produce something new—some smiling offspring of painful labour, quite independent and distinct from its ten thousand jovial brethren; in what hours of sorrow and ill-health to be told by the world, "Make us laugh or you starve. Give us fresh fun; we have eaten up the old and are hungry." And all this has he been obliged to do—to wring laughter day by day, sometimes, perhaps, out of want, often certainly from ill-health or depression—to keep the fire of his brain perpetually alight, for the greedy public will give it no leisure to cool. This he has done and done well. He has told a thousand truths in as many strange and fascinating ways; he has given a thousand new and pleasant thoughts to millions of people; he has never used his wit dishonestly; he has never, in all the exuberance of his frolicsome humour, caused a single painful or guilty blush. How little do we think of the extraordinary power of this man, and how ungrateful we are to him!

Here, as we are come round to the charge of ingratitude, the starting-post from which we set out, perhaps we had better conclude. The reader will perhaps wonder at the high-flown tone in which we speak of the services and merits of an individual whom he considers a humble scraper on steel that is wonderfully popular already. But none of us remember all the benefits we owe him; they have come one by one—one driving out the memory of the other. It is only when we come to examine them altogether, as the writer has done, who has a pile of books on the table before him—a heap of personal kindnesses from George Cruikshank (not presents, if you please, for we bought, borrowed, or stole every one of them)—that we feel what we owe him. Look

at one of Mr. Cruikshank's works, and we pronounce him an excellent humorist. Look at all: his reputation is increased by a kind of geometrical progression, as a whole diamond is a hundred times more valuable than the hundred splinters into which it might be broken would be. A fine rough English diamond is this about which we have been writing.

JOHN LEECH'S PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER.*

We, who can recall the consulship of Plancus, and quit respectable old fogeyfied times, remember amongst othe amusements which we had as children the pictures at whic we were permitted to look. There was Boydell's Shakespeare black and ghastly gallery of murky Opies, glum Northcotes straddling Fuselis; there were Lear, Oberon, Hamlet, wit starting muscles, rolling eyeballs, and long, pointing, quiverin fingers; there was little Prince Arthur (Northcote) crying in white satin, and bidding good Hubert not put out hi eyes; there was Hubert crying; there was little Rutlan being run through the poor little body by bloody Clifford there was Cardinal Beaufort (Reynolds) gnashing his teeth and grinning and howling demoniacally on his deathbe (a picture frightful to the present day); there was Lad Hamilton (Romney) waving a torch, and dancing before black background—a melancholy museum indeed. Smirke delightful "Seven Ages" only fitfully relieved its genera gloom. We did not like to inspect it unless the elders wer present, and plenty of lights and company were in the room

Cheerful relatives used to treat us to Miss Linwood' Let the children of the present generation thank their sta *that* tragedy is put out of their way. Miss Linwood's wa worsted-work. Your grandmother or grandaunts took yo there, and said the pictures were admirable. You saw "Th Woodman" in worsted, with his axe and dog, tramplin through the snow; the snow bitter cold to look at, the woo man's pipe wonderful—a gloomy piece, that made yo

* Reprinted from the *Quarterly Review*, No. 191, Dec. 1854, permission of Mr. John Murray.

shudder. There were large, dingy pictures of woollen martyrs, and scowling warriors with limbs strongly knitted; there was especially, at the end of a black passage, a den of lions, that would frighten any boy not born in Africa, or Exeter 'Change, and accustomed to them.

Another exhibition used to be West's Gallery, where the pleasing figures of Lazarus in his grave-clothes, and Death on the pale horse, used to impress us children. The tombs of Westminster Abbey, the vaults at St. Paul's, the men in armour at the Tower, frowning ferociously out of their helmets, and wielding their dreadful swords; that superhuman Queen Elizabeth at the end of the room, a livid sovereign with glass eyes, a ruff, and a dirty satin petticoat, riding a horse covered with steel—who does not remember these sights in London in the consulship of Plancus?—and the wax-work in Fleet Street, not like that of Madame Tussaud's, whose chamber of death is gay and brilliant, but a nice old gloomy waxwork, full of murderers, and as a chief attraction, the Dead Baby and the Princess Charlotte lying in state.

Our story-books had no pictures in them for the most part. "Frank" (dear old Frank!) had none; nor the "Parent's Assistant;" nor the "Evenings at Home;" nor our copy of the "Ami des Enfans." There were a few just at the end of the Spelling-Book, besides the allegory at the beginning, of Education leading up Youth to the temple of Industry, where Dr. Dilworth and Professor Walkinghame stood with crowns of laurel. There were, we say, just a few pictures at the end of the Spelling-Book, little oval grey woodcuts of Bewick's, mostly of the Wolf and the Lamb, the Dog and the Shadow, and Brown, Jones, and Robinson with long ringlets and little tights; but for pictures, so to speak, what had we? The rough old woodblocks in the old harlequin-backed fairy-books had served hundreds of years—before *our* Plancus, in the time of Priscus Plancus, in Queen Anne's time, who knows? We were flogged at school; we were fifty boys in our boarding-house, and had to wash in a leaden trough, under a cistern, with lumps of fat yellow soap floating about in the ice and water. Are *our* sons ever flogged? Have they not dressing-rooms, hair-oil, hip-baths, and Baden

towels? And what picture-books the young villains have What have these children done that they should be so muc happier than we were?

We had the "Arabian Nights" and Walter Scott, to b sure. Smirke's illustrations to the former are very fine. W did not know how good they were then; but we dou whether we did not prefer the little old "Miniature Libra Nights" with frontispieces by Uwins. For *these* books th pictures don't count. Every boy of imagination does h own pictures to Scott and the "Arabian Nights" best.

Of funny pictures there were none especially intended f us children. There was Rowlandson's "Doctor Syntax Doctor Syntax, in a fuzz-wig, on a horse with legs li sausages, riding races, making love, frolicking with ros exuberant damsels. Those pictures were very funny, an that aquatinting and the gay-coloured plates very pleasant witness; but if we could not read the poem in those day could we digest it in this? Nevertheless, apart from the te which we could not master, we remember Doctor Synt pleasantly, like those cheerful painted hieroglyphics in t Nineveh Court at Sydenham. What matter for the arro head, illegible stuff? Give us the placid grinning king twanging their jolly bows over their rident horses, woundi those good-humoured enemies, who tumble gaily off t towers, or drown, smiling, in the dimpling waters, amidst t anerithmon gelasma of the fish.

After Dr. Syntax, the apparition of Corinthian Tom, Jer Hawthorn, and the facetious Bob Logic must be record A wondrous history indeed theirs was! When the futu student of our manners comes to look over the pictures a the writing of these queer volumes, what will he think of c society, customs, and language in the consulship of Plancu "Corinthian," it appears, was the phrase applied to men fashion and *ton* in Plancus's time; they were the brillia predecessors of the "swell" of the present period—brillia but somewhat barbarous, it must be confessed. The Cor thians were in the habit of drinking a great deal too much Tom Cribb's parlour. They used to go and see "life" in t ginshops; of nights, walking home (as well as they coul they used to knock down "Charleys," poor harmless

watchmen with lanterns, guardians of the streets of Rome, Planco Consule. They perpetrated a vast deal of boxing; they put on the "'mufflers" in Jackson's rooms; they "sported their prads" in the Ring in the Park; they attended cockfights, and were enlightened patrons of dogs and destroyers of rats. Besides these sports, the *délassemens* of gentlemen mixing with the people, our patricians, of course, occasionally enjoyed the society of their own class. What a wonderful picture that used to be of Corinthian Tom dancing with Corinthian Kate at Almack's! What a prodigious dress Kate wore! With what graceful *abandon* the pair flung their arms about as they swept through the mazy quadrille, with all the noblemen standing round in their stars and uniforms! You may still, doubtless, see the pictures at the British Museum, or find the volumes in the corner of some old country-house library. You are led to suppose that the English aristocracy of 1820 *did* dance and caper in that way, and box and drink at Tom Cribb's, and knock down watchmen; and the children of to-day, turning to their elders, may say, "Grandmamma, did you wear such a dress as that when you danced at Almack's? There was very little of it, grandmamma. Did grandpapa kill many watchmen when he was a young man, and frequent thieves' ginshops, cockfights, and the ring, before you married him? Did he use to talk the extraordinary slang and jargon which is printed in this book? He is very much changed. He seems a gentlemanly old boy enough now."

In the above-named consulate, when *we* had grandfathers alive, there would be in the old gentleman's library in the country two or three old mottled portfolios, or great swollen scrap-books of blue paper, full of the comic prints of grandpapa's time, ere Plancus ever had the fasces borne before him. These prints were signed Gilray, Bunbury, Rowlandson, Woodward, and some actually George Cruikshank—for George is a veteran now, and he took the etching needle in hand as a child. He caricatured "Boney," borrowing not a little from Gilray in his first puerile efforts. He drew Louis XVIII. trying on Boney's boots. Before the century was actually in its teens we believe that George Cruikshank was amusing the public.

In those great coloured prints in our grandfathers' por folios in the library, and in some other apartments of th house where the caricatures used to be pasted in tho days, we found things quite beyond our comprehensio Boney was represented as a fierce dwarf, with goggle eye a huge laced hat and tricoloured plume, a crooked sab reeking with blood—a little demon revelling in lust, murde massacre. John Bull was shown kicking him a good dea indeed he was prodigiously kicked all through that series pictures—by Sidney Smith and our brave allies the galla Turks; by the excellent and patriotic Spaniards; by th amiable and indignant Russians: all nations had boots the service of poor Master Boney. How Pitt used to d him! How good old George, King of Brobdingnag, laugh at Gulliver-Boney, sailing about in his tank to make spo for their Majesties! This little fiend, this beggar's bra cowardly, murderous, and atheistic as he was (we rememb in those old portfolios, pictures representing Boney and h family in rags, gnawing raw bones in a Corsican hut; Bon murdering the sick at Jaffa; Boney with a hookah and large turban, having adopted the Turkish religion, etc.) this Corsican monster, nevertheless, had some devot friends in England, according to the Gilray chronic a set of villains who loved atheism, tyranny, plunder, a wickedness in general, like their French friend. In t pictures these men were all represented as dwarfs, like th ally. The miscreants got into power at one time, and, we remember right, were called the Broad-backed Admin tration. One with shaggy eyebrows and a bristly bea the hirsute ringleader of the rascals, was, it appears, call Charles James Fox; another miscreant, with a blotch countenance, was a certain Sheridan; other imps w hight Erskine, Norfolk (Jockey of), Moira, Henry Pet As in our childish innocence we used to look at th demons, now sprawling and tipsy in their cups; now scal heaven, from which the angelic Pitt hurled them dow now cursing the light (their atrocious ringleader, Fox, w represented with hairy cloven feet and a tail and horn now kissing Boney's boot, but inevitably discomfited Pitt and the other good angels,—we hated these vici

wretches, as good children should; we were on the side of Virtue and Pitt and Grandpapa. But if our sisters wanted to look at the portfolios, the good old grandfather used to hesitate. There were some prints among them very odd indeed—some that girls could not understand; some that boys, indeed, had best not see. We swiftly turn over those prohibited pages. How many of them there were in the wild, coarse, reckless, ribald, generous book of old English humour!

How savage the satire was—how fierce the assault—what garbage hurled at opponents—what foul blows were hit—what language of Billingsgate flung! Fancy a party in a country-house now looking over Woodward's facetiæ or some of the Gilray comicalities, or the slatternly Saturnalia of Rowlandson! Whilst we live we must laugh, and have folks to make us laugh. We cannot afford to lose Satyr with his pipe and dances and gambols. But we have washed, combed, clothed, and taught the rogue good manners—or rather, let us say, he has learned them himself; for he is of nature soft and kindly, and he has put aside his mad pranks and tipsy habits, and, frolicksome always, has become gentle and harmless, smitten into shame by the pure presence of our women and the sweet, confiding smiles of our children. Among the veterans, the old pictorial satirists, we have mentioned the famous name of one humorous designer who is still alive and at work. Did we not see, by his own hand, his own portrait of his own famous face, and whiskers, in the *Illustrated London News* the other day? There was a print in that paper of an assemblage of Teetotallers in "Sadler's Wells Theatre," and we straightway recognized the old Roman hand—the old Roman's of the time of Plancus—George Cruikshank's. There were the old bonnets and droll faces and shoes, and short trousers, and figures of 1820 sure enough. And there was George (who has taken to the water-doctrine, as all the world knows) handing some teetotalleresses over a plank to the table where the pledge was being administered. How often has George drawn that picture of Cruikshank! Where haven't we seen it? How fine it was, facing the effigy of Mr. Ainsworth in *Ainsworth's Magazine* when George illus-

trated that periodical! How grand and severe he stands in that design in G. C.'s "Omnibus," where he represents himself tonged like St. Dunstan, and tweaking a wretch of a publisher by the nose! The collectors of George's etchings—oh the charming etchings! oh the dear old "German Popular Tales," the capital "Points of Humour," the delightful "Phrenology" and "Scrap-books," of the good time, *our* time—Plancus's in fact!—the collectors of the Georgian etchings, we say, have at least a hundred pictures of the artist. Why, we remember him in his favourite Hessian boots in "Tom and Jerry" itself, and in woodcuts as far back as the Queen's trial. He has rather deserted satire and comedy of late years, having turned his attention to the serious, and warlike, and sublime. Having confessed our age and prejudices, we prefer the comic and fanciful to the historic, romantic, and at present didactic George. May respect, and length of days, and comfortable repose attend the brave, honest, kindly, pure-minded artist, humorist moralist! It was he first who brought English pictorial humour and children acquainted. Our young people and their fathers and mothers owe him many a pleasant hour and harmless laugh. Is there no way in which the country could acknowledge the long services and brave career of such a friend and benefactor?

Since George's time humour has been converted. Comus and his wicked satyrs and leering fauns have disappeared and fled into the lowest haunts; and Comus's lady (if she had a taste for humour, which may be doubted) might take up our funny picture-books without the slightest precautionary squeamishness. What can be purer than the charming fancies of Richard Doyle? In all Mr. Punch's huge galleries can't we walk as safely as through Miss Pinkerton's school rooms? And as we look at Mr. Punch's pictures, at the *Illustrated News* pictures, at all the pictures in the book shop windows at this Christmas season, as oldsters we feel a certain pang of envy against the youngsters—they are to well off. Why hadn't *we* picture-books? Why were we flogged so? A plague on the lictors and their rods in the time of Plancus!

And now, after this rambling preface, we are arrived

the subject in hand—Mr. John Leech and his "Pictures of Life and Character," in the collection of Mr. Punch. This book is better than plum-cake at Christmas. It is an enduring plum-cake, which you may eat and which you may slice and deliver to your friends, and to which, having cut it, you may come again and welcome, from year's end to year's end. In the frontispiece you see Mr. Punch examining the pictures in his gallery—a portly, well-dressed, middle-aged, respectable gentleman, in a white neckcloth and a polite evening costume—smiling in a very bland and agreeable manner upon one of his pleasant drawings, taken out of one of his handsome portfolios. Mr. Punch has very good reason to smile at the work and be satisfied with the artist. Mr. Leech, his chief contributor, and some kindred humorists, with pencil and pen have served Mr. Punch admirably. Time was, if we remember Mr. P.'s history rightly, that he did not wear silk stockings nor well-made clothes (the little dorsal irregularity in his figure is almost an ornament now, so excellent a tailor has he). He was of humble beginnings. It is said he kept a ragged little booth, which he put up at corners of streets; associated with beadles, policemen, his own ugly wife (whom he treated most scandalously), and persons in a low station of life; earning a precarious livelihood by the cracking of wild jokes, the singing of ribald songs, and halfpence extorted from passers-by. He is the Satyric genius we spoke of anon: he cracks his jokes still, for satire must live; but he is combed, washed, neatly clothed, and perfectly presentable. He goes into the very best company; he keeps a stud at Melton; he has a moor in Scotland; he rides in the Park; has his stall at the Opera; is constantly dining out at clubs and in private society; and goes every night in the season to balls and parties, where you see the most beautiful women possible. He is welcomed amongst his new friends the great; though, like the good old English gentleman of the song, he does not forget the small. He pats the heads of street boys and girls; relishes the jokes of Jack the costermonger and Bob the dustman; good-naturedly spies out Molly the cook flirting with Policeman X, or Mary the nursemaid as she listens to the fascinating guardsman.

He used rather to laugh at guardsmen, "plungers," an other military men; and was until latter days very co temptuous in his behaviour towards Frenchmen. He ha a natural antipathy to pomp, and swagger, and fierce d meanour. But now that the guardsmen are gone to wa and the dandies of "The Rag"—dandies no more—a battling like heroes at Balaklava and Inkermann* by th side of their heroic allies, Mr. Punch's laughter is change to hearty respect and enthusiasm. It is not against courag and honour he wars; but this great moralist—must it b owned?—has some popular British prejudices, and these le him in peace time to laugh at soldiers and Frenchmen. those hulking footmen who accompanied the carriages to th opening of Parliament the other day would form a plus brigade, wear only gunpowder in their hair, and strike wi their great canes on the enemy, Mr. Punch would leave o laughing at Jeames, who meanwhile remains among us, all outward appearance regardless of satire, and calmly co suming his five meals per diem. Against lawyers, beadle bishops and clergy, and authorities Mr. Punch is still rath bitter. At the time of the Papal aggression he was pr digiously angry; and one of the chief misfortunes whic happened to him at that period was that, through th violent opinions which he expressed regarding the Roma Catholic hierarchy, he lost the invaluable services, the grac ful pencil, the harmless wit, the charming fancy of M Doyle. Another member of Mr. Punch's cabinet, the bio rapher of Jeames, the author of the "Snob Papers," r signed his functions on account of Mr. Punch's assaul upon the present Emperor of the French nation, who anger Jeames thought it was unpatriotic to arouse. M Punch parted with these contributors; he filled their plac with others as good. The boys at the railroad stations cri *Punch* just as cheerily, and sold just as many numbers, aft these events as before.

There is no blinking the fact that in Mr. Punch's cabin John Leech is the right-hand man. Fancy a number *Punch* without Leech's pictures! What would you gi for it? The learned gentlemen who write the work mu

* This was written in 1854.

feel that without him it were as well left alone. Look at the rivals whom the popularity of *Punch* has brought into the field—the direct imitators of Mr. Leech's manner—the artists with a manner of their own: how inferior their pencils are to his in humour, in depicting the public manners, in arresting, amusing the nation! The truth, the strength, the free vigour, the kind humour, the John Bull pluck and spirit of that hand are approached by no competitor. With what dexterity he draws a horse, a woman, a child! He feels them all, so to speak, like a man. What plump young beauties those are with which Mr. Punch's chief contributor supplies the old gentleman's pictorial harem! What famous thews and sinews Mr. Punch's horses have, and how Briggs, on the back of them, scampers across country! You see youth, strength, enjoyment, manliness in those drawings, and in none more so, to our thinking, than in the hundred pictures of children which this artist loves to design. Like a brave, hearty, good-natured Briton, he becomes quite soft and tender with the little creatures, pats gently their little golden heads, and watches with unfailing pleasure their ways, their sports, their jo' es, laughter, caresses. *Enfans terribles* come home from Eton; young Miss practising her first flirtation; poor little ragged Polly making dirt-pies in the gutter, or staggering under the weight of Jacky, her nurse-child, who is as big as herself—all these little ones, patrician and plebeian, meet with kindness from this kind heart, and are watched with curious nicety by this amiable observer.

We remember, in one of those ancient Gilray portfolios, a print which used to cause a sort of terror in us youthful spectators, and in which the Prince of Wales (His Royal Highness was a Foxite then) was represented as sitting alone in a magnificent hall after a voluptuous meal, and using a great steel fork in the guise of a toothpick. Fancy the first young gentleman living employing such a weapon in such a way; the most elegant Prince of Europe engaged with a two-pronged iron fork; the heir of Britannia with a *bident!* The man of genius who drew that picture saw little of the society which he satirized and amused. Gilray watched public characters as they walked by the shop in St. James's

Street, or passed through the lobby of the House of Commo
His studio was a garret, or little better; his place of amu
ment a tavern-parlour, where his club held its nightly sittin
over their pipes and sanded floor. You could not ha
society represented by men to whom it was not famili
When Gavarni came to England a few years since—one
the wittiest of men, one of the most brilliant and dexter
of draughtsmen—he published a book of "Les Anglai
and his *Anglais* were all Frenchmen. The eye so keen a
so long practised to observe Parisian life could not perce
English character. A social painter must be of the wo
which he depicts, and native to the manners which
portrays.

Now, any one who looks over Mr. Leech's portfolio m
see that the social pictures which he gives us are authent
What comfortable little drawing-rooms and dining-roo
what snug libraries we enter; what fine young-gentlema
wags they are, those beautiful little dandies who wake
gouty old grandpapa to ring the bell; who decline au
pudding and custards, saying that they will reserve th
selves for an anchovy toast with the claret; who talk
gether in ball-room doors, where Fred whispers Charley
pointing to a dear little partner seven years old—"My d
Charley, she has very much gone off; you should have s
that girl last season!" Look well at everything appertain
to the economy of the famous Mr. Briggs: how snug, qu
appropriate all the appointments are! What a comfortal
neat, clean, middle-class house Briggs's is (in the Bayswa
suburb of London, we should guess from the sketches of
surrounding scenery)! What a good stable he has, wit
loose-box for those celebrated hunters which he ri
How pleasant, clean, and warm his breakfast-table loo
What a trim little maid brings in the top-boots which ho
Mrs. B.! What a snug dressing-room he has—comp
in all its appointments, and in which he appears trying
the delightful hunting-cap which Mrs. Briggs flings
the fire! How cosy all the Briggs party seem in t
dining-room: Briggs reading a Treatise on Dog-breal
by a lamp; Mamma and Grannie with their respec
needleworks; the children clustering round a great l

of prints—a great book of prints such as this before us, which at this season must make thousands of children happy by as many firesides! The inner life of all these people is represented: Leech draws them as naturally as Teniers depicts Dutch boors, or Morland pigs and stables. It is your house and mine; we are looking at everybody's family circle. Our boys coming from school give themselves such airs, the young scapegraces! our girls, going to parties, are so tricked out by fond mammas—a social history of London in the middle of the nineteenth century. As such, future students—lucky they to have a book so pleasant—will regard these pages; even the mutations of fashion they may follow here if they be so inclined. Mr. Leech has as fine an eye for tailory and millinery as for horse-flesh. How they change those cloaks and bonnets! How we have to pay milliners' bills from year to year! Where are those prodigious chatelaines of 1850 which no lady could be without? Where those charming waistcoats, those "stunning" waistcoats, which our young girls used to wear a few brief seasons back, and which cause 'Gus, in the sweet little sketch of "La Mode," to ask Ellen for her tailor's address? 'Gus is a young warrior by this time, very likely facing the enemy at Inkermann; and pretty Ellen, and that love of a sister of hers, are married and happy, let us hope, superintending one of those delightful nursery scenes which our artist depicts with such tender humour. Fortunate artist, indeed! You see he must have been bred at a good public school; that he has ridden many a good horse in his day; paid, no doubt, out of his own purse for the originals of some of those lovely caps and bonnets; and watched paternally the ways, smiles, frolics, and slumbers of his favourite little people.

As you look at the drawings, secrets come out of them—private jokes, as it were, imparted to you by the author for your special delectation. How remarkably, for instance, has Mr. Leech observed the hairdressers of the present age! Look at "Mr. Tongs," whom that hideous old bald woman who ties on her bonnet at the glass informs that "she has used the whole bottle of Balm of California, but her hair comes off yet." You can see the bear's-grease not only on

Tongs's head but on his hands, which he is clapping clammil together. Remark him who is telling his client "there i cholera in the hair;" and that lucky rogue whom the youn lady bids to cut off "a long thick piece"—for somebody doubtless. All these men are different, and delightfull natural and absurd. Why should hairdressing be an absur profession?

The amateur will remark what an excellent part hand play in Mr. Leech's pieces; his admirable actors use the with perfect naturalness. Look at Betty, putting the ur down; at cook, laying her hands on the kitchen table whilst her policeman grumbles at the cold meat. They ar cook's and housemaid's hands without mistake, and ne without a certain beauty too. The bald old lady who tying her bonnet at Tongs's has hands which you see ar trembling. Watch the fingers of the two old harridans wh are talking scandal: for what long years past they hav pointed out holes in their neighbours' dresses and mu on their flounces. "Here's a go! I've lost my diamon ring." As the dustman utters this pathetic cry and look at his hand, you burst out laughing. These are among th little points of humour. One could indicate hundreds o such as one turns over the pleasant pages.

There is a little snob or gent, whom we all of us know who wears little tufts on his little chin, outrageous pins an pantaloons, smokes cigars on tobacconists' counters, such his cane in the streets, struts about with Mrs. Snob and th baby (Mrs. S. an immense woman, whom Snob nevertheles bullies), who is a favourite abomination of Leech, and pu sued by that savage humorist into a thousand of his haunt There he is, choosing waistcoats at the tailor's—such wais coats! Yonder he is giving a shilling to the sweeper wh calls him "Capting;" now he is offering a paletot to a hug giant who is going out in the rain. They don't know the own pictures, very likely; if they did, they would have meeting, and thirty or forty of them would be deputed thrash Mr. Leech. One feels a pity for the poor litt bucks. In a minute or two, when we close this discour and walk the streets, we shall see a dozen such.

Ere we shut the desk up, just one word to point out

the unwary specially to note the backgrounds of landscapes in Leech's drawings—homely drawings of moor and wood, and seashore and London street—the scenes of his little dramas. They are as excellently true to nature as the actors themselves; our respect for the genius and humour which invented both increases as we look and look again at the designs. May we have more of them—more pleasant Christmas volumes, over which we and our children can laugh together! Can we have too much of truth, and fun, and beauty, and kindness?

THE END.

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